

# Chatelaine

*The Canadian Woman's Magazine*

MARCH, 1946  
TEN CENTS





*Busy hands—but oh, so lovely!*

THANKS TO **TRUSHAY** —THE BEFOREHAND LOTION



Even the busiest hands can be lovely and velvety-soft. You can keep them that way with Trushay—the grand new idea in lotions! For Trushay is so wonderful you can even use it *beforehand*... before doing those daily soap-and-water chores.



In addition to its "beforehand" use, creamy peach-toned Trushay is grand as a powder base. Use it also as a delicious all-over body rub. It works gentle, soothing magic on rough knees and elbows, shoulders and throat.



A little does a lot! Trushay is so concentrated that a few drops go a long way. So use it in all the ways you've ever used a fine hand lotion. And use it too, this very special new way—*beforehand*! Get Trushay at your favourite drug or toilet goods counter.

**TRUSHAY — THE BEFOREHAND LOTION - AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT CANADA**

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada



# Now a Salon-Type **COLD WAVE** PRICED WITHIN REACH OF ALL



Look for this head on the COLD WAVE Home Kit you buy. It is your assurance of receiving the best—there's none finer on the market, regardless of price.

### Consider This Important Fact

Charm-Kurl Supreme is a sensation from coast to coast. More women have permanent waved their hair with Charm-Kurl than the combined total of all other brands.

COMPLETE HOME KIT

*NOW Only*

**\$1<sup>35</sup>**

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic and Variety Counters. Price only \$1.35. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight. Canadian Address: FRASER HAIR FASHIONS, 22 College St., Toronto, Ont.

A NEW COLD WAVE PERMANENT  
in 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Now, give yourself the sensational guaranteed, easy-to-care-for COLD WAVE PERMANENT in the convenience of your own home . . . do it at a cost so low it's amazing! Thanks to the wonderful discovery that's yours in the NEW CHARM-KURL SUPREME COLD Wave Kit, you can easily COLD WAVE your hair in 2 to 3 hours. Get the NEW Charm-Kurl Cold Wave and know the joy of soft, glamorous, natural-looking, long-lasting curls and waves . . . by tonight!

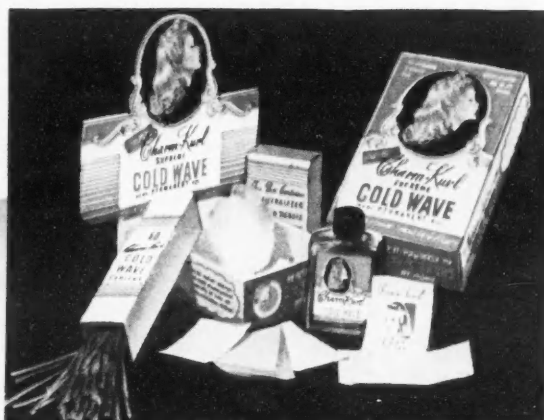
### Simple, Easy, Convenient . . . Perfect Results or Money Back

Women everywhere demand permanents the new Cold Wave way and, no wonder. . . . An entirely new, gentle process—you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the marvelous CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in longer lasting, safer, lustrous curls and waves that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing.

Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a real, honest-to-goodness, genuine Cold Wave Permanent, by tonight! Ask for the NEW Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent, the new, easy-to-use home permanent kit today. Test, compare—you must be pleased beyond words or your money back.

—works "Like a million" on children's soft, fine hair

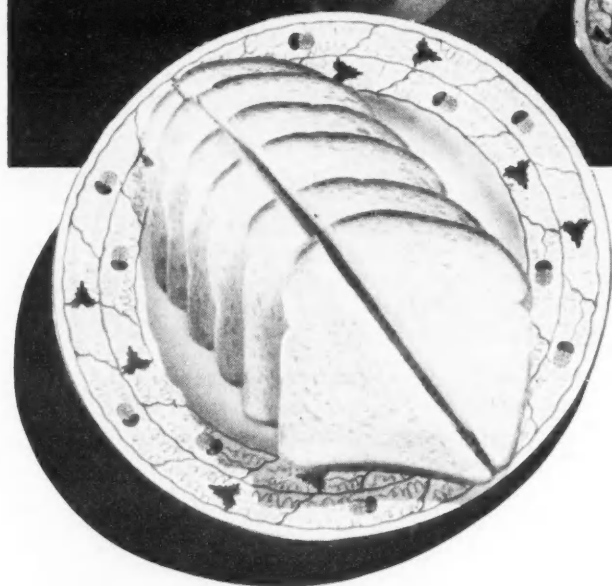
The New *Charm-Kurl* SUPREME  
**COLD WAVE**



Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.



Neatly sliced bread diamonds in the center of this supper table, set with Wedgwood's Strawberry Lustre china



# Bread ON THE TABLE

## ....THE MEAL IS READY!

**W**HEN that plate of fine-textured, crisp-cruled baker's bread goes on your table—it's the sign that says "meal's ready"!

This bread that Canada's bakers make for you tastes every bit as good as it looks. And every slice a slice of energy of the kind that *stays with you!* It is an important source of protein, too

—needed for tissue repair and muscle building.

Make sure there's a plate of good, wholesome baker's bread on your table *every* meal. Serve it sliced, as toast, cubed in soups, or to stretch-out other dishes!

Remember—*your meal isn't ready until the bread goes on the table!*



### BUY BAKER'S BREAD

*Thanks to your Baker—you can easily serve the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill, his modern equipment and methods, the fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavor. Eat plenty of baker's bread—at least 3 slices every meal.*



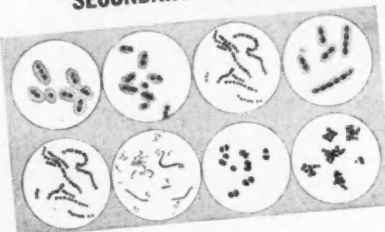


### Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

### "SECONDARY INVADERS"



## How Listerine Antiseptic can help to head off a Cold or lessen its severity

**W**HEN you feel a cold coming on, it's likely to be a sign that a virus has infected you and that millions of germs called the "secondary invaders" are threatening a mass invasion of your tissues through throat membranes.

That's the time to "baby" yourself a bit and get started at once with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle regularly. Here's why:

#### Kills "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders"... the ugly germs, according to some authorities, that cause so much of the misery you know so well.

Often this prompt, delightful precaution may halt the mass invasion of these germs and nip a cold in the bud, so to speak.

#### Fewer Colds in Tests

If your cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, taken early and often, may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Bear in mind Listerine's impressive record made in tests over twelve years: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

So, when you feel a cold coming on, eat sparingly, keep warm, get plenty of rest, and gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It may spare you a lot of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., (Canada), Ltd.

**THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC**  
FOR ORAL HYGIENE

MADE IN CANADA

## Foreword and Footnotes



**T**HOSE upraised pairs of eyes, belonging to Almeda Glassey, associate editor (left), and Evelyn Kelly, fashion editor (right), are engaged at the moment in a critical study of the shape of things to come—to wit, the clothes of 1946. If any people still cherish the notion that fashion shows are all fun and hilarity and popping corks, this serious grouping should put them right. The time is morning, the place New York, and for a couple of hours the fashion writers of Canada and the United States will make themselves as comfortable as possible on folding chairs while the models pass by. It's up to the gals on the hard seats to decide which trends are significant, which freakish, which most generally wearable, and to make their notes accordingly. When this show is over there'll be a scramble for taxis to another part of town, another circle of undertakers' chairs, another parade of Trends. The full treatment takes a week, and the result: all the presifted fashion news you'll find in this issue.

**A** COLUMNIST in the Toronto Evening Telegram seems to think we aren't putting enough clothes on Chatelaine heroes. Referring to a story in our December issue, in which the gentleman was noted as wearing (at an evening party) "a cummerbund of rich dark maroon silk and a matching carnation," and looking elegant as a result, the newspaper commentator says the guy must have looked cute and informal too.

This is a challenge if ever we saw one; to answer it, we can do no better than submit the report of the fluoroscopic test to which all Chatelaine fiction characters are subjected. As he "came hurrying from the drawing-room," the gentleman in question wore, starting from base: lightweight ballbriggan-type underwear, reaching well below the knee to snuggle those rheumatic twinges; pre-war black silk socks mended in the toes; black patent leather oxfords which should have gone to the rummage sale; a boiled shirt with the second-best studs because he couldn't find the others; black tie borrowed from his host; 10-year-old black trousers and dinner jacket, with invisibly mended moth hole under one arm; a clean handkerchief with someone else's monogram—supplied by the laundry; no coin of the realm because he hadn't transferred the stuff from his other pants; garters and galluses that were developing their own two-way stretch; and maroon silk cummerbund which he had stolen from Mata Hari during her dance of the seven veils in Madrid, 1915; and matching carnation.

It runs into words and space, as you can see, but if the Toronto Telegram is

throwing down the gauntlet at us, we can hurl back the entire wardrobe at them, and welcome to it.



**A**NYBODY who desired to focus the microscope on the North American social scene between two Great Wars would certainly run into the name and influence of John Held, Jr. He was the line-happy artist who made The Flapper of the 'Twenties a historical type; every brash detail of the era of the shingle bob, cloche hat and unfastened galoshes was his stock-in-trade, and he provided a whole decade of laughs with his cartoons of Frat Club boys and College Cuties. It was to Held, Jr., now spending a pleasant middle age at his place in New Jersey, Chatelaine naturally turned for some special illustrations which you'll find on Pages 10-11. Above is a recent picture of the artist.

# Time: Early Spring

By RUTH-ELLEN STOREY



*If a nervous breakdown could make you look like this, she would have one as soon as she was famous.*

WINNIE brought her eyes back into focus on the new green leaves and branches that made an arch over her head, and realized that the sky beyond them was streaked with reds and yellows. She was cold. And she wasn't Ethel Barrymore. She wasn't another Katharine Hepburn—yet. She was Winnie Martin, and it was about time she was going in the house to help with the dinner.

She gathered up her books—First Form homework that hadn't been touched—and climbed down the rope ladder that led out of her retreat in the tree house.

She could hear her mother moving about in the kitchen and her father's deep, rumbling voice talking to her, and she thought everything was going to be just as usual. She dropped her books on a chair in the hall, and pushed open the swinging doors to the kitchen. Then she just stood there because they didn't pay any attention to her. She let the door swing shut behind her and placed one arm high on the door frame, and stood waiting. Bette Davis had taken this pose in her last picture. And

then she forgot about Bette Davis because her mother slammed her best saucepan down on the sink, and wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"She can't come here. I won't have it," her mother said. "It's a disgrace."

Winnie's father was sitting at the kitchen table, reading a letter. He didn't look up, and his voice was his oil-on-troubled-waters voice. "Then don't have her, Bee. Tell her we've got measles."

"How can I? She thought of all that. She gets here tomorrow."

"Leave it to me," Thaddeus Martin said competently. "I'll meet the train. I'll head her off."

"We can't do that, Thad. She's my sister, after all. My own flesh and blood, and she's in trouble. But it isn't fair. She's selfish and unscrupulous. She does exactly as she pleases, and when she gets in trouble, she comes to us. She promised the last time—"

"And the last time it took \$500."

"Oh, Thad, and she never + Continued on page 52

Illustrated  
by  
Gwen  
Fremlin





## What! You want me to stop eating Stew?

**Listen... I won't have you picking on my pet dish.  
Why, I'd simply DIE without stew!**

Now don't get us wrong! Stew is yummy—and nourishing. So tender it fairly melts in your mouth. But that's just it. Stew's soft-cooked, like so many foods you eat.

**W-e-l-l, what's wrong with soft foods?**

Oh, nothing. Except that they cheat you on chewing. And gums need work to keep strong and healthy.

**You mean... I should exercise my gums?**

You bet you should. Otherwise, "pink tooth brush" may warn you of flabby, neglected gums. So, better start massaging with Ipana Tooth Paste now. That's common-sense care for your gums—and your smile.

**Gum massage—for my SMILE?**

Yes, ma'am. You see, your smile is only as bright as your teeth. And sound, sparkling teeth depend so much on healthy gums. So put Ipana and massage to work and help keep gums firmer, healthier.

**What's "Pink Tooth Brush" all about?** That, dear lady, is for your dentist to decide. So, if your tooth brush "shows pink," heed its warning. Make for your dentist's—but *fast*.

He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—robbed of vigorous work by modern soft, creamy foods. He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as dentists so often do.

That's because Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, does a real job of helping gums, too. So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. You'll feel a refreshing "tang." You'll know that circulation is increasing within the gums, helping them to firmer soundness.

A radiant smile pays high in compliments. So help make your smile sparkle enchantingly. Start now—with Ipana and massage!



A Product of Bristol-Myers  
Made in Canada

### Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage!

**Thea's beauty stemmed, more than anything else, from her absolute perfection; yet when you looked into her eyes you found a woman on guard, watchful, waiting, remembering . . .**

life Abbie had had that special beguiling quality that reaches to the heart. Perhaps you might call it simply an unquestioning acceptance of life. But it was there nevertheless, whether she was bending over a drawing board in an old smock, or wiping cereal from the baby's chin, or like now, in an evening dress with a bright bangle pinned carelessly in her shining hair.

So she sat in front of the lavish convex mirror smoothing powder and thinking, "In a minute I'll go back to the big drawing-room, and Tom will be standing in front of the fireplace talking to a bunch of men, and when I come in he'll look up and grin and our eyes will meet, and then he'll go on with his talk. But he'll be there, and I'll have a beautiful time, and after a while we'll go home together, and talk it all over, what everybody said and did . . ."

The thought made a kind of refrain, so that it startled her when a clear amused voice said quite distinctly, "Why, Abbie Farnum! Imagine finding you here! Probably you won't remember me, but I was Thea Draper in college . . ."

PROBABLY YOU won't remember me. Abbie's heart sank; she never had been good at recognizing girls from college. Her life had been so full what with Tom and the children and her drawing, and she had never gone back to reunions or kept up in any way . . . But she turned quickly from the mirror, and because the girl in the lovely fox jacket looked like a complete stranger she said a little too heartily, "Why, of course! How nice!"

But all the time her mind was thinking over and over, "Thea Draper, Thea Draper." And suddenly she recalled that there had been a Thea Draper at college who had lived in the same house on campus, and even belonged to a good many of the same clubs. So she added, even more warmly, "You were in Lamont House too, weren't you?"

The girl in the fox jacket smiled forgivingly. "I don't blame you for not remembering me," she said. "It's been a long time, all told. But you look just the same, Abbie. You haven't changed a bit!"

Abbie laughed. "I don't know whether that's a compliment or not when I remember the way I used to dash around in pigtails and what not."

The girl was still smiling, but a curious look passed across her face—not resentment, exactly, more a kind of shadow, a look of pain. And suddenly Abbie found that she remembered her very well. "Of course, Thea Draper!" she repeated in a low voice. "You came from the West, didn't you?"

"That's right, I was a transfer sophomore year. And I'm not Thea Draper any more, the name's Thea Blanchard now."

"And mine is Abbie Burke, and my husband is just back from the wars!" And suddenly the happiness welled up again, like a pang, so that it was hard to breathe.

"That certainly calls for a celebration, doesn't it?" Thea said. She dropped her fox jacket on the bed, and in the sheer black dress with its intricate tan ruching at wrists and throat she looked almost like a fashion plate—slim and immaculately groomed and, in an original way, quite beautiful. Her oval face was evenly tanned, her dark-brown hair was carried up in a smooth shining braid high on her graceful head. Somehow she seemed to be all of a piece, without a single jarring note, so that her beauty stemmed, more than anything else, from her absolute perfection.

The funny part was that as far as Abbie could remember Thea hadn't been especially beautiful at college. Attractive, of course, but rather nondescript on the whole—though friendly and nice and easy to get along with. Abbie said, and there was a lilt in her voice, "Every moment is a celebration nowadays! That's one of the unexpected things about life. When you don't need one iota more of happiness, it keeps crowding in on you just the same!"

Thea smiled agreement. "You always were slated for that sort of marriage, Abbie," she said—and her voice sounded . . . dry, lifeless, embittered, perhaps? But right away Abbie decided that that couldn't be, because suddenly Thea seemed like the friendliest person in the world, warm and human and admiring. She said, "Abbie, let me fasten that thing in your hair a different way!" She said, "You know you always did have the loveliest curls, clinging and wind-blown without any effort on your part at all!"



Illustrated by  
John Jones.

After a while the two girls went in together to join the party, and it seemed as though they were close at hand for most of the evening. At one point in the festivities they had a long chat, sitting on the sofa together. Thea said, with a friendly smile, "It isn't entirely chance our meeting, you know. When I discovered Linda knew you, I told her I'd love to see you again, after so many years!" And a little later she asked about Tom. She said, "It seems to me I heard he was a lawyer."

Abbie shook her head. "Not Tom. He's an electrical engineer." She laughed, because nowadays it was almost hard not to. She said, "Tom has reversed all the accepted procedures for returning veterans! Instead of being uncertain and ill-adjusted he's brought back twice the vim and vigor he had before. Being in the Army seemed to give him a real boost; it even made him want to go into business for himself."

Thea lit a cigarette, and her friendly brown eyes were warm with interest. "That's really wonderful, Abbie," she said. "I hope you're not going to discourage him."

"Gracious, no!" Abbie said. "But I'm afraid there's not much hope of raising the money just now. You see Tom was with the Engineers and he's hit on something he wants to manufacture. He's got his patent all right, but it'll be quite a . . . Continued on page 40



# Indication

BY ANNE HOMER WARNER

All her life Abbie had had that special beguiling quality that reaches to the heart. Perhaps you might call it simply an unquestioning acceptance of life



FOR A long time Abbie Burke had had a theory, and it worked pretty well on the whole. In essence it consisted of lining up a lot of commonplace activities when an unavoidable interim of suspense took hold of your life. You couldn't exactly ignore your apprehension that way, but you could shove it in the background—almost submerge it in a welter of silver to be shined, mittens to darn and even a cake or a batch of cookies to be whipped up needlessly.

Right now was one of those times. Tom had gone to see Ralph Blanchard. Their whole future was at stake—not only their future but Tom's wonderful new buoyancy, his enthusiasm and eagerness; and in her heart Abbie knew that there were limits to the number of times a man in his middle thirties could revive that kind of faith.

All of it hung in the balance now, all of it depended on this interview with Ralph. So Abbie stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, and looked at young Tom, who was greasing his ski boots, and baby Eliza who was munching at zwieback in her playpen, and almost wished the children wouldn't choose this particular afternoon to be so good.

She said, "I think we should go through the toy box and pick out things to give away."

Tommy shook his head. "Not now," he said, "I'm busy."

The kitchen was sunny and silent. It was altogether too peaceful. Abbie had a side line to being a wife and mother; she illustrated children's books and stories. It didn't bring in much money, but it was fun. You couldn't bend over a drawing board, though, when your heart was thumping erratically, and your mind was dark with an altogether inexplicable foreboding. "Molasses cookies, then," she said. "Your favorite kind."

Tommy refused to rise to the bait. "Okay, if you feel like it," he said.

Abbie got out the mixing bowl and the cookbook. And she decided that it wouldn't be so bad if there weren't a kind of mystery tied up in this—something you couldn't quite put your finger on. Naturally she would never say, "I told you so," to Tom. But even in the beginning she had felt that their relationship with the Blanchards was too precipitant, too much like a fairy story that isn't entirely real. Things just don't happen that way in real life, she had told herself. But this time they had happened, and Tom had accepted the whole fantastic arrangement without a second thought...

Now Abbie tried to think back, to recreate the curious beginning—hoping that in that way she could discover somehow the source of her uneasiness. But all she could remember clearly about the night they'd met the Blanchards was her almost incredible happiness, because, for the first time in almost two years, she was going to a party not as a lone woman, but as a wife with a husband in tow! What's more, Tom's injuries weren't going to be permanent, and she had him back for good!

The whole thing had added up so that she had felt almost light-headed with relief and gratitude. Before they'd left, Tom had told young Tommy a story about Italy while she put on the amber silk dress and pinned a gold doodad in her hair. Then Tom had helped her into her evening jacket with tender solicitude. And that had almost made Abbie burst out laughing, because she had been doing all these things by herself for so many months! Telling young Tommy stories, and afterward dashing into her dress-up clothes and out into the night in solitary haste—because it wasn't supposed to be good for an Army wife to sit too much alone.

Even now she could remember vividly how it had felt having all that in the past. They had taken the train to the city to the Parsons' anniversary party. When they arrived the apartment was burnished and already crowded, and Abbie had hurried through the hall to Linda Parson's lovely bedroom, to shed the flimsy evening jacket and add a touch of powder and lipstick. And maybe she was too happy to actually see herself in the mirror that night, but it didn't matter. Because, though the amber dress was three years old and a bit out of style, Abbie's grey eyes held as always a sort of smiling repose, and her beautiful mouth was wide and smiling too. All her

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Tommy shook his head. "Not now," he said, "I'm busy."

The kitchen was sunny and silent. It was altogether too peaceful. Abbie had a side line to being a wife and mother; she illustrated children's books and stories. It didn't bring in much money, but it was fun. You couldn't bend over a drawing board, though, when your heart was thumping erratically, and your mind was dark with an altogether inexplicable foreboding. "Molasses cookies, then," she said. "Your favorite kind."

Tommy refused to rise to the bait. "Okay, if you feel like it," he said.

Abbie got out the mixing bowl and the cookbook. And she decided that it wouldn't be so bad if there weren't a kind of mystery tied up in this—something you couldn't quite put your finger on. Naturally she would never say, "I told you so," to Tom. But even in the beginning she had felt that their relationship with the Blanchards was too precipitant, too much like a fairy story that isn't entirely real. Things just don't happen that way in real life, she had told herself. But this time they had happened, and Tom had accepted the whole fantastic arrangement without a second thought...

Now Abbie tried to think back, to recreate the curious beginning—hoping that in that way she could discover somehow the source of her uneasiness. But all she could remember clearly about the night they'd met the Blanchards was her almost incredible happiness, because, for the first time in almost two years, she was going to a party not as a lone woman, but as a wife with a husband in tow! What's more, Tom's injuries weren't going to be permanent, and she had him back for good!

The whole thing had added up so that she had felt almost light-headed with relief and gratitude. Before they'd left, Tom had told young Tommy a story about Italy while she put on the amber silk dress and pinned a gold doodad in her hair. Then Tom had helped her into her evening jacket with tender solicitude. And that had almost made Abbie burst out laughing, because she had been doing all these things by herself for so many months! Telling young Tommy stories, and afterward dashing into her dress-up clothes and out into the night in solitary haste—because it wasn't supposed to be good for an Army wife to sit too much alone.

Even now she could remember vividly how it had felt having all that in the past. They had taken the train to the city to the Parsons' anniversary party. When they arrived the apartment was burnished and already crowded, and Abbie had hurried through the hall to Linda Parson's lovely bedroom, to shed the flimsy evening jacket and add a touch of powder and lipstick. And maybe she was too happy to actually see herself in the mirror that night, but it didn't matter. Because, though the amber dress was three years old and a bit out of style, Abbie's grey eyes held as always a sort of smiling repose, and her beautiful mouth was wide and smiling too. All her



# Clothes that Fly

By Evelyn Kelly, Fashion Editor

In co-operation with The T. Eaton Co.

CYCLING IN BERMUDA—and wouldn't you love this lithe-looking slack suit? Wonderfully packable, it's in a gorgeous gold wool, cut for action and vacation comfort.

**T**HERE'S the air-conscious woman of 1946—and her capsule wardrobe!

She's the girl who plans to make the most of peacetime leisure. . . those precious long week ends and vacations at any time of the year. Her thoughts are on faraway spots, days away in miles, months ahead in seasons, but only a handful of hours in flying time!

She's listening to the droning of big transports overhead, winging away beyond the wintry horizons; and, answering the call of a change in climate, she's studying air schedules, making her decision. There's Victoria by the mild Pacific—2,372 air miles from Toronto, but only 16½ hours away in the upper air! London, 3,000 miles across the Atlantic in 17 hours! Nassau, 2,010 miles southward in 11½ hours! Or could be Bermuda's coral strand—1,054 miles away, but 7¾ hours by her wrist watch!

Although her flight is long, it's brief, with neither

time nor space for a clutter of clothes. She'll fly in a suit that can travel any place in the world and back again. She insists on double-duty outfits. . . a top-coat, short and colorful, to throw over an evening dress on a summer night somewhere, far away from winter. She loves three-way suits. . . jacket, skirt, and slacks. . . because they're interchangeable.

She wants a roomy efficient purse, shaped to carry a complete line-up of cosmetics and feminine trivia. There's no time to be wasted searching and groping for lipstick or travellers' cheques!

Clothes that wilt from travel fatigue have no place in this travelling bag. Our air-minded woman demands noncrushable, easily packed togs that arrive fresh as the fair wind, are practical as a hankie and new as the DC-3 she's boarding at the left.

We give you the aerial-age fashions. . . down-to-earth clothes that love to fly from one climate to another.



SIGHTSEEING IN VICTORIA, in the original suit. Interesting manipulation of stripes emphasizes the wing sleeves and torso line of jacket. Stark white in blouse and gloves offsets black bag, shoes and packable wool Suzy hat. Accessories are in silver.





**TAKING OFF AT MALTON** (right) in stratospheric colors: grey pin-stripe suit, worn with matching back-pleated snood, and a bright red wool shortie coat—a double for evening wear. All fabrics are hardy travelers. There's an alligator grain cosmetic kit for trivia; shortie gloves and shoes are navy.



In LONDON, where they're dressing up for night life, this global dinner dress of fine white rayon jersey is top-flight fashion, crease-resisting and a mere wisp to pack. Silver accent is stressed in the scroll-patterned bodice and in jewellery.



DOWN NASSAU WAY she'll treasure the sarong bathing suit, in travel-minded rayon jersey, brilliant as the southern sea! The front is of lime and coral, both bra and shorts centre-looped, while the back is a rich chocolate brown.



A boy opened the door for them. "Hi, Dot—bring the milk?"

"We got lost. Buddy, this is Roger Dorn—will you introduce him while I put my wrap upstairs?"

"Glad to know you, Dorn." Their hands met in an easy, casual shake. The mark of men who knew their way around. "Where you from?"

Roger probably answered that—he didn't remember, later. For there was Edith.

She sat framed in one of those mammoth overstuffed chairs they had then. It made her look exquisite and very *soignée* in her slender black. Her hair was dark and shining, parted and drawn back to a low knot, as few women dared to wear it. One small foot showed beneath the hem of her long evening dress—it was a patrician foot, high-arched, narrow, in a black satin slipper with a Spanish-red heel.

A man sat on the arm of her chair, his arm along the back, his head bent to hers. Something he said made her laugh.

Roger heard her say, "Oh, Ted—you fool. You utter fool!" The way she said it was intimate, amused, caressing. He knew instinctively that for her to say

that to a man was a mark of special privilege. He knew, too, that if she ever said it to him in just that way, it would be the high point in his life.

"Break it up—break it up!" The boy who had answered the door had Roger by the arm, before Edith's chair. It was crude but effective. Edith looked up, studied the newcomer. Her eyes were very dark and very clear, and long at the corners.

"Roger Dorn—future president of the United States," intoned the callow one. "Miss Edith Thompson, darling of the proms. And this is Ted—her current love, soon to get the bounce, we all hope."

Edith shook her head slightly, her eyes meeting Roger's in amused understanding. She smiled. Her teeth were white and flawlessly even—no, one on the side was just a little crooked.

Roger kept right on looking into her eyes. "Dance?" he said with an ease that amazed him.

He held out his hand, and she laid her narrow white fingers in it, smiling.

The stage was set, the music was playing—the curtain rose.

It must have been the very intensity of his feeling that aroused her interest. For he knew he had little else. He was just average—not to himself, of course—but in the eyes of most people, he knew. Average height, average breadth, average brown hair, grey eyes. Only his mouth was a little different—with something serious yet sensuous about it.

He said, under his breath, "You don't just dance—you float. Are you human?"

Her smile was slow and rueful. "Too much so, I'm afraid," she said frankly.

He didn't even see Dot when she came into the room. It was Edith who touched his arm in reminder, and went over with him to say hello.

Then—"Dance with Dot, Roger," she said. He nodded, meeting her eyes in exquisite understanding. It never occurred to him that her smiling, kindly command showed Dot the full extent of his willing enslavement.

Dancing, he said, "Looks like a nice party, Dot."

"Lovely," she agreed, with the bright, blank smile of the girl whose evening has crashed into rubble. "Edith's parties are always pretty smooth."

He smiled and looked beyond her to where Edith was going through some new records. Her fingers were very white on the black, shining discs.

"Is that her kid sister beside her?" he asked Dot, as if her thoughts had moved right along with his.

"Yes."

He nodded, studying the girl beside Edith simply because she was Edith's sister. There was absolutely nothing outstanding about Connie. She wore a poppy-colored evening dress with some fuzzy stuff around the hem—he'd heard the other girls admiring it. There wasn't a trace of resemblance to Edith, except that Connie had dark hair and eyes.

"She's too young for this crowd," he remarked.

"I know," Dot said. "She's five years younger than Edith. Edith's 22."

He was faintly surprised. He would have thought Edith was a little older. He was relieved that she was only his own age.

"Edith's wonderful to her—helps her run parties, makes most of her clothes. Their mother is a widow—she's away a lot. She's a buyer for a big department store and she has almost as many men friends as Edith."

That was something of a shock to him. There weren't many women with grown daughters who trailed beaux after them, in those days. But of course, being Edith's mother, she was bound to be an unusual woman.

"Will she be here tonight?" He pictured her, vaguely, as a willowy, patrician woman, old but beautiful, with a handsome, silver-haired man at her elbow.

"She might," Dorothy said doubtfully. "She's probably out on a date of her own. She usually stops by and just looks things over a minute."

"What does Edith do?"

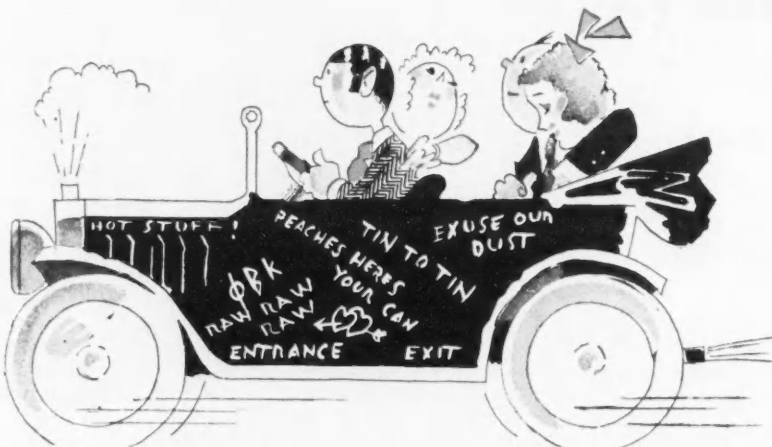
"Nothing much. Or—yes she does, too." Dorothy frowned in her effort to be fair. "She keeps house for her mother and looks after Connie, sort of. Between dances and weekends away. Edith is terribly popular."

They went on talking about Edith for the rest of the dance. He was careful to see that Dot had another partner before he went back to Edith—he wouldn't for the world hurt her feelings.

With Edith in his arms again, he felt daring, keen, capable of simply sweeping her up and running off with her.

"So you have droves of men," he said smiling, watching her face. "And this guy Ted has held the top spot for a month, now. Don't you think it's time for a change?"

Continued on page 18



Here's the story as Roger Dorn was always to remember it — the anguished record of a campus love 20 years ago. It's as nostalgic as Early Gershwin and the Prohibition era — or John Held, Jr., whom Chatelaine coaxed out of retirement to illustrate it • •





# ##♫ Somebody Loves Me ♫##

By MILDRED P. HALL

**T**HERE is a time in every man's life—a dramatic, exciting time, when great things lie ahead and you have not yet come face to face with your own ordinariness.

It has nothing to do with whether you are at war or at peace or in between—because it is something that is played out in your own imagination. You are the leading character, moving always to offstage music, and your future is the play, moving inevitably toward some brilliant climax.

It is a time of life when emotion runs high. It is the time when you meet a girl—the kind of girl every man has loved at one time. Loved, and usually lost.

Perhaps she wasn't as beautiful, as fascinating as she seemed at the time—but she was to you. Perhaps you had to decide whether to marry her and be in for a lifetime of jealous excitement and uncertainty—or to marry the other girl. The quiet one who offered the kind of love a man dreams of but seldom lives up to.

This is the story of Roger Dorn, who happened to be passing through that breathless stage some 20 years ago, and had to make that choice.

It was a time when Prom queens went in a froth of stardust from college to college all over the country. When football and racoon coats occupied every thought from registration to Christmas, and tennis tournaments and the Australian crawl from June to the new term.

It was really a very democratic time, emotionally. Romance hadn't gone pro—any amateur could feel romantic and act romantic without comparison with a flood of glamorous personalities. It was a private affair too, with your serenading done via the piano or ukulele, your dancing to a gramophone.

You could go to a party with more excitement, then. Model agencies and movies had not syphoned off every pretty girl and rubber-stamped her. You could—and did—meet beautiful girls, heartbreakers, scintillating and important, and have a chance to win one.

You could hardly hope to meet a girl like Edith, today, at a party in the suburbs.

That was where Roger met her.

He had gone to the party with Dot Brown. She was an only daughter and sublimely unspoiled. Perhaps that was the trouble. She was, then, unanything. Just a nice young girl wearing the same beige crepe and marcelled shingle as all the other girls.

Roger had known her since his high-school days. She was a sweet kid, he thought, and he always kindly pretended to think she had chosen him specially for her school and sorority parties—and home parties, like this one. He knew that, actually, Dot didn't have much choice. She was just a nice kid at a time when the men were all after something pretty keen for dates, and the choice was wide.

Roger, now in his senior year, had made a fairly good fraternity. From the moment he had learned his way about the campus, and especially from the day he moved into the frat house, he had realized that life was a brilliant and dramatic affair.

He was taking Dot over to the party in his huge old touring car with the crackling side curtains. The party was "formal." That meant the girls wore evening dresses and the boys whatever they liked. He could see Dot was glad he'd worn his tux.

There was that moment, first when he stood talking with her parents, his overcoat and scarf on, waiting for Dot to get her wrap. The Browns were nice, easy to talk to, and not doddering or hey-hey modern. They tried to hide their adoration of Dot and pretty nearly succeeded.

She came down the stairs. (It was one of those old-fashioned brownstones with the high ceilings and the dark-shining look of polished woodwork with wall-size mirrors set between columns.) She had on a green

evening wrap embroidered in silver to match her silver slippers.

Her mother made her wear a hat because the car was open. "She's just getting over a cold," she told Roger, "and I don't want her to miss any more school."

"Oh, Mother!" Dot was wry and resigned and laughing all at once. "I can't wear a hat!"

"You can leave it in the car before we go in," Roger told her good-humoredly. "If that'll make you happy."

They said good night to her parents, and she stopped before the mirror in the dimly lighted hallway to put on her hat. It was an enormous brown beaver affair. She turned to him and said, "Do I look hideous?"

In that hat, almost anyone would have. But in the dusky light she was so breathless, so young, with her brown eyes glowing, her lips so full and sweet that she looked almost beautiful.

Impulsively, Roger bent and kissed her lightly. "You look swell," he said.

She must have known, of course, that it is not the first kiss of the evening that counts at all—but the last. Still, she was sparkling good company all the way across town. She sat close to him in the freezing car, her legs helplessly wrapped in the robe, so that she kept toppling against him.

They got lost, of course, and were late in arriving.

"What's the name of these people again?" he said, with one finger on the bell of the rather large, new and modern brick.

"Thompson," she said. "Edith and Connie—Connie's a baby, still in high school." Dot was in her second college year. "Edith always has her at parties, though."

He nodded. The music came to them from the lamplit house, and the sound of laughter and voices. There was that instant of tingling anticipation—anything might happen—and he pressed the bell.



Sovfoto

Afternoon shoppers at the laces and embroidery counter of the big Rostokino department stores in Moscow. Last year the Soviet Union opened special department stores for expectant mothers.



Sovfoto

Breakfast scene in the home of a family named Koshelev. The father is a forge-hand. Every member of the group has a job to do — at school or factory or as housewife going marketing.



Press Photoagency

Some bright faces in Grade One of a Moscow school. Soviet schoolchildren have examinations, and they're admittedly stiff. The Rules for Students (of all ages) require good behavior.

## your party lines

### If you're a guest

Do you cut a quick swath through the strangers and form a huddle with the old familiar faces in the corner? Too bad. New contacts are the spice of social life.

If there's a guest of honor, do you take your turn at chatting with same? Don't be discouraged if you see him (or her) monopolized by someone else; you can always break in tactfully, and the G. of H. will welcome a change of face and topic.

When conversation hits a controversial level, can you (a) listen and (b) offer your own opinion reasonably, without belligerence? Lots of interesting discussion material gets beaten down never to rise again when one dogmatic voice takes control. It's easier to win a hearing for yourself by showing willingness to listen to the other side of the question.

Do you pause and consider before barging into the kitchen "to help"? Some hostesses appreciate an extra pair of hands with the ice cubes or coffee trays; others like the party to stay intact in the drawing-room. Moral: know your hostess.

If you have to leave when the party's just nicely under way, do you (a) go round and say separate good-bys to everybody or (b) slip away inconspicuously after thanking your hostess? She'll be happier if you take the latter course; no hostess wants a good party broken up by early farewells.

But once you've said good-by—whatever the time of day, night or morning—for Pete's sake, GO! Remember the occasions when you've had to stand at the door, on the porch, on the driveway, speeding the guest that didn't want to part. On this matter of snappy leave-takings there ought to be a law!

### If you're guest of honor

Do you cling like ivy to your hostess? Of course not, because this is your chance to meet your friend's friends. Don't let their conversational advances batter against a loud silence. Keep yourself in circulation.

Remember to take your hostess' cue about going in for refreshments; the other guests will follow suit. They'd appreciate it too if you'd make the first move toward saying good-by.

### If you're hostess

Can you strike a happy medium between too-obviously organized conversation groups and guests allowed to drift lonely as a cloud? When you throw out a lead, be sure it is a help and not an obstacle. A man can get awfully tongue-tied when he finds himself meeting "Mrs. Smith, the world's leading authority on geraniums."

Do you guard against those loud asides to the host: "Go over and talk to Miss K. She's all alone by the fireplace!" If Miss K. has overheard the command, there's just no use going, chum.

And that harassed hostess look—park it in the pantry before the first guest arrives. It's nice to put on a perfect party, certainly, and every good hostess tries to have it that way, without any of the machinery showing. But nobody enjoys perfection of arrangement at the expense of a happy relaxed atmosphere. So, if the ice cream doesn't arrive, or some cups have to be washed between shifts, or a gentleman inadvertently knocks over the picrust table with the vase of flowers, make light of it. These things happen at the very best parties—and sometimes they even contribute to them!





SIB Photoservice

Some of the freshman year crowd at the First Moscow State University. One of the buildings is seen at left.

# Meet Mr. & Mrs. Ivanovich

BY RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

**In some ways their life parallels ours; in others it is vastly different. A Canadian authority on Russia, recently returned, reports on our new world neighbors, the common people of the Soviet Union, and gives us a close-up picture of their clubs, schools and daily life**

**T**HOUSANDS of tons of paper have been covered with writings about the Soviet Union. Enough words have been written on the subject to cover our continent knee deep. And yet astonishingly, most people abroad know very little about the actual life of the Russians. Possibly that is because whenever the subject of Russia is mentioned, the angle of the discussion becomes political. The life of Ivan Ivanovich becomes lost in the furore of debate. It might be added here that Ivan Ivanovich's concept of our life is just about on the same level.

Comrade Ivan's and Comrade Mrs. Ivan's life is interesting indeed. It is and yet is not like ours. It has parallels to our life, but more often than not the

lines meet much closer than infinity. Sometimes what seems to be the same is not, or is so only superficially.

Take for example lodges, clubs, societies. Do the Russians have Rotary Clubs for Ivan Ivanoviches? Have they a Russian club to approximate our Canadian Clubs? Does Mrs. Ivan Ivanovich join women's clubs?

Strangely enough, in this respect Russia is a bit like Canada. The Russians (and the Uzbeks, Tartars, Kazakhs, Ukrainians) are the most club-conscious people in the world. In fact it is a rare Russian who does not belong to a club. But what kind of a club?

Last autumn I visited the Stalin Auto Plant Palace of Culture in Moscow's suburbs. This is a tremendous institution covering a goodly city block. In the main

ballroom when I entered, a famous ballet-master of the Bolshoi Theatre was leading a group of some 200 factory workers—both men and women—in the *pas* of the classical ballet. They had come there directly after work.

In the library, a branch of the State Library, with more than 30,000 books on its shelves, quiet reigned. More than a hundred readers were engrossed in studies. Sounds of singing came from behind closed doors in a nearby hallway. Behind each door a factory worker, engineer, or even a member of the management staff, was taking his singing lessons.

In another wing the motion picture theatre was showing "Charley's Aunt" and the gale of laughter could be heard even outside the Palace.

The second wing was silent. It closes at eight. This is the children's wing in which every conceivable kind of activity of interest to children is carried on. Possibly this is the most interesting section. Here children come after school hours to spend their time at carpentry, dancing, music, sculpture and other creative activities. All this is free of charge to them and their parents. The factory and the union pay for the club as a whole, and for children's work as part of the club's program. No expense seems to be spared. When gifted children + Continued on page 39

# John's Wife

BY VELIA ERCOLE

Illustrated by Jack Keay.

Peace, it's wonderful — that is if it doesn't smother you with an ineffectual routine, drug you with wealth and idleness, stunt young energies. Consider Camilla, the beautiful English girl, who now had everything but an essential occupation ● ●

SOMEbody opened the bedroom door, then closed it again quickly. Camilla's eyes were shut but she moved her mouth from John's and said.

"Who was that?"

John had not relaxed his tight hold on her. She had only been able to move her head. He said, "I don't know and I don't care. Kiss me again."

Camilla did this, a long, deep kiss, then said, "I suppose you must go. And I must get dressed." She smiled shakily. "Whoever came in must have got an eyeful then." She was still in her thin nightgown, but John was dressed in his uniform.

He sighed. "Yes, I must go." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Holy smoke!" he exclaimed and something beautiful and boyish about him clutched at Camilla's heart and she took his wrist, covering up the watch face, holding him—

"It gets worse every time. All these partings we've had. One ought to get used to them. But this is quite the worst. My hands won't let go of you."

"I know. It ought to be better, though, now that we don't have to worry about one another." His eyes encouraged her to take this bright view.

"Yes. That awful part is over. I know you're not in danger now and that you'll come back to me. It's just . . ." she knitted her white brows. "Just plain missing you, now. I hate it. I can't help it. And it doesn't seem worth being noble and brave about . . . like the other."

John looked past her, through the wide windows. "Yes," he said, "sometimes I think it would be easier if there were still danger."

She broke in, "Don't talk like that!" and he grinned at her.

"I just meant that the hubble-bubble of battle takes your mind off your love life."

"Well, you have plenty of work to occupy you. You're always saying you are hopelessly overworked, that you're just one man, cleaning up Europe all by yourself." She paused, then said in an odd voice, "You can be grateful for having so much to do."

He missed the implication of her tone. "Yes. I've work enough, and it's time I was getting back and hanging out my little sign, 'No Danger. Man at Work.'" He said, "I wish I'd been content to stay one of the more brutal soldiery. Heaven knows when I'll get my release now." But at the time the transfer to UNRRA had seemed a good idea. He had a sound

knowledge of French, German and Flemish, because the Darrant works had traded extensively with the Low Countries, and as part of his training for the place he would one day take in the family business, his father had sent him to school for some years in Belgium. He had never taken that place. He had been at Oxford when war broke out and had joined up at once.

There was the sound of a motor horn from the drive below the window. His elder brother Roy was to drop him at the railway station, on his way to town.

"There's brother Roy," John said but he did not move. The two stood very still regarding one another.

"Don't keep him waiting."

"He understands. He's a good sort, old Roy. You like him, don't you?"

"Very much. He's been everything he should have been to me."

"He gets a bit pompous at times."

"He has every right to be pompous. He has done a good job."

"He has. And he's got a bigger one ahead. I used to feel sorry for him sometimes. Now I . . ." he stopped.

"Why were you sorry for him?"

Camilla was stroking his wrist, drawing peace into her body through her finger tips.

"Well . . . the poor bloke, stuck here at the works—it seemed tame. But now he is the top man there, and his is the hectic adventure. Father is taking a back seat. It is Roy really who has made all the switch-over plans. While I'm not even there. And when I get back I'll be absolutely mere."

"You'll have a lot to learn. But you won't be negligible. You could never be that."

John laughed at her. But he was pleased. He said, "That's my clinging vine. You've learned Lesson No. 1. How to make your man feel a Big Shot while he's on the bottom rung."

The horn sounded again and the two moved together as by magnetic compulsion.

John said in a shaken whisper, "Good-bye, my darling. Be a very good, happy girl until I come back."

"I'll be good."

"And happy?"

"I have absolutely nothing to complain of," Camilla said, too much occupied in keeping her glance cheerful to know much about what she was saying.

"You have not, my love . . . except my absence. I expect and hope you will complain about that. But it won't be long. Six months or so, and perhaps a leave in between. And now there are cars, you'll enjoy life. I know it has been a bit dull with the family, but people will begin to pop up now . . ."

"Darling, I said I had no complaints." But perhaps when you were as close to another person as she was

to John your thoughts revealed themselves in your mute mouth, and pricked like thorns from the ends of your caressing fingers. He said more urgently:

"Very soon now . . . and then I'll idle you with comforts, and buy you Bond Street. You won't have to worry about things . . . we'll be free, living here with the parents. I'll give you the world, sweet, and we'll have fun. You'll wake up from these years of toil and sweat and tears."

"Uh huh," she said. The war years had been spent in an aircraft factory. Her eyes were closed and behind her eyelids she saw a sudden blur of machines and her own bent figure; she heard the deafening roar of the vast shed. "We'll sleep and dream that life is beauty," she said. "Sure we'll have fun."

"That's it," John said, watching her. "We're among the lucky ones."

The horn sounded once more, a loud, impatient blast. "I really must go. I have to say good-bye to the parents yet. Darling, it's been a lovely leave."

Camilla opened her eyes as his arms let her go. "Yes," she said unsteadily. "You must go now. Give my love to Holland, my very dear love, and sympathy, and if you find a tulip, pick it and wear it in your buttonhole from me."

"It's a pretty thought. That should brighten up my uniform no end," John said and she smiled, but their difficult breathing began to get in the way of their brightness. Camilla said:

"Shall I slip on a dressing gown and come down with you?"

"No. I'd rather remember you like this." He grinned mischievously, fingering the chiffon of her nightgown. "My pin-up girl."

He smacked her lightly, his mouth quivered, then he turned and went out of the room.

AFTER SHE had dressed and made her bed and tidied her room Camilla went to stand at the bedroom window. From there the view was wide and lovely. Steps led down from the terrace to a lawn and on the lawn was a single great tree growing from a mound starred with flowers. Beyond the lawn, gardens sloped down to a stream and across the stream was park land rising gradually to hills which peaked in clear outline to the soft morning sky. Camilla used this loveliness deliberately, like a healing balm. On first coming to live with her mother-in-law after she had been incapacitated by an accident in the factory, she had had a more thoughtless delight in the beauty around her. It was just part of the luxury of her new life. But now it had become one of the things to hang on to. She was much more aware of it. She would say to herself as she did now—

"Well, this is a great deal. Most girls wouldn't ask anything more than to live happily ever after, in a place like this." + Continued on page 24

"The husband—is he around? I think I could meet him now without socking him on the jaw, and I'm sure he has no call to sock me!" He grinned.







**WHICH WAY DO YOU  
TIP YOUR PLATE?**

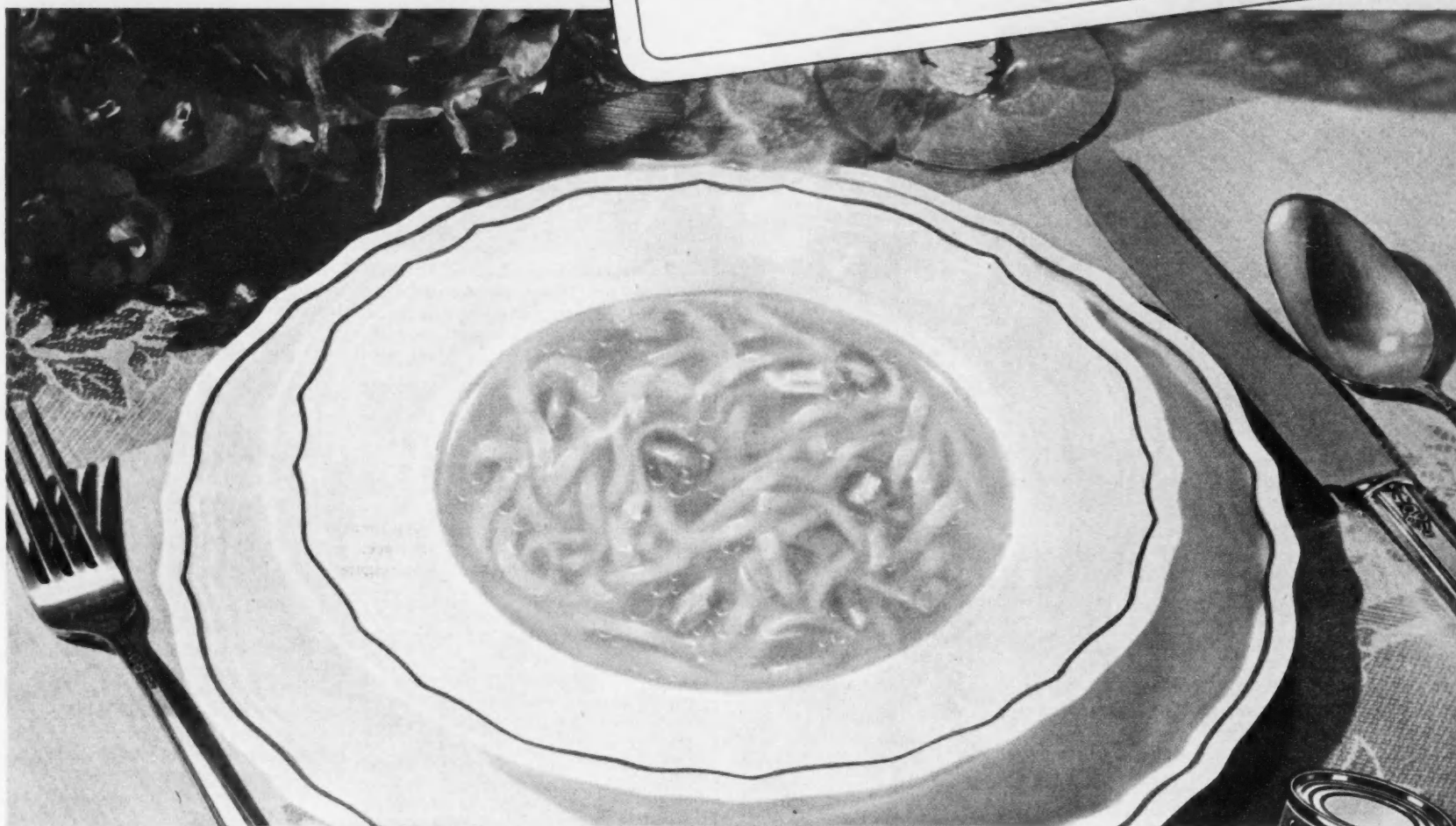


Plate-tipping is highly personal—some tip plates toward themselves—others away. Etiquette experts used to say, "Don't tip your plate at all", but we've an idea that was before they tasted Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. For here is a soup so deep-down delicious, you won't want to miss a single drop.

That's because there's plenty of chicken in this chicken noodle soup. It's made the lavish, old-fashioned way—from fine, plump-breasted chickens

slowly simmered to give a stock that fairly glistens with chicken richness. The egg noodles, too, are the hearty, old-fashioned kind. And there are tender pieces of chicken for every plate.

Yes—you'll say it's your kind of chicken noodle soup. And with food still far from plentiful, even strict etiquette permits you to tip your plate! So tip with a will, and enjoy the full, rich taste of chicken from the first to the last glistening spoonful.

With soup so grand,  
Why hesitate?  
Go right ahead,  
And tip your plate!



Look for the  
Red-and-White Label

**Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP**

Made by Campbell's in Canada





# Health in The Backwoods

An eye-witness account of life in an outpost hospital serving the needs of a small community in our north country

by Adele Saunders



Top of page: A Red Cross nurse makes a call of mercy at the cabin of an Indian trapper.

Above: Toboggans take the place of taxis at Hornepayne. Mother and baby bundle up for trip home.

AS THE train slowly rounded the bend I could see, high up on a hillside, a Red Cross sign painted on a building and lighted by an arc lamp.

I was on my way to visit an outpost hospital; to see how it worked; to see how medical and nursing care are brought to people living in isolated settlements of our Dominion.

A cutting wind straight out of James Bay stung my face as I stepped off the train. Snowbanks were piled high around the shacks on the north side of the track and around the few more substantial houses on the south side. Men in mackinaws—some with months old beards—were standing around watching the train come and go. There was no sign of transportation, other than rough homemade sleighs drawn by shaggy horses. As I looked about uncertainly, a girl wearing a nurse's cape came hurrying up the platform. She greeted me with a smile and a warm handshake. "We've been expecting you; heard from Headquarters that you were coming. We've arranged for you to stay right in the hospital—it's about a quarter of a mile up the road."

We started off at a brisk pace. She put a restraining hand on my arm. "Better slow up. It's a lot colder than you think and you have to give your breath time to warm before it hits your lungs." She shook her head ruefully. "I'm a greenhorn myself—I've only been here a few months, and last week when it was 50 below I hurried up the hill. When I arrived at the hospital it was just as though I had a bad case of asthma. It certainly taught me a lesson!"

So we struck a more leisurely gait as we went past the unpainted wooden hotel, where jovial shouts rang out from the open door of the beverage room; past the run-down Chinese restaurant next door, and up to the hospital itself, a two-story frame building covered with imitation red brick siding. Fir trees stood like sentinels on either side of the entrance.

Inside, the place seemed familiar. I realized it was a miniature edition of a modern city hospital, from the spotlessly clean reception hall, the white metal chairs and information desk piled high with files and report books, to the all-pervading smell of antiseptics. The assistant nurse in a crisp white uniform was conducting an out-patients' clinic—at that moment injecting penicillin into the arm of a child while other youngsters were being unwrapped from layers of blankets by their anxious parents.

"We've had quite an epidemic of flu and pneumonia since Christmas," the nurse explained. She called each child by name and enquired about its special troubles.

UNTIL A short time ago this hospital staff consisted of one nurse and a district doctor, to look after the needs of more than 2,000 people, sparsely scattered over an area of 125 miles. The doctor, who lives in the village, sees his patients at his home office and sends them to the hospital for treatment. When he is away on an emergency call, the nurse takes

✦ Continued on page 58

# A Little Sugar...a Lot of Delicious Flavor!



**Spicy Applesauce Cake—made with MAGIC**

Only  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar in Magic's sumptuous Applesauce Cake—but what a wealth of luscious, spicy, melty-rich flavor! Magic Baking Powder makes all cakes taste better, *be* better because its full leavening power assures finer texture and more delicious flavor. Get Magic today!

**APPLESAUCE CAKE**

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. melted shortening	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ground ginger
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. light corn syrup	1 tsp. cinnamon
2 egg yolks, beaten	1 tsp. nutmeg
1 egg, beaten	6 tbs. cold coffee
2 c. flour	1 c. raisins
2 tps. Magic Baking Powder	1 c. applesauce

Mix shortening, sugar and syrup. Beat in yolks and egg. Sift dry ingredients; add alternately to first mixture with coffee, beating after each addition. Add raisins. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch pans at 350°F. 20-30 minutes. Before serving, fill and top layers with apple sauce; sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

MADE IN CANADA

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DURING THE DOMINION-WIDE SWING TO CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE!



SEÑOR CHARLIE HAS A DIFFICULT PART IN THE PLAY.

SURE! BUT SHOWMANSHIP COMES NATURAL TO A BIG-SHOT COFFEE SALESMAN LIKE ME. REMEMBER, JOSÉ, MORE CANADIANS ARE USING CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE THAN EVER BEFORE.

OH-OH! WE CAME ON STAGE TOO SOON!

BEAT IT, YOU DOPES!

WONDERFUL!

YOU MEAN THE WAY I BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE?

NO, THE SEÑORITA MEANS THE FULL FLAVOR OF CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE.

ACT 3 SCENE

HALF A CUP OF FLAVOR? OR FLAVORFULL CHASE & SANBORN!

TRY IT, FOLKS! SEE WHY THAT FLAVOR IS WINNING NEW FRIENDS SO FAST!

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

SEAL BRAND

ALL PURPOSE GRIND

ROASTED IN CANADA



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**THERE'S** only one Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese: the brand that's marked with that famous name and guaranteed fresh by Kraft, the world's largest cheese-makers.

A spic-and-span Canadian plant makes this most famous cream cheese fresh daily—and hurries it to stores where smart homemakers buy it fast! This explains why Kraft can make this important guarantee of freshness.

Philadelphia Brand is the cream cheese that always has a fresh delicate flavor because it's guaranteed fresh. Try some of the famous Philadelphia Brand . . . on the

breakfast toast . . . in sandwiches or a salad . . . in the speedy, delicious dessert pictured here. Taste that exquisitely fresh, delicate flavor.

Always be sure that you see the brand name "Philadelphia" when you get cream cheese; that's the way to be certain of fresh, rich cream cheese goodness every time! Remember . . . genuine Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese comes only in packages plainly marked with the brand name.

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Limited

The World's Favorite Cheeses are

made by the Men and Women of

# Kraft

## Somebody Loves Me

*Continued from page 11*

"Possibly." Her lifted brows enchanted him. "I don't like to keep at anything too long."

"Meaning Ted," he said conclusively. "Do be careful," she murmured, laughing. "He's looking straight at us. After all, he came all the way from Detroit . . ."

He was to hear that many times—it was so often the excuse for broken dates, forgotten promises—"But Roger, he came all the way from Montreal." Or Queen's or Cornell. And Roger would feel stripped of importance.

"Besides," she added now, "he's sweet and I don't want to hurt his feelings." He was to hear that often, too, and know, to his angry puzzlement, that she really meant it.

She didn't like to hurt people. She would really feel quite badly for a while when she simply had to pry loose some overpossessive worshipper. She would always do it so gently that when the next prom came up, he was bound to remember the gentleness and send her a bid, sure that she hadn't meant it.

A faint, faint suspicion of what was to come stirred in Roger after he had kissed her for the first time. Everyone had retired to the kitchen by that time—all the parties wound up in kitchens then, you remember—and except for an absorbed couple or two fairly well out of sight on the stairs, they were alone, with the music blue and sweet filling the room softly.

*Somebody loves me—I wonder who*

She was in the big chair—where he'd first seen her. He was seated on the arm, his head bent to hers.

They had smoked in silence for a while, a waiting silence in which his eyes never left her face. Finally he reached over, took her cigarette from her and put it out, with his own.

She turned her head up to his, not smiling, but with a look of languor and curious expectancy in her eyes. Her mouth was warm and quite passive, at first. Then, as if some force were gathering between them, they kissed deeply, crushingly.

It made him weak. He had to light another cigarette before he could speak. "Still worried about Ted?" he asked.

"Oh, Roger," she said with a breath of intimate laughter on the lips so close to his—"you fool. You utter fool."

HE DIDN'T even remember taking Dot home. He had a vague recollection of a silent ride—an abstracted good night. He didn't kiss her good night, although it was practically an insult to a girl, then, if you didn't kiss her at the end of a party. He was too honest for that, and he liked her too much.

She gave him her hand, smiled brightly and fixedly, then went in the house, and the big door closed behind her. He went back to the car, still in his trance, without an idea in the world that against that closed door, in the dark, a girl fought desperate tears before her mother's soft query from upstairs could be answered with a light, "Swell, mother. It was quite a party. I'm really dead. I mean—I really am."

In fact, there wasn't a blessed thing Roger remembered about the whole night except Edith. Her voice, her

hands, the way she looked dancing, in that dress with the enormous bow low on the hip, her body as slender as a reed in the wind. That kiss—

He called her up the next night. No, she couldn't see him. She'd love to but she couldn't—not tonight.

"If you have another date—say so," he said sweepingly. "Otherwise, I'm coming over."

"No," she said, amused. "I haven't any other date."

That was the night he met Edith's mother. She was something of a shock. She was a plump, short woman with an assured manner, black hair, flashing black eyes and a beautiful smile. A bald man with a large diamond ring on one finger was visiting her.

Edith introduced him. "Roger, this is Mr. Shumlin." She was as pleasant and unconcerned as if Shumlin had been altogether presentable.

Connie had been doing her homework when Roger came—with Edith helping her. But when Mrs. Thompson's bald friend with his protruding vest, his protruding eyes and his diamond ring arrived and settled himself comfortably in the living room—right in that big overstuffed chair where so much had happened the night before—little Connie abruptly gathered up her things.

"I'm going upstairs to my room where I can work," she said shortly.

She gave Mr. Shumlin one glance of eloquent and uncompromising hostility before she turned to leave the room.

"Connie, dear—" Her mother called after her in a voice quiet, but steely. "Haven't you forgotten to say good night to me—and to Victor?"

Connie hesitated defiance in every line. Edith burst out laughing. "Connie—you little thundercloud. At least say good night to us."

Connie's underlip quivered. "Good night," she said almost inaudibly, and fled up the stairs.

Roger took Edith out, a little later. She spoke briefly and without embarrassment of what had happened.

"Connie simply can't bear the idea of mother's having a man around. She adored our father so—he's been dead nearly eight years, though, and mother isn't ready for a rocker and shawl."

Roger was vaguely uneasy in his mind. Remembering Mr. Shumlin, he didn't blame Connie in the least.

"And how do you feel about it?" he asked Edith.

"I? I don't feel one way or the other. Mother has had better-looking escorts, I'll admit. Still—Shumlin's all right in certain ways."

Roger took one hand off the wheel to cover her slender gloved fingers. He understood. He knew that for all her poise, it must hurt her. He loved her in a deep rush of tenderness, for this painful note in her family life, and for the gallant way she carried it off.

She freed her hand gently, touched the collar of her deep-piled black dolman. It was a beautiful coat with bell cuffs and a high collar of fine squirrel. The delicate silver fur was lovely against her white skin and dark hair and rose-red lips.

"Mr. Shumlin gave me this coat," she said, stroking the fur.

It was a jolt, but Roger knew it couldn't be as bad as it sounded. Edith could have anything she wanted from any man—yet he knew even in this short time that there was nothing of the gold



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REFRIGERATING  
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digger about her. She wore no fraternity pins—little jewellery, and she seemed quite indifferent about going to expensive places.

She glanced at him, smiling in the darkness of the car. "He gave Connie one, too, but the little idiot won't wear it." There were love and exasperation in her voice. "Roger—" she added on a note of surprise—"you have the oddest look on your face. Whatever is the matter?"

"Nothing—" He meant to speak reasonably, and instead, he said with a clumsy querulousness, "I just hate to think of any man giving you anything. Except me."

"Roger, darling—you fool," she murmured, amused and tender. "You utter fool."

The car abruptly slid to a stop in the shadows of a dark street. He turned to her almost blindly. "Oh, Edith—Edith! You don't know what you mean to me. I've known you forever—"

Afterward, they went to a movie, then drove the length of the parkway and back, then downtown again, for pancakes and coffee. It was the way every casual date went, then.

Only it wasn't really casual—not to Roger, anyway. It was as dramatic as if he had escorted her to the glittering tables of Monte Carlo or the Opera Comique de Paris, or the most famous café in all Vienna.

He made a date with her for the week end. They were to go dancing in Tony's Grill—and they did. Only Roger found himself dancing with her just once in the whole evening.

They ran into a big table full of people she knew—the men equipped with flasks which tipped above glasses at intervals.

He watched her dance by several times—and at first he didn't realize just what it meant. She would always accept any man's request for a dance—always. Then she would go off, making a wry little mouth at Roger, over the other man's shoulder, waggling her fingers at him when they passed on the dance floor—as if she really wanted to reach out to him.

Gradually, he grew angry. His face tightened, set. No matter how many times he asked her to dance—it seemed one of the other laughing hyenas at the big table had asked her first.

The angrier he grew, the more she seemed to flit out of his reach, her eyes dancing and amused behind their mock regret.

He tried, once, to make her jealous. He kept dancing with another girl, a pretty blonde. When he came back from the third dance with her, Edith had vanished.

It was a good half hour before she came back, her arm cradled in the grip of a middle-aged man with a self-satisfied look on his heavy features.

Roger saw red.

Edith only laughed and told him, "Why, Roger—we couldn't have been gone that long! At least"—her glance was all innocence—"it didn't seem that long."

He stood up, then, white-faced. "I'm leaving," he said. "We're leaving."

Edith's shoulders lifted slightly. It was part of her charmed luck in this game that the orchestra chose that moment to play *Somebody Loves Me*.

"One more dance," she coaxed. "This is ours—remember?"

He remembered. Of course she was able to talk him out of his rage. It was such a blessed relief after the hurt to have her cheek against his when they danced, to have her in his arms again. To hear her say, "Roger—you darling fool. None of these men mean a thing. Not a thing. Roger, don't be angry. I didn't have the faintest idea," she added blandly, "that it was getting so late and we hadn't had many dances."

That hurt, too—that she hadn't realized. When every second had been dragged out in torture for him.

Driving home, they were very close. Her head tipped back against his shoulder. He drove with one hand, handling the big old car skilfully. They had no need of words.

"You know," she said finally, thoughtfully, her voice low and dreamy, "you know, Roger—ugly men have the strangest fascination for me—"

And he was sick with jealousy all over again.

That was the beginning. She played the same game with him over and over. Sometimes he wondered, in desperation, why she kept him coming at all. Yet each time she was so genuinely sorry, so tender in making up that he would be convinced tomorrow would be different.

He made excuses for her. It was her mother's fault, of course. Edith was bound to have odd standards with that example before her. If he could just get her out of there—if they could marry—if he had a job, some money—

Sometimes, she told him once, she hated herself. She didn't really know why she acted the way she did, when she really loved him—really. He knew why, at the time—and he had hated her, too. Hated her game, her enjoyment of the furious jealousy she aroused, her inability to resist a new conquest, a fresh flare of passion, a new source of tribute.

Yet they always came back together; the old intimacy would weave itself between them, and his blood would race, and she would draw his head down to her smiling lips.

IT WAS that party for Connie that finished the affair. In February. Edith was in charge. Their mother was away on one of her business trips in Florida—at which place, by some odd coincidence, Mr. Shumlin was doing business too.

Roger had quarrelled bitterly with Edith only a few weeks before—and had gone furiously at his studying to pull up his sinking grades. He had gone to see Dot a few times—without ever really seeing her. She was a blur—a nice blur that listened and, with surprising wisdom and tact, asked no questions.

Then Edith had called him, one grey Saturday afternoon.

"Roger, darling—" her voice sounded tired and pleading—"do come over and help me. I'm up to my ears in fixing Connie's party. She's having a football captain—a Roy something—and it's her life's chance. The party simply has to be perfect. Roger—I need you."

He went, on wings.

Connie was out getting her hair done and Edith was rushing through last-minute touches on Connie's party dress, the decorations, the food—

She was in jade lounge pyjamas—they used to wear silk ones, then, with Chinese-looking tunics buttoned high at the throat—and she looked slender and frail.

angora sweater and a flared skirt, a half-eaten apple in one hand and ink stains on her fingers.

"Oh, Roger!" She was aghast. Her hand went to her hair.

"Oh—Dot." He mimicked her with a sudden release of tension. How normal, how natural she was. And so openly delighted to see him. "Look," he said, "would your mother let you go out with an old reprobate?"

"She's—they've gone to the movies," she said. "Yes, I'd love to. I'll leave a note." Then she glanced at him again. "You're formal!" she said. Her voice dropped. "Oh, Roger—something went wrong, didn't it?"

She wasn't angry with him—coming so obviously from a stand-up. He was grateful, and a little ashamed.

He spoke very cheerfully. "No—something went right. At last. I'll tell you all about it. And"—he stopped smiling, sobered by something young and clear in her fresh face and brown eyes—"you're the only one I'd want to tell."

HE HAD a hangover from that affair with Edith. It didn't wear off for quite some time, but finally he felt he was in the clear. It was Dot who really had done it for him. Dot, so honest, so clear-minded. The first time he'd tried to kiss her, she had shaken her head.

"Why?" he whispered. "Why? Don't you want to?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed. "But—later. When it's really me you want to kiss. I'll know," she assured him.

He was impatient. "I know now. I've known for the past six months. Dot—"

But she still held him off. "I'll know," she said again.

He'd given over, because he knew she was right. He had not been really free of the other, even then. He had wanted kisses—not just hers alone.

There came a time when he did want hers—and no one else's would do. The odd part of it was that it didn't come about in any very romantic way.

In fact, they'd had dinner and gone to the movies with her mother and father. Then the two of them had gone for a walk in the soft darkness of the late summer evening.

They walked to where they could look out over the river, where it was quiet, and yet they could sense the bigness of the city around them. Roger suddenly had a new idea about the future.

It was not the exciting, reckless kind he'd had before. In a kind of wonder, he remembered telling Edith once he'd quit law and do a get-rich-quick act. It suddenly seemed childish. Building the future was a different kind of thing entirely. A matter of hard work, of study, of gradual steady progress. Law was the beginning of a lot of things. Statesmanship, international affairs, politics, the bench.

He and the girl beside him talked about it in low voices. The talk was a prelude, while the lapping water, the fragrant night whispered of other things. They both knew, they both turned, at almost the same moment.

This time, when he raised her face, when he looked into her eyes, the answer was on her mouth, warm, sweet, and pressed to his in a sudden, delicious little violence.

It should have ended that way, with Dorothy wearing his pin, moving through days that glowed. With Roger

finding peace of mind in a love that was a deepening pleasure, not a torment.

He hadn't even had a twinge when he heard that Edith was going with a brute of a man he'd known three years before. Pug Worden, who could make a whole crammed stadium stand and cheer itself hoarse.

Roger could still remember the awe he felt when he had first seen Pug headed for the field. Like a bull—big, brutal, compelling, dangerous, with his enormous shoulder pads and the ugly helmet.

He could remember, too, how the awe had evaporated when Pug turned up in one of his classes. Pug could think only with that rigorously trained set of muscles. When it came to a matter of words or ideas, he was bewildered as an ape, with his low forehead puckered almost pitifully in an attempt to think.

Impossible to think of him with Edith. Probably appealed to her sense of the dramatic—beauty and the beast. Roger found it a matter of indifference; nothing Edith could do was any concern of his any more — until the night Dorothy had her party. She was leaving for California with her parents, and it was their idea to give a farewell party. Dorothy had asked Edith—and Roger knew why. When she told him, he just nodded without speaking.

"What is it?" she said in a moment. "You look so—I don't know."

"I hate to think of your going away, so far, even for a few months. I wish we could just get married. Now."

"Why? Do you think something might happen?"

"Not to me," he said stoutly. "But you might meet some one," he said. "I'll miss you so much—"

She turned her head away, a little sharply. "I wish sometimes I could have been a ball of fire," she said, "and bowled you over, instead of—this way." "What's wrong with 'this way'?" he demanded.

"I'm—I may be just a habit," she said.

He nodded. "And I'll remain an addict, if you don't mind. I'll come early and help you with the party."

He had been so sure, he kept thinking after it was all over—so sure all the old sparks were out. And he was even surer while he helped Dot before the party. It was as different as day from night, from that other time—with Edith.

Dot wasn't sure of herself, as Edith was—nor would she be indifferent and laughing if the thing didn't come off. She was frankly excited—color blazing in her cheeks—hopeful, and just a little worried.

Packing the last of the sandwiches in the ice box, she murmured, with a glance at the kitchen door, still swinging after her mother's rapid passage, "Mother would feel awful if it went flat or anything. She thinks I'm popular." Dot smiled pityingly, with all the pity for her mother—"and I've sort of encouraged the idea."

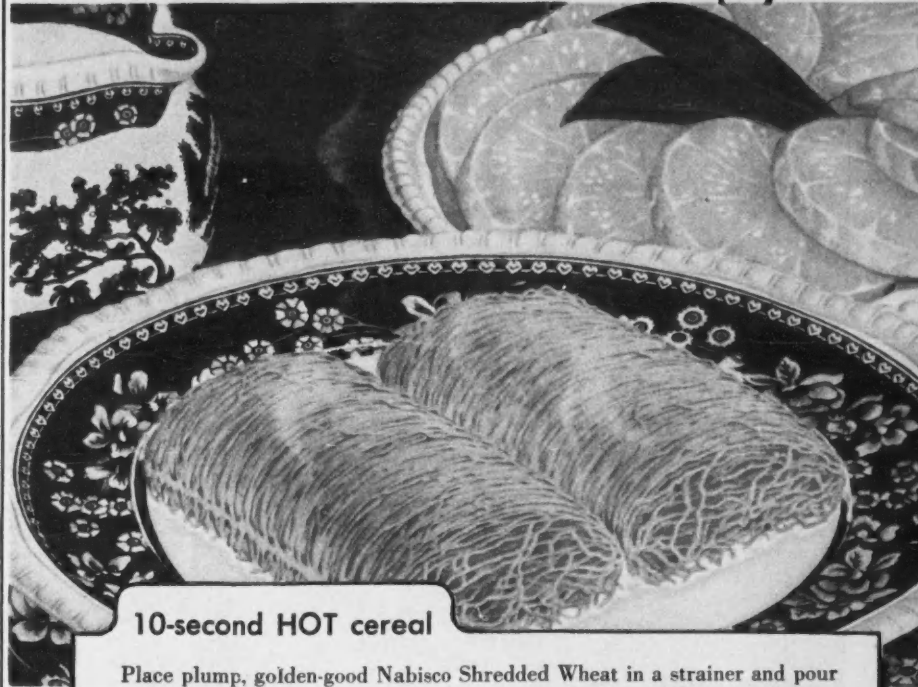
He protested. "But you are popular. You've got loads of friends—"

"Oh—friends, yes. But I mean popular the way Edith is. You know—with men falling flat on their faces in droves," she said, so seriously, with such wistful admiration that he burst out laughing.

She laughed too, then, and he suddenly caught her to him and kissed her. They looked at each other, and there

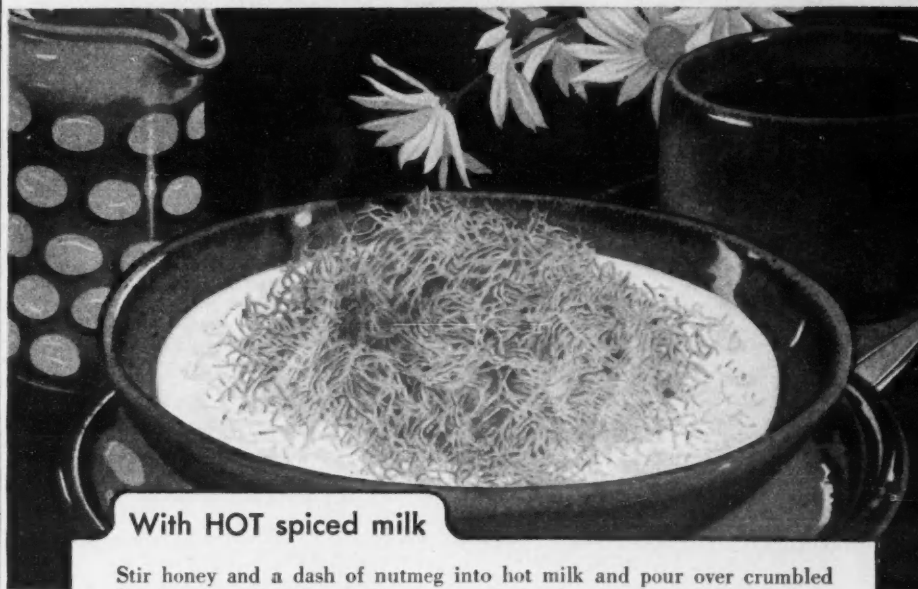
✦ Continued on page 42

# HOT breakfasts... without cooking!



## 10-second HOT cereal

Place plump, golden-good Nabisco Shredded Wheat in a strainer and pour boiling water on biscuits. Drain, salt to taste and serve with cream and sugar for the *easiest*, fastest, stick-to-the-ribs breakfast ever set before a man. Not only is Nabisco Shredded Wheat hearty and flavor-full—but it's a *natural* cereal—just wholesome whole wheat—steamed, shredded, baked.



## With HOT spiced milk

Stir honey and a dash of nutmeg into hot milk and pour over crumbled Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Here's a quick, *hot* breakfast that's just as nourishing as a "cooked" cereal. Remember this is just *one* of the many ways you can serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat, the cereal that's *so versatile* it's a whole "cereal shelf" in itself. For the dependable, original Niagara Falls product, insist on Nabisco Shredded Wheat.

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CDS-106

Roger pitched in and helped, twisting bunting in Connie's school colors all around the room, looping it over the candle-bulb brackets. They worked in comradely silence until long after the dusk had closed in. He was amazed at her swiftness, her energy.

"Well—that's that," she said, putting a last touch to a loosened window drape, while Roger steadied the ladder.

She examined the effect, absently lifting her arms to jab a pin in her loosened hair. Her make-up had worn off, so that as the afternoon light failed, the slender outline of her face had as its only color the shadowy darkness of her eyes.

He looked at her. "Edith—let's celebrate tonight."

"I have a tentative date—"

"Break it," he said masterfully. "And wear the black dress. Edith—"

He helped her down. She was slender and pliant in his arms, and her face was close to his own. She put her arms around his neck and frankly pressed her mouth to his in a kind of sweet weariness and languor.

"Roger—I've missed you. You're sweet—so sweet—" Her voice was a mere breath.

His arms tightened. How could he have stayed away so long?

"Edith—do you love me?"

"Of course I love you." She laid her hand against his cheek. "Of course I do."

"Then marry me," he said, almost without breathing.

Her eyes widened slightly. "When, Roger?" she said gently, with a faint smile.

"When I finish college. I'm not going to bother going on with the law. I'll get a job in a brokerage." Suddenly it all seemed so inevitable, so simple. "A fellow I know down there is making \$200 a week—just like that. Edith—say you'll marry me! Say it now—quickly!"

The front door slammed. Connie rushed in in a wash of crisp, fresh air and an aura of beauty parlor soap.

"Hello, you two—oh!" She stopped in embarrassment.

Roger could have killed her. He set Edith down. She laughed, went and flung an arm around Connie.

"Come on, duck—I've got to make you beautiful. Roger"—she spoke over her shoulder, almost carelessly—"see you around eight. You've been a lamb to help—"

It was late when he got there that night. He'd had a flat tire right at the bridge and had to change it in the teeth of a bitter wind that turned his tuxedo collar to ice under his scarf.

He was in a white heat of impatience when he finally rang the bell, at nearly nine o'clock. It was, he thought later, almost as if he'd known that even such a small delay could cost him his chance with Edith.

Connie let him in, wearing the dress Edith had made her—a lovely thing of tulle and sparkle. Music poured from the living room.

"You look like a million, Connie," he said. Startled, he realized that wasn't quite true. She should have looked like a million—but something was missing from her face.

"Thank you," she said lifelessly. She reached for his coat, but he shook his head.

"Edith and I are going right out," he said. "I'll just leave it on."

She gave him the oddest look, then turned without a word. He followed her in, feeling quite old in his dark overcoat and white scarf, among the bunch of high-school kids dancing and shouting their crude witticisms and laughing.

Then he saw Edith. Edith and a boy—he couldn't have been 20—sharing the piano bench. He was a strikingly handsome piece of work, with broad shoulders and crisp hair that seemed almost visibly to tingle. His head was bent over the heavy album of records he supported while Edith's white fingers selected the favorites.

Edith had worn the black dress. One satin slipper with its delicate scarlet heel showed beneath the hem.

"Roy—" Connie's voice startled the boy and he got to his feet dazedly. "This is Roger Dorn."

"Glad to know you." The boy didn't even look at Connie, nor she at him.

Roger nodded, stood in silence, looking down at Edith. A slow, smoldering wrath was rising in him.

She raised her glance to him, and it was at once helpless, faintly regretful—and quite unyielding.

"Roger, do take off your coat and stay a while. Roy"—her fingers just touched his sleeve—"watch the records, lamb. They're slipping."

The boy sat down again, abruptly, like a man relieved from some awful sentence.

"I have a table reserved at La Paloma," Roger said implacably. "I'd like to get going."

"But Roger—" Edith frowned slightly. "I want to help Connie get her party started."

"It seems to be going full blast," Roger said.

"And besides—" Edith smiled suddenly, quite aware that both Roger and the stricken Connie took that first excuse at its true worth. "I have a little sore throat. I don't think I want to go out in this snow, Roger. Do stay," she said again, gently.

He just looked at her. He'd seen her walk 10 blocks in silver slippers and velvet cloak in the teeth of a raging blizzard.

He straightened, buttoned his coat. "Some other time," he said in cold fury. "When you're not so busy with the children."

The young football player's jaw went rigid, and Edith, momentarily intrigued by Roger's wrath, looked as if she might change her mind. But the new attraction was too strong—she stayed where she was.

Roger plunged out blindly into the cold dark.

He took a deep breath. He was awake, now—free of the enchantment. It took this last job of hers to really show him. Playing with that boy—that kid. Taking Connie's boy friend and amusing herself with that calf-love.

Then looking at him with that helpless, sad look—and silently laughing at him, at herself, at the whole situation. What was she made of, anyway?

He piled into the car, left the curb with a screech of rubber before he remembered to let off the emergency brake.

He had to go through the Heights—and something about the comfortable look of it drew him. He turned down a side street, up another, and stopped in front of Dot's house.

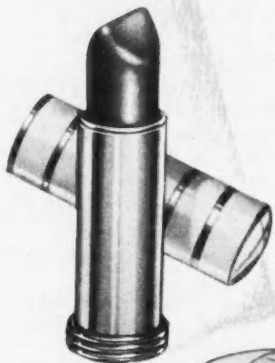
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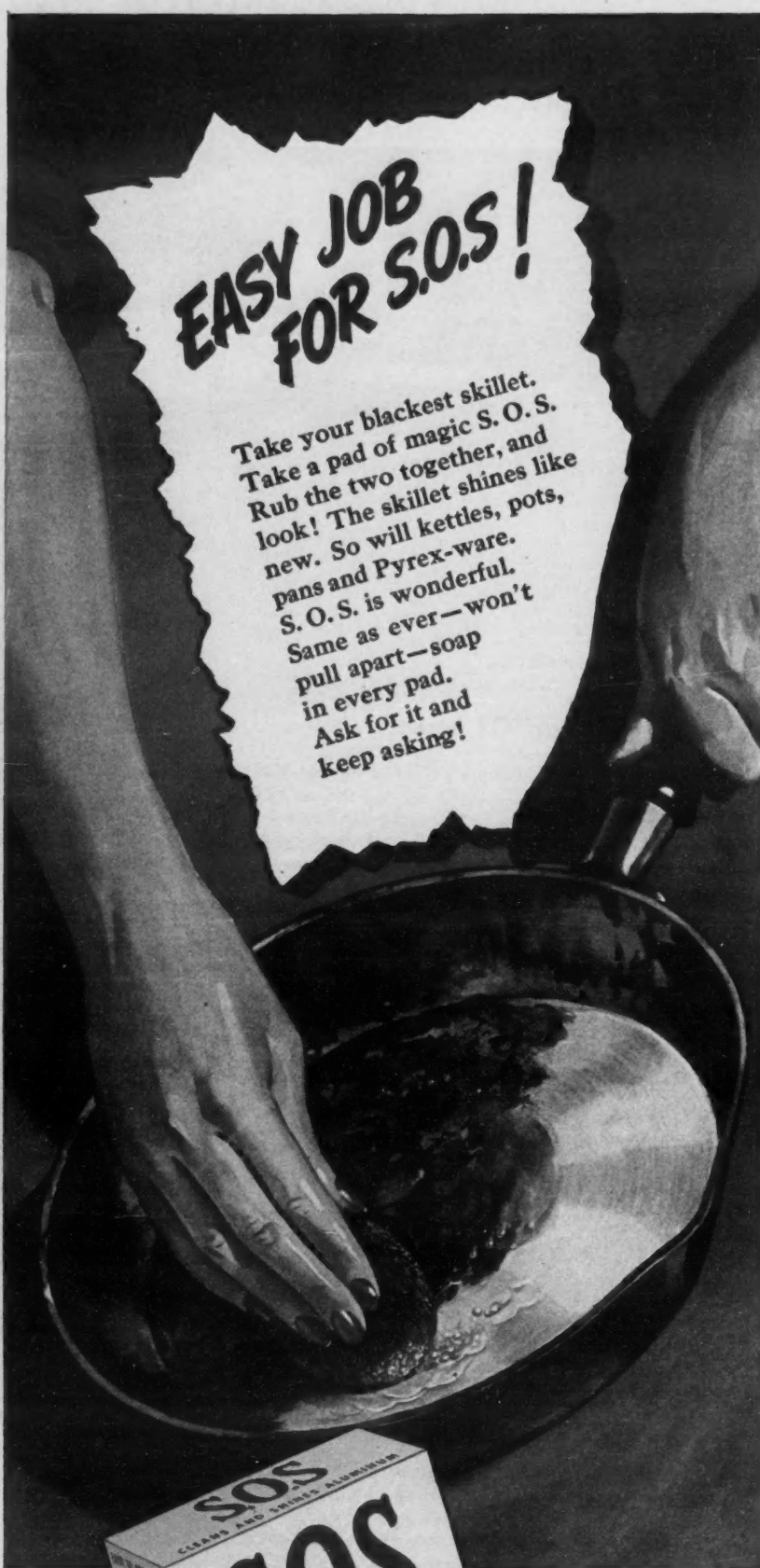
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## John's Wife

Continued from page 15

She was still standing at the window when a knock sounded on the door and she called, "Come in." It was Hilda, one of the elderly servants whom Mrs. Darrant had managed to keep with her throughout the war.

Camilla pulled herself back from the mental journey she was taking with John and said:

"I've more or less done the room, Hilda."

"There was no need for that, Mrs. John." No, there had been no need. Hilda, Cook, old Gordon and Nanny, who had rejoined the household a year ago to nurse Mr. Darrant through a serious illness—they were treasures, all. They had taken the depletion of the staff as a challenge, and the huge house was, if anything, better maintained than before the war. Camilla shrugged a slim shoulder.

"I'm sorry I opened your door, Mrs. John," Hilda said. "I thought you'd gone down."

"We didn't mind, if you didn't, Hilda," Camilla said, but Hilda did not like that kind of remark. She said:

"Nanny was asking for those things Mr. John left for mending. Will you leave them out for her?"

Camilla said quickly, "But I'm going to do it myself. There is no need for Nanny to bother. I've a pile of stuff to go through."

"Well . . . I'll tell her that." Hilda with her burden of cleaning materials went through into the bathroom, knowing, as Camilla knew, that in the end Nanny would do the mending. Mrs. Darrant would say, "I think, don't you, dear, that we ought to let Nanny do it? She is so devoted to John, and unless she feels she can be useful to us, she won't stay on. And we don't want to lose her, do we? We all hope we'll have a real job for dear Nanny before too long." Oh, the intolerable archness of Mrs. Darrant's beaming glance . . .

Darn it, I want to feel I'm useful too, Camilla thought stormily as she hurried down the wide staircase. Six solid months of sitting around! I want something to do, something real . . .

The mutiny lingered in the corners of her mouth until she reached the bottom stair, then they turned up again in amused surprise at herself because this was the first time her vague discontent had been translated into plain words in her own mind.

Just then her mother-in-law came out of the morning room and noticed that odd, mocking little air, but disregarded it. She did not consider Camilla difficult. She said brightly:

"Good morning, darling. You look lovely. It's so different now, isn't it? John went off quite cheerfully and I don't mind it at all now. Just as if he were going on a business trip. When you compare it . . . it's nothing."

"I think it's something," Camilla said.

"Of course you miss him. But he'll soon be back to take care of you. He was scolding me. You've been a naughty girl, Camilla. He tells me you've moved all the furniture round in your room."

Camilla had fine skin which flushed easily. She said, "Did it matter? I'm sorry. I just thought I'd like it arranged differently. John said, when he came, that he liked it better this way."

"Darling, it isn't that. I want you to

have your room exactly as you please. But why didn't you tell me, and I'd have had Gordon and Roberts do it? It was really rather unnecessary, dear."

"My arm is quite all right now," Camilla said, "and I'm very strong. I enjoyed heaving the things about." She had enjoyed it, straining and pushing and re-creating her room; staying quiet as a mouse when she heard footsteps in the corridor because a Darrant wife did not, she had learned, move anything weightier than a letter from a silver salver.

She said quickly, "It's such a lovely morning, I'm going for a long walk."

"Do, dear. But don't forget we have the Fairbairns to lunch and you are walking over to have tea with Aunt Molly. A full day, but I thought it would take your mind off John's going."

Camilla burst out laughing. She said, "Oh, dear, I wish you knew what I once considered a full day!"

Mrs. Darrant laughed too. "Of course. Your factory. You children have been wonderful. And goodness knows, I've had my share with committees and working parties and those dreadful, dreadful evacuees! We all had to do what we could. But now we must try to get back to normal. We owe it to ourselves now . . ."

"Yes," Camilla said briefly. "I'll be back in time for luncheon."

A rustic footbridge spanned the stream where it narrowed and on the other side was a small, perfect, old cottage, under a yew tree. It was a gardener's cottage and Mrs. Simmonds and her children had not been moved from it when Simmonds went away to the war. In front of the cottage the two fat babies were squatting on their heels stirring some brew in tin cans with sticks. They raised solemn eyes at Camilla's greeting, blinked and returned to their mysterious, enchanting play. Mrs. Simmonds was beating rugs at the side of the house. She was a big, plain-faced woman, but this morning there were two bright spots of color on her cheekbones and her eyes shone. Camilla stopped.

"Well, it won't be long now. Have you heard anything yet?"

"Only that it will be any day, Mrs. John. But it can't be long. And with so much to do . . . I just don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels."

Through the open doorway Camilla saw the gleam of highly polished furniture, when the sun struck it. It was like a lake of sunshine. She said:

"Don't work at the house too hard or you'll be too tired out to enjoy the home-coming."

"No fear of that," the woman said.

"Doing something you enjoy never makes you tired. The only thing is, time enough to get the house looking nice might be too long for the rations I've saved this hot spell, so I don't know whether I want him to come soon or late. I've got to give him steak and kidney pie. He wrote special from the hospital."

She laughed and Camilla laughed with her. There was something exquisite in their laughter, which was caught and scattered and made a silvery part of the fair morning. The two children listened for a moment, then returned to their game.

"Well . . ." Camilla said at last. "I

+ Continued on page 26



right when John comes home. Things will get back to normal and there will be plenty of people. My mother-in-law is going to open up the house in town again; down here I'll be able to hunt next winter. I'll love that. And Europe won't always be starving and no fun. There'll be Paris again and clothes and all the places one has wanted to see."

Tim stared at her. "Good Lord," he said after a while.

"Why do you say that?"

"Don't mind me. Go on."

But she was suddenly very angry. "Oh, I know . . . the way we used to talk. The importance of being earnest. But I've earned my fun. And if I've had the luck to marry a rich man's son, why shouldn't I take the kind of life he can give me?"

Tim said gently, "Of course you've earned your fun, sweetheart. I'm just interested in your idea of fun. Is it your husband's too?"

"I suppose so. It would be everybody's after these ghastly years—if they were honest enough to admit it. Wouldn't it?"

"You tell," Tim said. "You're doing the talking."

Her anger turned sour inside her. She was silent, looking at him.

Tim said, "You really are luckier than you think. You met a chap and married him almost overnight, like so many girls, and all you know of him is on leaves, hotels, and the gilded peaks, with time off to love one another, and none of the niggling facts of existence to grind the edges off your loving. And for you there need be no descent, apparently. You can devote your life to being . . . your husband's silk-lined mistress. The fact that you don't know each other at all will be no impediment to happiness."

The color flamed in her cheeks, but he laughed at her softly, cruel in his own pain, and said:

"I'm bound to insult you both, Camilla, because I'm jealous. Do you feel inclined to come out for a drink with a jealous and discarded suitor? I don't know what one does in your town. I'm at the hotel. Could we have dinner and talk? We'll always enjoy talking, won't we?"

"Yes," she said, suddenly freed and friendly. "You'll always be special, Tim. And you'll like John."

"If you say so," Tim agreed.

They drove through the winding country lanes. The air smelled sweet and the fields were starred with buttercups and daisies. Three miles away, on the other side of the town, the air was stained by the smoke from the chimneys of the Darrant works and a huddle of small, unlovely houses was around it, but where they drove, the rural peace was undisturbed and they talked as they had always been able to do, each stimulating the other.

I wonder why I could never love him when I liked him so much, Camilla asked herself; when I have never met anyone I would rather talk to, and do things with. John . . . of course John. But all that is to come. He is right. I don't know John yet. Our minds are not very well acquainted. I only love him. If John had been killed there would have been nothing left on earth for me. That is love. That is enough . . .

They had a good, gay dinner in a low-ceilinged dining room at the hotel, with the afternoon sunlight pouring in. They drank a bottle of indifferent wine. He

toasted her happiness. "And to yours," Camilla said. "To the right girl you'll marry soon."

"Oh, I might get married one day. I think I will," Tim said. "I'll have a pretty girl, though there may never be another as beautiful as you. And she will make me a home, and bear my children and wipe their noses and wash their clothes, and we'll all walk out on Sundays, and I'll work for her and cherish her until death do us part. Here's to her!"

"She will be a lucky woman," Camilla said, with a violence which surprised them both first into silence, then into laughter.

It was still light when they drove home and when they came to the big gates Camilla asked Tim to stop the car.

"I'd rather walk up the drive," she said, and, when he raised surprised eyebrows, she explained:

"I've gone back into the past with you. It seems . . . I can't explain, but I want an interval before I go back to them—Mr. and Mrs. Darrant and Roy . . ."

"And your husband."

"Perhaps John too. You belong to a different life . . . whatever it is, I'd rather say good-bye here. Dear Tim." She spoke very softly.

He was sitting quite still, staring at the wheel, but then he lifted his head and smiled at her.

"Okay, I understand. But you didn't mind my turning up? No, of course you didn't. It doesn't matter enough, does it?" He laid his hand flat against her warm, curved cheek. His hand was shaking but she smiled at him placidly.

"That was it, wasn't it? Your blood never ran any faster for me, did it? And there has to be that. It's the beginning of things. You must have that. Then you build on that. Good-bye, Camilla, and God bless you."

"I'll be seeing you," Camilla said.

SHE WAS violently sick during the night and later, lying groggily watching the cold moonlight finger the room, she wished John were near her, in a way she had never quite wished for him before. In sickness and health, she muttered. The marriage service is comprehensive and a real marriage should use all the things in it. For richer for poorer, for better or worse . . .

It must have been the wine, because she had a digestion like a goat. So she blamed the bad claret and, vaguely, Tim Fuller.

She continued to blame the claret next day when Mrs. Darrant, tactful for once, agreed that it was probably just some little stomach upset, suggested a rest, and if she did not feel better in a day or two, it might be a good idea to see Dr. Manners. Camilla got out of bed immediately, said she felt fine and went for a long walk without the least desire to do so. During the following week she felt wretched, was disagreeable to everyone and downright rude to Nanny. She felt afraid, bewildered, disgusted by her sickness and she longed unbearably for John; then, secretly, she went to Dr. Manners to have her suspicions confirmed, and the miracle of acceptance and assurance happened some time during that day.

After she had written a long letter to John, she told Mrs. Darrant the news, and the fact that Mrs. Darrant had, of

✦ Continued on page 51

# LI'L ABNER<sup>by</sup> AL CAPP

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## John's Wife

*Continued from page 24*

suppose you don't want help. There's nothing I can do?"

"Oh, no," the woman said. "Oh, no." Then as if she felt some need in the beautiful young girl, she said:

"You'll be having Mr. John home for good before long, then your turn will come for a home-coming party."

Camilla walked on in the sunshine, and suddenly, surprisingly her eyes were hot with tears and she thought: "But I won't plan his party, or cook him his favorite dish. I don't even know what he likes best to eat, and he doesn't know if I can cook it. We've never had time to find that out. And if I did know . . . I've hardly put foot in the kitchen since I've been here and they wouldn't let me."

WHEN ONE day Jordan came to tell her that there was a Mr. Fuller to see her, Camilla could not believe her ears. Tim Fuller. Her heart gave a thump. After all she had been so nearly in love with Tim Fuller for quite a long time. She said she would go down at once, but she did not go immediately, because her eagerness to see Tim shocked her a little and she stood in the empty room asking herself why she should feel it, why the coming of Tim, who, whatever he might have been once, had been nothing to her for a long time, should so excite her.

The truth, she decided, was that she had been rather bored for a long time; which was only to be expected. Life, if you lived in the country during this transition period, was not very exciting; neither war nor the gaiety of peace. She had been busy since luncheon measuring windows for curtains and planning color schemes for the suite of rooms which was to be hers and John's. "You must feel you have complete privacy," Mrs. Darrant had said. It all seemed a most sensible arrangement. With the housing shortage and the difficulty of getting domestic help, it was the obvious thing to make over a suite to the young couple. It looked as if Roy would never marry again. After all, she, Camilla, would one day be the real mistress of this house. Until that time, until then, she would be enviably free from all domestic problems, living in the big house.

The day was hot. She had been sunbathing during the warm weather, and her clear skin was golden brown, making her eyes seem blue as sky, and her hair more golden. She was wearing a brief, short-sleeved white frock and white strap sandals on her stockingless feet. When Tim saw her hurrying toward him all white and golden he cocked his impertinent red head and said,

"Surprise, surprise! I've been holding my breath. I thought you'd come in wearing a crown or sumpin, and an ermine robe."

"The Quality does not wear ermine on a summer day," Camilla said. "You want to buy a book about it." She was laughing with excitement and pleasure. She had taken both his hands and was holding them tightly. "Tim, you silly. It's wonderful to see you. How come?"

"A job of work in the neighborhood. I'm back in the tractor business and there was a slight matter with a customer, so they sent me down. I was told you were in residence in this stately pile. I'm glad to see you, lovely. You're looking . . ." He paused, his head on

one side, then swallowing carefully, he said:

"Marriage suits you. I'd remembered exactly how beautiful you were, but you've gone up one since I last saw you."

"Thank you. Timmy, you're looking very handsome yourself. Quite better from the wound?"

"Fit as a flea."

"Do you like being back in civil life? Do you miss the Army?"

"Some of it was fun," he agreed. "That year I was stationed near you." His eyes on her were very bright and steady. "I miss that part of it. I guess I always shall."

They had known each other so well. She did not affect to misunderstand him.

"You don't miss it all the time?" she said gently.

"No. Not all the time. And finding you looking like this. You're happy. That suits me." There was a little silence, then he went on:

"The husband . . . is he around? I think I could meet him now without socking him on the jaw, and I'm sure he has no call to sock me." He grinned.

Camilla told him about John having returned to Holland a month ago. "Hard luck. Is the mother-in-law a good bargain?"

"She's quite sweet," Camilla replied, and Tim gave a grunt of mirth. "So it's like that? Well, I believe it often is. But in your case the pill is certainly sugar-coated." He surveyed the rich luxurious room with a quizzical eye.

"Well, you've got what you wanted. The last time I saw you, you said you were never going to do a day's work again when the war was over, that at most you would sew a fine seam and swallow your strawberries and cream if someone held the plate for you."

Her smile was not quite satisfactory. "Was that what I said?"

"It was. You were in overalls and you had grease on your nose and you were cross because I'd turned up."

"I used to look pretty frightful at the end of the day. And tired. No girl likes looking the way I used to look most of the time."

Tim said carefully, "I've always thought that was the wrong moment to propose to you. Because all I offered you was a change of overalls, and grease on your nose cooking my dinner and being tired at the end of the day. Just for my files . . . did that have any effect on your decision?"

Camilla looked down at the floor. She was thinking. Then with that heart-stopping upward sweep of her long eyelashes she regarded him, from her honest blue eyes.

"I don't know, Tim. I truly don't know. I didn't have to think about it because I'd already met John. I'd met him the night before."

There was what seemed a long silence. "It was as quick as that, was it?"

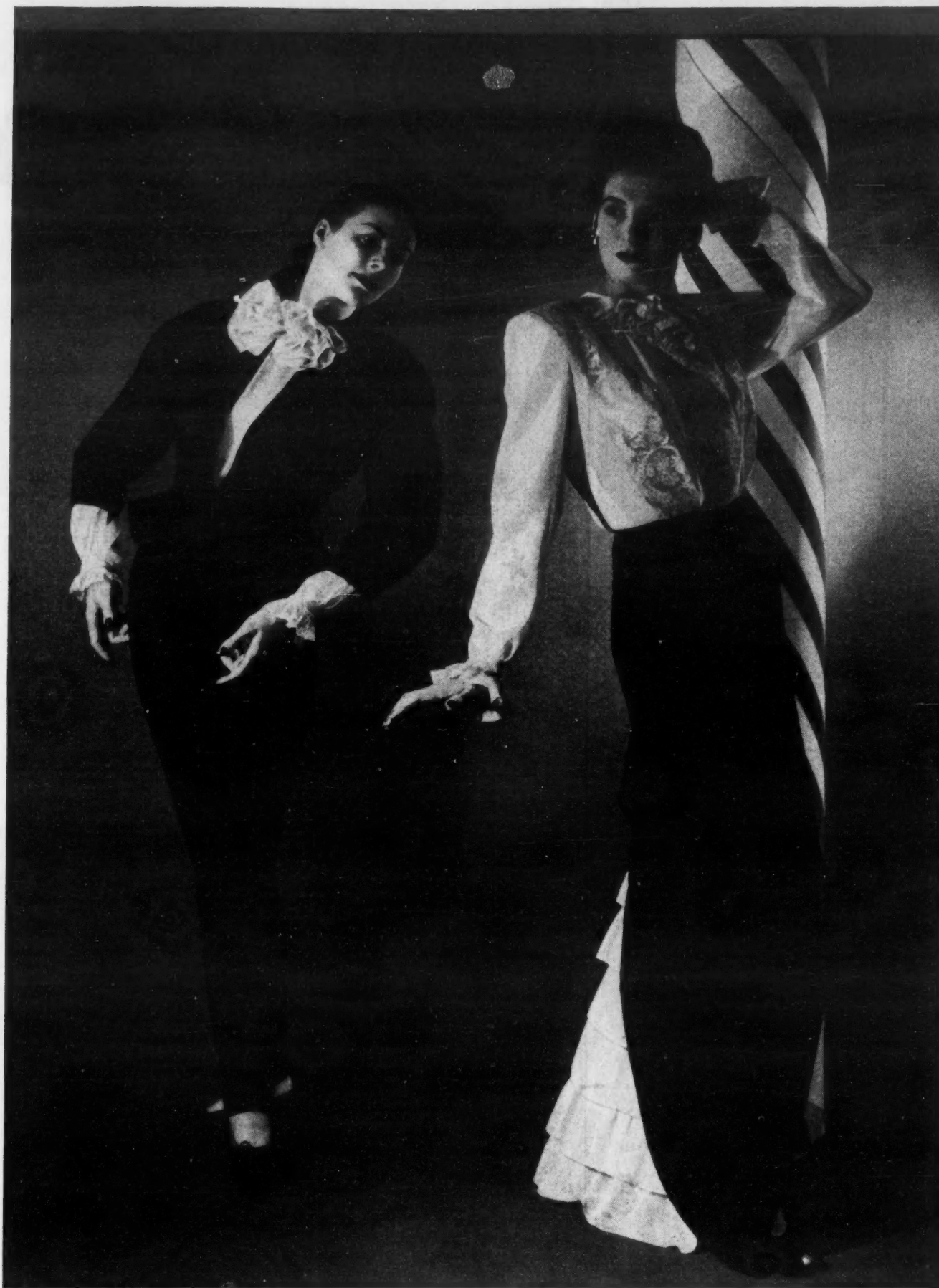
"As certain as that."

After a while Tim had his breathing under control and could speak casually.

"Well, I must say you seem to have made a lucky choice. You look as if you have all you want in life."

"I have. I'm very lucky. Of course, it's not . . . not perfect yet. I suppose I'd got used to work and being with women with a different background, and one has to get used to leisure. After the first wonderful feeling . . ." She stopped, then continued in a different, a falsely bright tone. "Everything will be

# Chatelaine Fashions



## Two Timers

by Evelyn Kelly

**T**HE big news in this spring's fashions is an 11-letter word, *versatility*.

It's an amazing versatility, flashing all along the fashion front. A romantic, lovely lady blouse two-times with a suavely-cut evening skirt or with a ballet suit for the hostess' evening at home.

Informal short-sleeved afternoon dresses, often with a deep daring neckline, are transformed into sleek dining-out numbers when worn with discreet matching jackets, long-sleeved, and high at the throat.

Many softly handled suits are shown with companion slacks. Demure little beach dresses, skirts full and swinging, are worn over the briefest of sun bra-and-shorts, or swimming slickies.

Scarves lead the life of Scheherazade—and you remember how she thought up new angles! Trailing from the shoulder of a plain dress, they graduate to a full triangular flare below the waistline, where they're tightly belted in. Sometimes a bow-tied or ascot-turned scarf at the throat is matched by another, subbing for a hat, and wound turban fashion or stocking style according to your whim.

This spring, fashion is featuring versatility — with a double-purpose idea for almost any occasion or mood! ♦

Designed by Betty & Maxine

*Example from the new two-timing wardrobe: A beautifully detailed sheer blouse, with a ripple of lace at throat and wrist. For evening sophistication it's shown with a cleverly draped black crepe skirt, slashed to reveal a rippling cascade of matching lace. For stay-at-home evenings the blouse becomes part of the ballet hostess suit. The slacks, in black crepe, taper in at the ankles. The jacket, a rakish cavalier, can go with either slacks or skirt.*



A black and white illustration of a woman with her hair styled in an elaborate updo. She is wearing a light-colored, sleeveless corset with a dark, wide band across the bust and another across the waist. Below the waist, she wears a girdle with a vertical ribbed pattern. She is holding a large, dark, leafy plant in her left hand. The background is a simple, light-colored wash.

PRESENTING

*Solo*

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Designed by Claire McCardell

IMAGINATION IN PRINT! You'll be seeing ballet dancers, sea horses, Versailles fountains and other unexpected motifs in printed materials. There's an amusing bit of nonsense featuring the contents of a woman's purse, scattered on an afternoon dress. And, of course, the one with staid little blue rabbits on a white ground is called "Harvey"! All good, colorful fun, very wearable, they're called "Conversation Prints."

Above you see an old English doily design, black on a grey ground, in one of the lovely new cottons—balloon cloth. Very full puffed sleeves spring out from a widened neckline to give that very bare look seen in all the spring showings. The full skirt is in the "definitely longer" length which earmarks most of the important wearables for the new season.

Designed by Hattie Carnegie



BE PREPARED for a romantic revival of black lace. Not the sad droopy stuff of years ago, but lace of a cobwebby texture, yet with enough body to drape and swirl out. And with what capacity for a subtle designer's trickery—as in this important new dinner dress with the bare-naked look. Truth is, the midriff band of lace is posed over flesh-toned crepe, while the peekaboo yoke veils skin to match. Such open spots are appropriately known as "windows"!

Note, too, how the very full lace overskirt extends below the hemline of the black crepe underneath—a graceful device for the dance floor. The same designer is going all-out with new notions for lace or net—even transforming a figure-hugging black satin with net overskirt that doubles as a cape.

Worth watching are the trends in skirt lengths, many to ankle or floor, but there's a definite swing to the graceful halfway style. +



## She's a Baby Doctor

Pediatrics is her field! She loves keeping babies bouncing and beautiful, and charts their progress from babyhood on with a practiced eye.

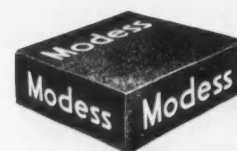
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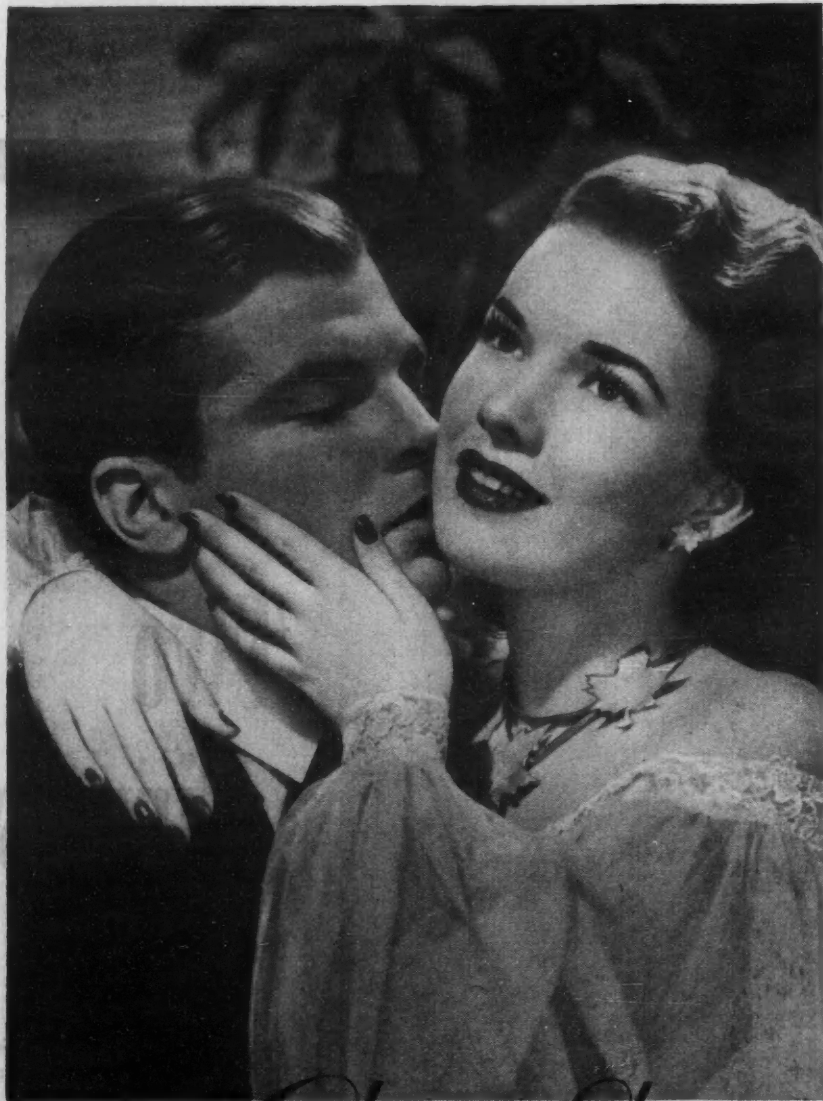
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It's easy, with Gale Storm's hand care—Jergens Lotion.

**Personal Hand Care of the Stars, 7 to 1, is Jergens Lotion NOW—PERFECTED EVEN FURTHER.** Wartime study brought out new facts about skin-care, which Jergens scientists used to make this famous Jergens Lotion even more effective.

For protection! Women made tests—said this postwar Jergens Lotion protects even longer.

For softening and smoothing. They said this even finer Jergens makes the hands feel even smoother and softer.

Those 2 ingredients, so special for skin-tending that many doctors use them, are included in this finer-than-ever Jergens Lotion. Instant relief for chapping! Now on sale—same bottle—still 10¢ to \$1.00. No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

Use **JERGENS LOTION**



MADE IN CANADA

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

## First Glimpse of Spring 1946



Varden Full

LITTLE WOMEN, five feet five and under, are given special thought this spring. Proportions are handled carefully to enhance the all-important torso line. Details fatal to a small figure, such as oversize bows, exaggerated trim, and weighty extremes of fashion, are shunned like poison! But all the spring highlights are presented to the little woman, scaled down in a way that makes the most of delicate lines and curves.

Above is a striking example of how this is done. A coat-dress, black rayon faille, shows sleeves very full, but tapered quickly to just below the elbow to keep proper arm proportions. The skirt is flared low down, below the hips. And as the top-heavy look must always be avoided, only the tiniest of roll-back revers appear at the neckline.

Designed by Nettie Rosenstein



THE NEWEST SUITS are straight cut, their jackets loose and flawlessly tailored. Skirts are longer and on narrower lines to accent the swing in the coat.

Here you see a fine navy wool, with a young carefree air. In the box jacket there is a careful balance of line extending straight from the widened shoulder to the hip. This emphasizes the slim cut of the skirt. A Buster Brown collar and buttons in a double row add young distinction.

With suits like this you have the choice of arresting blouses, either bright prints in amusing motifs, or low-cut, dressmaker crepes in the deeper pastels.

Hats are carefully chosen to complete an ensemble. Perfect with this suit is a global Breton in navy, worn practically falling off your head! But note how the height and width of the upward roll brim are in perfect harmony with the suit silhouette.

PAULETTE GODDARD...STARRING IN BENEDICT BOGEAUS' PRODUCTION, "THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID"

# Around the Clock

with

**PAULETTE GODDARD**

...she's a 24-hour fan for  
**Woodbury**  
**Complete Beauty Cream**



**6 A.M.** Come! Coax yourself awake, pretty Paulette... and "give" on your sleeping-beauty care. "I plan morning beauty at bedtime," beams Paulette, "with my Beauty Nightcap—with Woodbury Complete Beauty

Cream. First, I swirl on this silken cream for cleansing... as I tissue, it *swirls away* every trace of make-up! Then I film on this *same* rich Beauty Cream to soften my skin overnight." Um-mm, what softness—like morning mist!



**7 A.M.** You're a lovely early bird, Paulette. Your skin looks picture-perfect. "Like it?" smiles Paulette. "Then let's be fans together about Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It's my pet powder base... keeps make-up luscious for hours!"



**12 M.** Recess, Paulette! Time off for "looking at you"! How come your complexion's always so pink-pearl fresh? "Never powder over stale make-up!" warns Paulette. "Start fresh with a Woodbury Cream cleansing. *That* revives your sparkle."



**4 P.M.** Floor show while Paulette okays fashion sketches for next film. "And I okay my 24-hour beauty pal... Woodbury! It cleanses, softens, acts as powder base and night cream, too."



**9 P.M.** Bewitched, bewildered—by Paulette's night-glow glamour. "Day done," she says, "I erase studio-staleness with Woodbury Cream. Then a fresh film for a satiny powder base... 'lovely!'" It's Woodbury-wonderful skin... lovely for you, too!



**11 P.M.** Dream-special for Paulette. Woodbury's busy now as night cream... softening dry-lines. Says Paulette, "You see?... Woodbury takes care of me right *around-the-clock*."



Newer... more beautifying than cold cream. Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream contains four rich softening oils. AND... Woodbury Creams contain purifying Stericin.

## If you have a special skin problem:

**Dry Skin.** Swirl on WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—it's rich in lanolin's benefits... soothes flaky chap. For a "glowy" make-up, pat on WOODBURY Creampuff POWDER BASE. Blends with any powder shade.

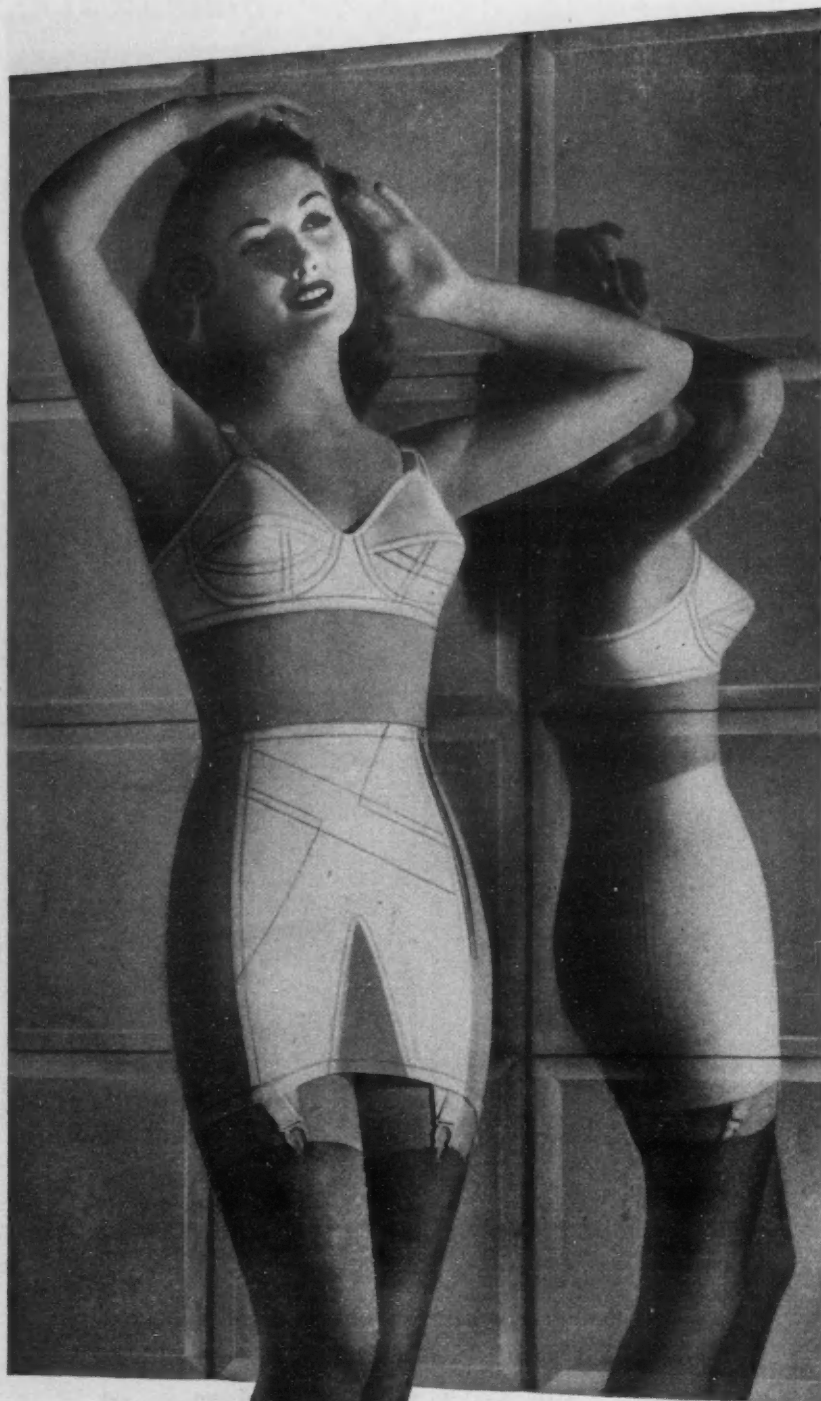
**Oily Skin.** Cleanse with WOODBURY Oily Skin CLEANSING CREAM. It's liquefying... removes oily grime.

For a velvet make-up—WOODBURY Protective MAKE-UP FILM... It's greaseless and vanishing... discourages "shine."

Jars are 16¢, 25¢ and 50¢.

(Made in Canada).





*Sheer Genius!*

**NYRALON**\*

**FLEXEES NEWEST FABRIC TRIUMPH**



Check your dreams at the door, please. For Flexees combines nylon and rayon . . . into Nyralon . . . the fantasy fabric come true. It's softer, it's stronger, it's lighter. And it's a wonderful feeling to know the greater comfort, the longer wear . . . the sheer genius of Nyralon!

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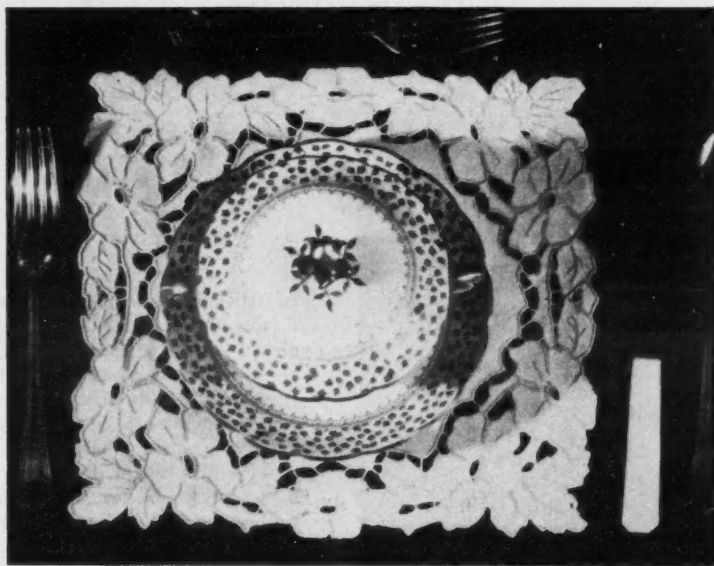
Set

*Your table*

**with your own needlework**



FOR THE hostess who wants new ways of harmonizing her linens and china, here is a table set, fresh as spring itself, done in roses and cross-stitch embroidery. It's in a lightweight white Irish linen, a wonderful texture for working. Do it in all-white, as an effective foil for richly colored china, or embroider in your favorite colors, to show off pastels or creamy-white pottery ware. The centre mat is priced at 45 cents, the place mats (12 in. by 18) are 35 cents each. Matching serviettes are 20 cents each. The cottons for working four-place set come to 40 cents. Order No. 119C.



HERE'S another sign of spring in this new and perfect background for your loveliest dinner service! It's a set in elaborate cutwork, rose design, stamped on cream cutwork linen—and it makes up into that kind of exquisite heirloom handiwork reserved just for gala occasions! The embroidery detail may be done in ecru, or in rose and green. The centre mat is 50 cents, place mats (11 in. by 18) are 40 cents, and serviettes 20 cents each. Cottons for working a four-place set, 60 cents. Order No. 118C.

Order from Marie LeCerf, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Enclose postal note or money order. Add 15 cents for bank exchange on out-of-town cheques.



### Home Hairdressing is So Smart—and So Easy with "Goody" Curlers!

You'll be amazed at the attractive hair styles you can create yourself—at home—with "Goody" Curlers. Quickly, too, and with results that are truly professional-looking.

Next time you shop—pick up a card or two of "Goody" Curlers. So easy to use—and economical—such a time-saver—smart women everywhere are styling their own hair the "Goody" way.

### 3 Simple Steps

#### TO A SMART HOME HAIR-DO

1. Dampen and comb hair smooth.
2. Unlock curler, clamp ends of hair and roll up or under as desired, tightly to head. Lock Curler.
3. Let hair dry. Unlock curler and carefully slide out of curl. Use as many curlers as you desire, and arrange hair in the style that suits you best.

**"Goody"**  
ALUMINUM  
Hair Curlers

5¢ each at 5¢ & 10¢ stores and notions counters everywhere



ASK TO SEE the new "Goody" GRIP-TOOTH Comb—The comb that's made to hold your updo! That's made to hold your updo! and roll coiffures in perfect order. Special tooth design grips hair securely—keeps combs in place. On sale wherever "Goody" Curlers are sold.

All that glitters is not gold, but gosh, there's an uncanny resemblance! Like this. Take a handful of those *bard* peas (or beans) you'll find in the kitchen. Soak them until they are soft enough to be pricked with a needle, but don't let them get mushy. String them to make a necklace and bracelet. After they are thoroughly dry, dip them in three baths: (1) Dip into clear shellac. Dry thoroughly. Then (2) dip them into liquid gold paint. Again dry thoroughly, and then (3) dip them into the shellac again, and have you got something!

Many of the fashions you'll wear next summer now parade in Florida sunshine! One note on cottons: JEWELLED BUTTONS. Another note: EMBROIDERY on cottons. You may as well hear about these two ideas now, as many of the smart younger set are planning or dressmaking their summer wardrobes this last month of winter.

The shortie coat again a spring favorite for the Junior Miss! If you are a tidy little person who hangs up her coat properly and takes care of it—pick it in one of the lovely flattering pastels. But if you are a coat-thrower-abouter best stick to a dark or neutral.

Saw a clever little cocktail dress the other day. The ingenious young owner had taken three of those large printed sheer scarves and draped them into a skirt. Two more made the blouse. A belt of empty thread spools, strung on ribbon end to end, and painted in brilliant red, green, orange contrasts, made this outfit the talk of the party. And it cost very little—in comparison with all the commotion it caused.

Long Gloves—in a bright color (I'm thinking of American Beauty) make that Little Black Dress something pretty special!

Collecting charm? The charm bracelet kind? Make it the diary of your life! What an heirloom for your grandchildren!

Don an apron, even if it—and you—never go near a kitchen! Red and white checked taffeta makes a cute little trick that livens up the party. Sequins splashed on crepe cut in a heart shape: another apron idea. Fun to make.

Frantic fraternizing going on between sweaters and skirts! Pure wool sloppy joes, over ice-cream plaid skirts that have such swirling pleats! Add a cardigan in a contrasting color. (Cherry over aqua is a lovely duet.)

### Make It Yourself

"What a smart girl!" your family and friends will say if you learn to make your own clothes—that is if you put style and dash into them. Our bulletin, "Dressmaking at Home," will give you the answers to all beginners' problems in turning out a good-looking dress you'll be proud to wear.

"DRESSMAKING AT HOME"  
Service Bulletin No. 2102. Price 15 cents.

Order from  
CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETIN  
DEPARTMENT  
481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.



If only You were as sweet as your Hat!

NICE PICKING, pet. That new bonnet is just your style. Smart as a dress parade. And so flirtatious.

But even the loveliest clothes won't make up for a fault like underarm odor. For men are indifferent instead of adoring when a girl neglects to guard her charm.

Your bath leaves you daisy-fresh, it's true—but that's for *past* perspiration. Underarms still need protection against risk of *future* odor. That's why thousands of smart girls

make Mum a daily daintiness habit.

It takes only half a minute to smooth on Mum. 30 seconds to keep you safe all day or evening from underarm odor. And it's the girl who keeps herself nice to be near who gets the admiration.

Mum won't irritate your skin—won't injure the fabric of your clothes. Quick, safe, sure—you can use Mum even *after* dressing. Won't dry out in jar. Ask for Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this important purpose, too.



A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

**MUM**  
TAKES THE ODOR  
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



# HAIR that SINGS

with shimmering high-lights

"My hair is such a problem." How often you've heard that. And how easy the hair problem is solved by the girl who knows about DANDERINE. Most hair that is drab, dull and uninteresting can be made radiant, lustrous and beautiful again in a few minutes with DANDERINE's help. For DANDERINE removes the dulling film that makes hair look so lifeless and drab. Adds a lustrous sheen that sets hair dancing with glittering high-lights.

Try DANDERINE the next time you dress your hair . . . just sprinkle a little on comb and brush and do your hair in the usual manner, then notice the difference. And notice, too, that DANDERINE removes unsightly, loose dandruff.



MEN, TOO, like Danderine.  
It fights loose dandruff.

## Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

## CHAPPED HANDS HEAL FASTER this medicated way!



Nurses discovered this quick relief for  
sore, chapped hands. Try it!



• Nurses were among the first to find how effective Noxzema is for sore, red, chapped hands. Actual tests show that Noxzema helps heal even badly chapped hands—faster, improvement often being seen overnight! That's because Noxzema is not merely a soothing cream, but a greaseless, medicated formula. It not only brings quick, soothing relief from the burning soreness, but helps heal the little "cuts" and cracks. If your hands are red, rough, unattractive, try Noxzema today. See how quickly it helps bring back the normal softness of your skin! At all drug and dept. stores; 17¢, 39¢, 59¢.



## NOXZEMA

# Fashion Shorts

★ from New York ★

by Kay Murphy

**SUITS FOR SPRING!** Looks like the three favorite colors will be navy, beige, grey. Some designers are holding out to make brown an important fashion color in suits, but opinion has it that this color will be best only in the higher-priced brackets.

**Coats going softer,** with balloon sleeves, flanged shoulders and fuller skirts gathered into a smaller waistline.

**Sports coats,** however, will get a big play, especially the woollen fabrics that lend themselves to pastel colors—lime, aqua, gold and nude.

**Some of the "grander"** coats and suits show contrasting color in the yokes, like beige with brown or aqua or navy with turquoise. These are so highly styled that unless you are the lady who gets a new coat and suit every spring—well, be wary.

**Capes are coming into the spring picture!** Look mighty dashing over a matching suit; then wear as a wrap right through the summer!

**Anything can happen to a hat for spring!** I've seen them tall and small—large—square—flat and round! You'll see them filled in at the top with flowers, fruit and vegetables! You'll see them as plain as a sailor. One expensive little number had a visor brim with pink-tinted mirror facing—to throw a flattering glow on the face! Yes, anything can happen to a hat this spring. And it will be right!

**That old wool sweater** may still have good arms in it. Cut them off halfway, bind the cut-off edges—and you have a snappy pair of "gaiters" to wear over your shoes, these cold days. OR—sew them on a pair of insoles and wear them instead of slippers!

**Never throw a scrap** of bright material away. Make it up into tiny bows to decorate the hem of a black dress; or stick on your old beanie. If the scrap is large enough, make a slipcover for your handbag!

**Lost the top of your earring?** Don't throw the screw backs away. Take a colorful button and glue it on firmly. The brighter the button, the better your new earrings!

**You can do a lot with buttons—**such as getting a complete new set, and replacing the buttons on that out-dated



Adele Simpson's basque jacket suit in navy wool, with flowing troubadour sleeves. In the blouse two colors of the same print design are strikingly contrasted.

dress. Or sew tiny, contrastingly colored buttons on the shoulders of a dress, like epaulettes, or do the same to a beanie, or jazz up an old fabric handbag with the bright little numbers!

**The top of that dress** may be ready for the rag bag, but the skirt is still good! Cut off the top, leaving about one inch above the waistline, sew or bind it neatly, and you have a skirt you'll still get heaps of wear from.

**Make a jewellery box** by taking a large match or cigar box, covering it with fabric or bright paper. Then cut out your name in contrasting color, and paste it on the top. A make-up box to match is another colorful addition to the Miss Teen's dressing table!

**Look around the house** and you'll find it! I mean that old shower curtain that is still water-repellent! You can make a cute and practical rain cape for yourself by cutting it to size, and trimming it with gay rickrack braid. Take several colors of rickrack, sew down the front and use to tie the thing. If there is enough of the curtain left intact, make a rain snood to match.

# Long Billowing Skirts

## for the Bride's attendants



*Simplicity* 1463

*Simplicity* 1146

*Simplicity* 1321

*Simplicity* 1477

**S**PRING . . . and Easter weddings just around the corner! Keynote to perfection in the bridal picture is a definite theme in the colors and style of frocks for the bride's attendants. We give you these early Victorian styles, all with billowing skirts, fitted bodices, but with variety in necklines and at the waist.

**1321.** Very new and very sophisticated, calling for upswept hair-dos and neat, old-fashioned nosegays. The bodice shows the high round neckline with fullness in cap sleeves, and it is darted to give a basque effect above the wide skirt.

**1146** has round deep neckline enhanced with a scalloped bertha collar. Around the minute waist is tied narrow velvet ribbon which trails on the bouffant skirt. This is an especially good style for taffeta and other crisp-finished fabrics.

**1463** gives the new off-shoulder effect, with the ruffle adding extra emphasis. The full full skirt billows over the hips, but is smooth at the delicately pointed waistline. Velvet bows, narrow and dainty, are true Victorian touches, lovely in contrasting color.

**1477** carries out the same theme for the junior attendant; has a fitted pointed bodice and softly gathered skirt. The dainty ruffling can be either self-fabric or in lace to outline the shaped neckline and waist, and accent the full puffed sleeves. Pattern descriptions on page 62.





*Distinctive charm...  
with superb design  
and workmanship*

WOOLLENS BY RENFREW

TAILORED BY  
**Posluns**

Makers of Fine Clothes for More Than 35 Years

SUITS AND COATS BY POSLUNS FEATURED BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT CANADA



## Are you in the know?



What's best for keeping earrings bright?

- ☐ Colourless nail polish
- ☐ Ammonia and water
- ☐ Elbow grease

They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earlobes to a thin coating of colourless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time safeguard your daintiness with the additional protection of Quest, the powder deodorant specifically developed for sanitary napkins. Quest absorbs moisture and destroys odour completely. Its soft silk texture prevents chafing too. Large size 35c.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as effective on 100% of all sanitary napkins.



A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's

- ☐ Wedded to flat heel shoes
- ☐ A frilly dilly
- ☐ Posture perfect

Are you a glamazon? Be proud of it! "Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatterers. Shun fussy, frilly clothes. Above all, never be a stoop droop. You'll look smoothest if you're posture perfect. Poise comes too when you rout the panicky little cares of problem days with the assured comfort of the Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's so dainty, light and secure that there's never a hint to disclose your secret... never a doubt to disturb your assurance. Each 25c.



## Meet Mr. & Mrs. Ivanovitch

Continued from page 13

are found, capable of advancement along the lines of singing, painting, or the ballet, the club obtains the services of the country's best instructors. When the annual competition of children's music circles, including the one of the Stalin Club, took place in Moscow, I was told that the plant manager attended the competitive performances to see how "his" children were making out. Plant and club management are given the responsibility of helping gifted children get on.

The third wing, with its lecture halls, was also quiet when I entered. Three lectures were going on in different parts of the wing. One dealt with Russian literature, the second with the life of President Roosevelt, the third, with problems of stresses in automobile gears.

Such clubs are scattered everywhere throughout the Soviet Union. Some, like the Railway Workers' Club, have a budget of 20,000,000 rubles and maintain full-time theatre, orchestra and choral staffs. The Railway Workers' Club even has four club trains which course up and down Russia's railway system, stopping at out-of-the-way junctions to do their work.

Russian "businessmen" have their own organization called the All Union Trading Mart where conferences are held on production and output problems.

Every Russian worker, employee and intellectual belongs to a union. The union centre, the All Union Council of Trade-Unions, now embraces a membership of more than 27,000,000. More than 5½ million Russians belong to the Communist Party; nearly 10 millions to the Young Communist League; and as many to the Young Pioneers, Russia's Boy and Girl Scouts.

The women belong to Ladies' Auxiliaries—to officers' wives clubs, to women's committees of trade-unions, to various neighborhood parent-teacher associations.

Yes, indeed, the Russians are real joiners.

OR TAKE schools for another example of little-known Russia. Most schools in big cities are terribly overcrowded. Children attend in two and sometimes three shifts. Until 1944 children entered school at eight, now at seven years of age. The standard number of grades is 10, after which one enters institutes or vocational schools or applies to the universities.

Ask any Russian kid if he has exams. "Nu, a kak zhe!" he will reply. "What do you think!" Russian kids do have exams and they are very stiff, much more so than ours. This, by the way, is a relative innovation, having been introduced just before the war. Homework is compulsory. Above the fourth grade in the main cities, boys and girls attend separate schools.

All school children are subject to the so-called Rules for Students. Let me translate a few.

"Every student is obliged: to study energetically and absorb knowledge in order to become an educated and cultured citizen and bring as much benefit as possible to the Soviet motherland."

"Study attentively, attend lessons accurately, come on time."

Continued on page 61

## Are you in the know?

For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—

- ☐ Give up breathing
- ☐ Minimize the midriff
- ☐ Try corset laces



The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!)... working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snuggest outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show. So... your public need never know.

Does a square shaped hand indicate—

- ☐ An inquiring mind
- ☐ An impulsive nature
- ☐ A dynamic personality



Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind—which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about sanitary protection, and learn that Kotex has lasting softness (doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch)... that Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing... it's ten to one you'll decide on Kotex. Because you value real comfort. No wonder you're self-assured!

If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—

- ☐ A pickle-pan
- ☐ Dracula's mother
- ☐ Justified

This little lap-lander didn't mean to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude too often go together. That's worth pondering... on "those" days, as well, for if you use care in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex' exclusive safety centre gives you extra protection from problem-day accidents!



\*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX\* than all other sanitary napkins



# Put Your Faith in A Good Suit



Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

**W**ITH a bit of guile about accessories, you can build up a wonderful spring wardrobe around a good-looking suit. Choose a well-designed, uncluttered style, and make it up in a really fine fabric. For greatest possibilities use a solid color that you can live with without regrets, and run up an extra jacket or two either in contrasting shades or in companion plaids, checks or stripes. Then concentrate on your accessory tricks... bright and dashing... quiet or subtle... to suit your mood or type!

Your basic suit is 1557, with a dart-fitted jacket, five-gored skirt, and the wide-shoulder-and-sleeve combination. Dress it up with lingerie touches or keep it carefully casual with plain tailored dickeys. Tiny collar may be worn up or down.

1355, is a suit-slip, with lace-trimmed bodice and dark, contrasting skirt. Smoothly dart-fitted to avoid ugly bulk at the waist, and the slim skirt is cut in two sections.

Two styles in dickeys, Pattern 1536: the lingerie type, box-pleated and tucked, with dainty bow, or a tailored type with box-pleated front and turtle neck.

No. 1555 has the new soft fullness in a shoulder yoke which emphasizes the wide cap sleeves. At the throat the artist's bow is a flattering touch; tucks at the waist give that trim, neat-middle line.

A softly handled jerkin, No. 1543, is drawn in at the waist with a buckled waistband. Wonderful done in a light stripe, and worn over a dark long-sleeved blouse or dress. Pattern descriptions on page 62.

# Pretty, please!

*S*mooth curves and lithe dynamic grace are yours when you restyle your figure with a NU-BACK. You'll be twice as decorative, twice as comfortable. Fashion's up-to-the-minute styling. The NU-BACK principle of support, and telescopic back permit undreamed of freedom. A NU-BACK won't ride up, twist or pinch. Ask your corsetiere for a NU-BACK garment designed for your type of figure. A try-on is worth a thousand words.

"Gothic" Bra. Elliptic Design

"Nu-Back" Style 5533



WILL NOT RIDE UP





## NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which SAFELY

## STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



**39¢** also 15¢ and 59¢ sizes

At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

# ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

## Vindication

Continued from page 7

while before he can accumulate enough capital to set up shop."

"He needs a lot, then?" Thea asked, still in that friendly, quiet way of hers.

Abbie nodded. "What's more, he hasn't any collateral to help with a loan, so I'm afraid it's more or less of a pipe dream!"

Thea smiled enquiringly. "In other words he has to find someone who will loan him the capital on faith, is that it?"

"That's about it," Abbie agreed. "And according to Tom, out-and-out philanthropists like that don't grow on trees. Not when it comes to a speculative proposition like this one!"

"I suppose that's so..." Thea said, and she sounded, not calculating exactly, just thoughtful.

Shortly after that someone shoved the rugs back for dancing, and Abbie lost sight of Thea Blanchard. But in the weeks that followed their friendship progressed with astonishing rapidity.

Just a few days later Thea phoned and asked them into town for dinner, and the evening proved to be an exceptional success. There was one other congenial couple, the apartment was beautiful without being too spectacular, and after lingering over coffee and a fine imported brandy, the six of them wound up the evening at the most exclusive supper club in town.

Thea's husband, Ralph Blanchard, rather surprised Abbie. He was at least 20 years her senior, a heavy-set, kindly man in his early fifties. His mind was the heavy, one-track kind too, limited almost entirely to business. But Thea's sparkle made up for that. She never allowed the conversation to languish; somehow she managed to keep everything on a gay, lighthearted level, so that when Tom and Abbie drove home that night they decided that they'd had a very good time indeed.

After that Thea asked Abbie to an afternoon bridge, and then to a theatre party in town. And finally Abbie managed to return some of this lavish hospitality by inviting her new friends to dinner. She couldn't provide imported brandy or individual squabs for her guests. But with only a part-time maid she did the best she could and the Blanchards seemed to enjoy themselves. There were a few hitches, of course. For one thing, Tommy, after being put firmly to bed, insisted on coming downstairs in his pyjamas just before dinner. He perched on the arm of his father's chair, and Abbie didn't have the heart to drive him away.

She kept remembering how many months there had been when Tommy had had to be the man of the family, without any father to lean against that way, in such deep and utter contentment. So she couldn't scold Tommy, but finally, as though by a prearranged signal, he slipped off to bed.

The dinner was a success; and later they had three rubbers of bridge. Ralph Blanchard played a methodical, tedious sort of game. But though Thea's play was dashing and erratic and frequently disastrous, he was good-humored about it and never criticized her.

When their guests had left, soon after midnight, Abbie said, "I think they had a really good time, don't you?"

"Sure thing," Tom agreed. She saw that he was emptying ash trays and banking the fire, and she had had to do that alone for so many months that she suddenly felt a little lightheaded with sheer disbelief. Maybe that was why it helped when he turned and looked at her, and took her in his arms and held her close in the quiet, disordered living room...

Thea phoned the next day to say what a good time they had had. And a week later she asked them to dinner again. She said, "I thought just the four of us, if you don't mind. We have a lot of fun together, don't you think?"

"We certainly do!" Abbie agreed, because it was true. They always had a good time with the Blanchards.

And as it turned out, that was the night that changed their lives. Afterward Abbie realized gratefully that Thea had planned it with that in view. Never before had the two men gone to Ralph's study for cigars and brandy while the wives sat over coffee in the living room. Afterward, when they played bridge, Abbie could tell just from looking at Tom that something had happened. There was nothing very subtle about Tom Burke—and it stuck out all over him that

night, the look of a man who has achieved his dreams.

Afterward he shared those dreams with her. "Well," he said, when they were out on the street, and again, "Well! That was certainly unexpected!" And then he told her. Ralph Blanchard was going to put up all the money for the new business. It was to be a personal loan at a reasonably small interest and with no collateral needed. What's more he wasn't even demanding a share in the profits. "I asked him why he was doing it," Tom said, "and he explained that his motives were involved with the war in some way. Me being a returned veteran, and his being too old to join up and all that. He says too that he has confidence in the project, and considers it a sound use for the money."

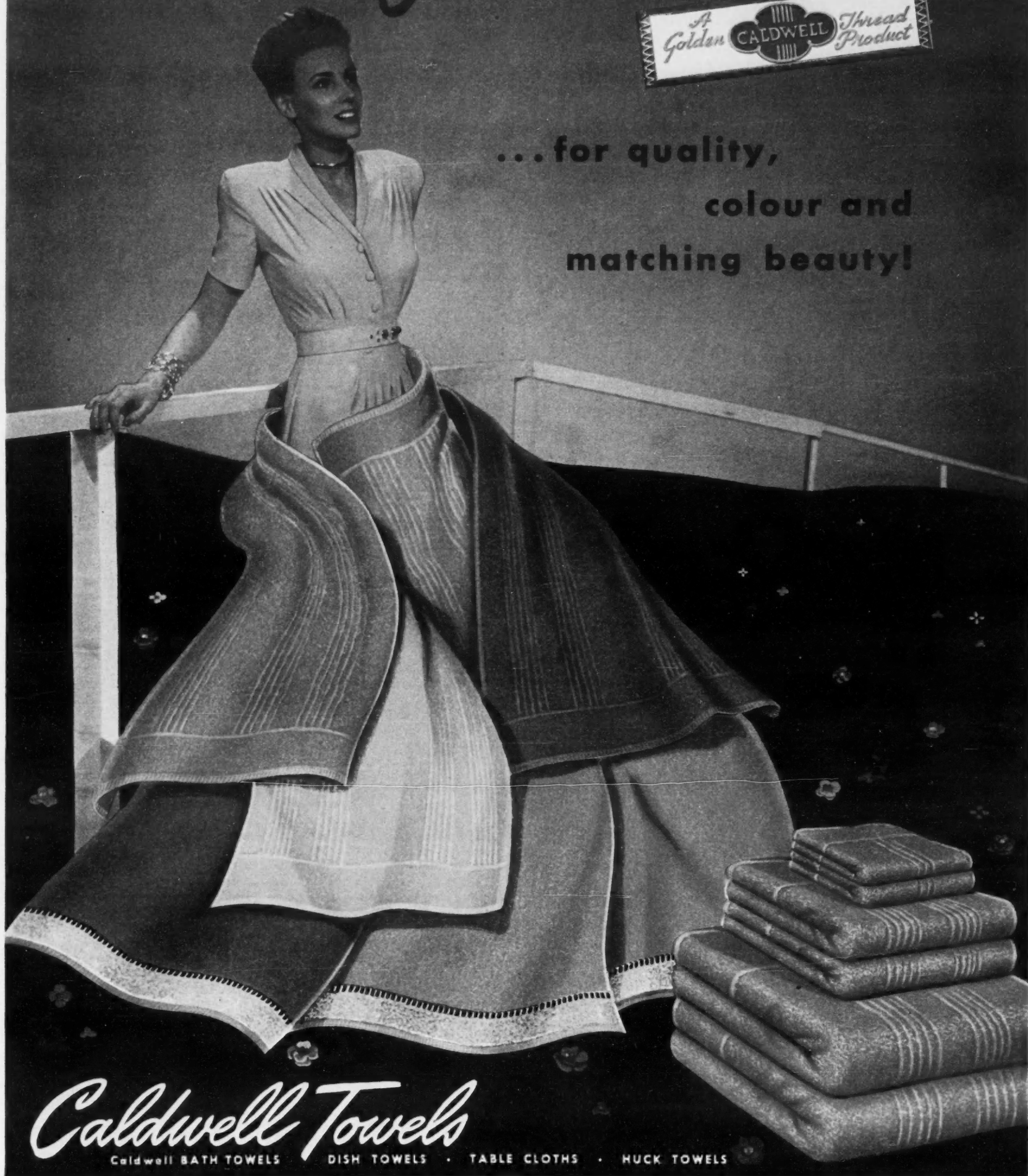
So that was why the evening turned out to be one of those rare times in life that you never forget. They talked a mile a minute on the train going home, and later in their own living room. Because now anything was possible. The future stretched before them with almost unbelievable richness. Tom would be his own boss. He would have to start in a small way, but the possibilities of expansion in the future were infinite. And then think of the things they could do! They might even put a wing on the house, and the children

♦ Continued on page 65

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Caldwell BATH TOWELS   DISH TOWELS   TABLE CLOTHS   HUCK TOWELS



# Omar and the Gorgeous Coffee Bird

Many are the legends about the discovery of coffee. One tells how the exiled and saintly Hadji Omar was faint with hunger on the Mountain of Ousab.

He heard a sweet and heavenly song and a gorgeous bird alighted on a nearby bush. He attempted to seize it. It disappeared! His hands closed only on the fruit of the bush. Inspiration led him to boil this fruit. He obtained a delicious drink . . . coffee!



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THERE IS little in common between Omar's primitive brew and the superb coffee now known throughout the world as Maxwell House.

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And because Maxwell House has *extra* flavor and *extra* rich, satisfying body, more people buy and enjoy it than any other brand of coffee in the world.

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Husbands look forward to dinner when you serve Maxwell House. The tantalizing fragrance and mellow-rich flavor of this grand coffee add pleasure to any meal.

Maxwell House eases tension at the same time as it stimulates and cheers. Men who are particular about coffee find it completely satisfying.



# Maxwell House Coffee

A Product of General Foods

## Somebody Loves Me

Continued from page 24

was something so breathless, so delighted in her look that he felt a faint, faint twinge. He loved her—but was it that much?

Dorothy's mother and father went out that night, to give the party a free hand. They would come back around eleven, when Mrs. Thompson would help with the coffee.

The thing really got off to a nice start. The ultrasmart crowd wasn't present. Instead, there were the editor of the class paper, the girl who designed the stage sets for the class play Dorothy had helped write, and a pair of red-headed boys who performed dance-team parodies, and a thin boy with horn-rimmed glasses who was dazzling at a piano keyboard.

Edith's party came late—in a body—and in some peculiar way the whole tone of the party changed. Roger had seen it happen before. With her crowd, it was a matter of being convinced of their own superiority, their special corner on sophistication.

Edith herself didn't arrive for another half hour.

"She's still outside with Pug, in the car," one of the girls told Dorothy. "They've been having another brawl. You look sweet in that peach-colored thing, Dot. Really, it's the limit—Pug and Edith, I mean. The way she treats him—I mean! I mean, some day, he'll turn on her!"

The dramatic whisper trailed back to Roger as Dorothy took the girl up the stairs to the bedroom. He smiled. He felt immeasurably older and wiser.

Dorothy was still upstairs when Edith came. Edith wearing midnight blue velvet, a white Spanish shawl around her and an enormous red rose tucked in her dark chignon.

She had one hand lightly on Pug's arm. Apparently, they had made up. They were a striking contrast—the bull-shouldered Pug, and the tall, slim Edith with her look of having just stepped from the wings to drift into a leading role on a lamplit stage.

"Roger—it's been ages." She held out both hands to him. "We'll have to have a long, long talk. Pug—do put this somewhere for me, will you?" She let the Spanish shawl slip from her and laid it across his arm, then turned back to Roger. "Roger—you know Pug?" She seemed to forget Pug's half of the introduction.

Roger almost laughed out loud. She hadn't changed.

He held out his hand to Pug in deliberate cordiality. "I've seen you play. I remember that rugby season three years ago. And that was something."

Pug's small eyes lost some of their hostility. He grew expansive. "I'm pro now," he said. "That college football is baby stuff. I'll get you passes to our next series—you'll see some real football. Boy, it's murder! Why you take that game—"

"Pug—my shawl. You're letting it drip all over the floor. Do put it somewhere for me." Edith sent him on his way, then slipped a hand through Roger's arm and led him to the farthest corner of the room. "Now," she said, "tell me all about yourself."

"There's nothing to tell," he said. "How's Connie?"

A flicker of impatience crossed her face.

"Would you believe it, Roger—that little idiot eloped! And she's not even 20. It makes me feel ancient."

"Good lord. Who with?"

"You didn't know him—some boy who used to come around. And we didn't have the faintest idea she'd even *thought* about him. They're in some dinky little flat, now, trying to make ends meet."

"And she's happy." It was a statement, not a question.

Edith's face softened, and she smiled at him with a real glow of affection in her dark eyes. "Roger," she said softly, "you are sweet. You always did understand, didn't you? It really wasn't my fault, Roger—I used to do all I could for her, in the only way I knew."

There was honest puzzlement in Edith's eyes. She had loved Connie, in her way, and intuition with her extended only to the male.

Pug loomed up beside them. Roger nodded, looked beyond him—"There's Dot," he told Edith. "Will you excuse me?"

"Sure thing," Pug said in his deep bull's voice. He stood close to Edith, stolid, immovable, waiting.

"I must say hello to her." Edith kept a hand on Roger's arm. "Pug, come along and meet your hostess."

The three trailed over, and Edith was charming to Dot.

"You're simply glowing," she said, and turned to Roger. "She's really getting prettier all the time—how do you do it?"

He saw Dot's color rise, but she laughed and just said, "Thank you," in her straightforward way.

"How about what she does to me?" Roger demanded. "Don't you think I'm pretty too?"

Pug burst into a deep guffaw, his first, and his last laugh of the evening. Edith murmured, "Roger—you fool. You utter fool."

Her eyes were intimate, challenging. Do you remember, they said, do you remember? He kept his own blank.

Edith was a good loser. "Pug, darling—come along and listen to that boy play the piano. He's really marvellous." Pug closed a big hand on her arm, and her voice trailed back, low but carrying. "Pug, don't *steer* me that way! How many times—"

The rest was lost. But that was the start. It was a matter of moments before she was seated on the piano bench beside the boy with the horn-rimmed glasses, and he played like one possessed—while Pug was pointedly ignored. It was a matter of moments, too, before everyone there was watching with deepening fascination the game she played with Pug.

It was, Roger thought, between admiration and exasperation, like the game a picador plays with a bull. She would plant her darts so lightly, so gracefully. She would walk away in the middle of something he said to her—she would send him for a drink, then accept one from some other man.

Sometimes he cornered her, arguing about something, and she would stand, barely listening, until her smile drew someone else to her, when she would lightly sidestep Pug and leave him there. His eyes, expressionless under their heavy brows, were slowly filling with a dangerous glow.



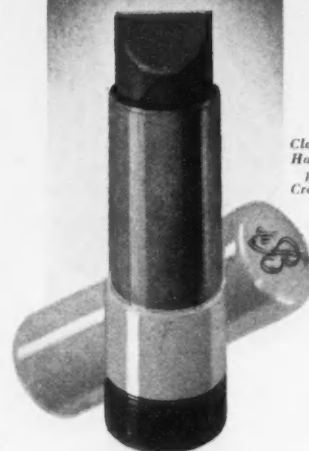
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Inevitably, Roger found himself watching, and waiting.

"Why on earth," Dorothy whispered to him once, when they were dancing—it was to be their last dance that night—"does he just stand and take it?"

Roger knew why Pug took it—and he felt he was the only man there who did. Dorothy, naturally, would be the last one to understand it.

With a sense of shock, he realized that Edith didn't quite understand it, either. She was playing with a kind of man she had never come up against before—and she was fascinated and repelled, without knowing why.

Once, for a flash, Roger had seen her glance falter before the hot, concentrated look in those small, deep-set eyes.

Edith—unsure of herself! Roger had a queer urge to warn her of what she was up against. For Pug neither understood nor cared about her moods, her caprices—or her moments of tenderness.

He cared, this bull-like, dogged brute, for only one thing—possession. It showed in his eyes, in the slow, waiting look that fixed unwaveringly on her. Stolidly he pursued her, accepting rebuff after rebuff. He wanted her the way an animal wants some bright and shining thing out of his reach.

And his patience was growing short.

It made Roger's heart strangely heavy. Whatever Edith had been or had done, she didn't deserve what she would get if Pug once took full possession.

He didn't realize how inevitably his interest had been drawn into the affair, until the climax came. Pug had been tried once too often. Edith had laughed in his face, this time, at something he had said—something in a low, warning voice.

Whatever it was she said, nobody ever knew. But when she walked away from him that time, he went after her, slowly, the muscles bunching taut under his black jacket.

He caught her arm up under his and led her—almost pulling her—out to the dim hall.

Roger dodged his way through the dancers and went after them—but he was too late.

There was the sound—one-two-three—of quick hard slaps by a heavy hand—a scream—then silence.

Roger was the first one there—and took the first punch, but as he went down, he dragged Pug with him. In a minute, the others rushed in, and Pug went down under a pile of arms and legs.

Edith stood against the wall, her wrist pressed against her mouth, her eyes wide with shock.

Everyone crowded in the hallway, and Pug's big legs thrashed, sending the men on top of him sprawling. In another moment, Roger had Edith lifted over the prone tangle. The girls took her upstairs.

Dot stayed. "Is he out?" she asked matter-of-factly.

Not Pug. He heaved to his feet and put a hand to his face. One eye was rapidly swelling.

"Come out and I'll put a compress on it," Dorothy said. She led Pug off, with the big, lowering figure looking more than ever like a trained bear, shambling after her.

When she came back, she spoke to Roger. "Run up and see how Edith is, will you? I've put an ice pack on Pug. I've got to get things smoothed out

before mother and father come home."

Roger went, slowly. The buzz of talk had risen high, with the principals off the scene.

One of Edith's satellites, a thin, languid-looking young man with blue-black hair said, "No, sir—I didn't care if he weighed a ton. I wasn't standing by and letting him hit any woman."

"She had it coming to her, in a way—but a guy just can't do that to a woman."

"He could at least wait until they were married."

They all laughed, then. "Just the same—" a small, cocky man insisted, "that's what she needs. You know Edith. It would take some strong-arm guy to—"

Roger pounded up the stairs in furious disgust. Know Edith—not one of them knew Edith. Not one of them knew what a man like Pug would do to her.

He remembered the way she had stood there, with the mark of Pug's hand on her cheek, with horror in her eyes. Even then, there had been something fascinated in her eyes when she watched his enormous bulk heave up—

The other girls had come out of the bedroom—Edith must have sent them. He paused on the landing while they passed him, whispering among themselves.

Through the open door, he could see Edith sitting at a dressing table, powdering her nose. She looked calm enough—but pale.

He saw her hand drop. She sat silent for a long moment, staring at the mirror. Then she rose, wrapped her shawl around her.

Roger didn't speak—didn't go to her. It was perhaps his very last instant of rational thinking—of self-preservation.

He turned, and ran downstairs.

In the living room, Pug sat on the edge of the couch, holding a pad over his eye. No one was paying the slightest attention to him. He just sat, silent, immovable, until Edith came into the room.

When he saw her, he looked up—humble, stricken, wordless, his powerful body bent forward slightly at the shoulders in inarticulate apology.

Edith walked up to him as if, Roger thought, something made her. Pug got to his feet.

"You can take me home," she said.

She walked out—and he followed her.

The door closed behind them, and the cocky little man gave a low whistle. "What'd I tell you?" he crowed. "Break them down to your size and they'll crawl to you forever."

Roger looked at him. "Shut up, you ass!" he said.

He went out to the hall after his coat. Dorothy didn't follow him. It was he who turned back, his coat over his arm, to speak to her.

"Dot—" He couldn't seem to get the words out clearly. He shook his head. "I'm a fool, but I can't help thinking—what might happen to her—"

"I know," she said. "I don't blame you. It's like being hypnotized, I guess."

"Dot—you're so sweet. I never meant—"

"I don't blame you," she said again, quietly, "but I don't ever want to see you again, either. Good-by, Roger. I've got to go back and get my party going now."

She turned and left him.

He drove like fury, and all the way he

♦ Continued on page 64

# Chatelaine Beauty



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

## Hair-do's from Hollywood

BY ADELE WHITE

**S**UGAR and spice—that's what movie stars are made of. Beauty is the sugar in the recipe. Beauty of skin, perfect figure, shining hair—these are basic ingredients. Personality is the spice. The girls of Hollywood are individualists—they set the pace and others follow. You'll seldom find a star who's in the ascendancy capriciously adopting a new fad in hair styling without first going into a

huddle with her hairdresser, her make-up artist and her three-sided mirror. Except perhaps in period pictures, you won't find them wearing exotic creations or pyramids of curls that may catch the spotlight but overshadow the face beneath.

Hollywood hair-do's are simple. They're designed to flatter the contours of the face, to play up individual charm and character so that it's the girl herself you

remember, not the elaborate construction of her topknot.

June Allyson, the girl with the open-faced smile above, sets her own hair. She combs it straight back, without parting, off her forehead, and then pushes it into a slight pompadour—but my, how slight, compared to the Eiffel Tower arrangements in vogue two years ago!

"The page-boy hair style is still my favorite," says June. "I always wear it this way both on and off the screen. I just couldn't cope with an elaborate coiffure. It wouldn't suit the casual kind of life I lead." ♦



**No other shampoo leaves  
your hair so lustrous,  
yet so easy to manage!**

Romance in the air! Dates in the making!

And you . . . looking irresistible  
with shining-smooth hair. There's  
something about Drene-lovely hair  
that goes straight to a man's heart.

"Change your hair-do to match the moods  
of many wonderful evenings,"

says famous Cover Girl Madelon Mason.

She shows you these alluring hair-dos  
that you can try yourself at home or  
ask your beauty shop to duplicate.  
Your hair is so easy to fix, so smooth  
and manageable when you use Drene  
with Hair Conditioning Action.

No other shampoo leaves your hair  
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



IF HE'S A SOPHISTICATE and loves  
you to look glamorous, try this bril-  
liant upsweep. "I use Drene," says  
Madelon, "because it leaves my  
hair far more lustrous than any  
soap." Actually as much as  
33% more lustre! Since Drene  
is not a soap shampoo, it never  
leaves any dulling film on hair  
as all soaps do. The dramatic  
neckline of this Ceil Chapman  
gown sets off this striking hair-do,  
that you can arrange by gathering all  
hair to side-top, tie and divide into twin swirls.



IF HE PREFERS SPORTS like bowling, he'll admire a tailored  
hair-do like this sleek shining braid. "I like to wear a scarf for ac-  
tive games," says Madelon, "but still show plenty of hair." Of  
course you'll want to show your hair too, when it's so lovely. All the  
natural brilliance is revealed by Drene with your first shampoo!



IS HE THE FIRESIDE TYPE who enjoys records?  
Then your hair must be ever so lovely for close  
inspection. No unsightly dandruff to spoil your  
smartly groomed look . . . not when you're a Drene  
Girl! For this simple, graceful hair-do criss-cross  
your hair in back and hold with jewelled clips.



*Drene*  
**Shampoo with  
Hair Conditioning Action**

Product of Procter & Gamble  
Made in Canada

# Hair-do for a Rising Star



REO

THE MOST elaborate hair-do of the group is worn by Mimi Berry. It's up-up-up, all around, and it was designed especially to accentuate her classic features, her cameo profile, her pretty ears and alabaster-white brow. For those who'd like to experiment with this becoming style, here are directions straight from Mimi herself.

"My hair is swept up and back from the temples, just tipping my ear. The front short ends are set in tiny curls turned forward. The longer front strands are combed smoothly back, set in two deep waves and made into a cluster on the crown of my head. This gives me added height—which I need. At the back, my hair is combed up off the nape of my neck; the right side is turned into a smooth roll over the left side (see above) and fastened vertically with a comb."

Takes time, yes, but it's wonderfully effective on Mimi, particularly as it gives full play to all the golden highlights of her hair.



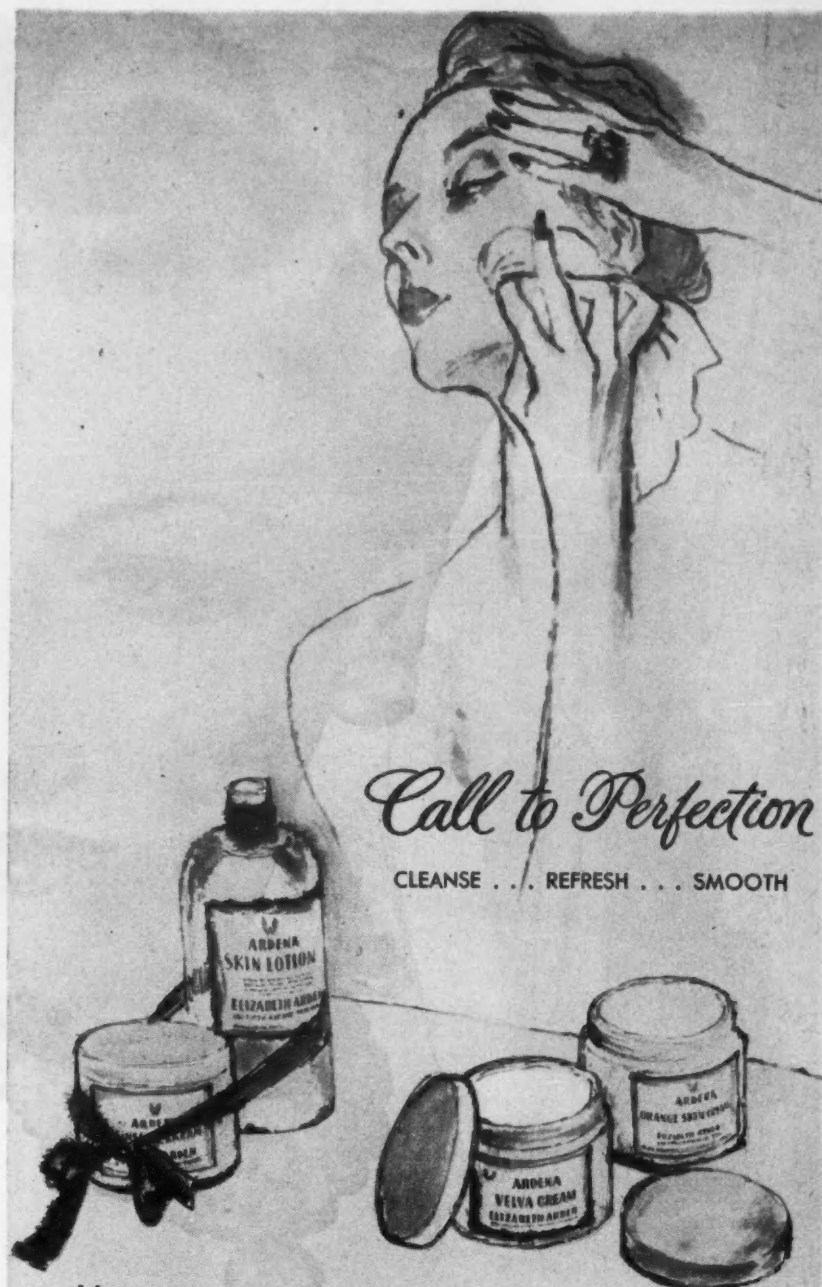
Warner Bros.

## Disciplined or Fly-away

THE WIND-BLOWN style goes best with fine hair. Ida Lupino has very fine hair and an exceptionally small face, so she wears her locks short and curly all over her head. "But I have to have it cut expertly—the cutting can make or ruin the whole effect," she reports. "I have it trimmed once a week and keep it at exactly the right length—it mustn't ever grow too long or it just looks straggly and untidy. I have to have a perm. every three months to keep it sufficiently curly. But the extra time it takes for trimming and perms is more than offset by the few seconds it takes each morning to run a comb through it and let it fly. No fussing with hairpins, waves or curls; no fear that the whole thing will come apart if I sleep without a net. Simple? It's wonderful!"

"Occasionally, of course, I like to primp a bit, especially for evening parties, so I dazzle my friends by going formal with a slick up-do. I have my hairdresser put two shallow waves on top of my head with dips over each eyebrow; the ends all swept up and tucked in so my hair is molded to the shape of my head. Fun for a change!"

As fine hair needs extra care, Ida shuns hard water; instead catches rain water, filters it through several layers of cloth into a bottle, and makes a liquid shampoo with shavings of castile soap.



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Preparations, here is a thrilling experience for you. They will help you keep your skin fresh, clear and lovely. For pleasure in use—for delicious fragrance, delightful texture—these essentials are without parallel.

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Ardana Skin Lotion, 1.25 and 2.40

Ardana Fluffy Cleansing Cream

1.25 and 3.50

Ardana Orange Skin Cream

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Ardana Special Astringent, 2.75 and 4.40

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Warner Bros.



In Hollywood hair styling is an art designed to play up individual beauty and personality

**Up tonight, down tomorrow**

VARIETY is part of the spice of personality, so Dolores Moran wears her hair two ways—up for evening and down for daytime. The studio hair stylist designed the up-do with the idea of toning down Dolores' breadth of brow in relation to her pointed chin. Her face is an exact heart shape and an all around up-sweep might make her seem top heavy. Bringing the hair down over the nape of the neck gives perfect proportions to her face.

"I have twice as much hair as I need," she complains, "so I have to have it constantly thinned. But in thinning there must never be any stubby ends—broken ends show up badly on the screen."

Each night her mother brushes Dolores' hair and you'd hardly believe your eyes if you could happen in on them. The starlet gets a beauty treatment as well as a scalp massage by lying on her back on the bed, her head hanging over the side while the brush is wielded. This sends the blood whipping up to her face. It's a first-rate tonic.



Paramount

**Lady With a Fringe on Top**

PAULETTE GODDARD solves the problem of a too-high brow by wearing bangs—regardless of whether bangs are the fashion! It suits Paulette's type and that's what counts. She's made her greatest success as a wild gypsy rose—a madcap and a gamin. A formal type of hair-do would suit her just about as well as a lorgnette.

Her hair is naturally heavy and wavy; she takes excellent care of it by shampooing every week. Cleanliness and shine are the two essentials, especially for a brunette, when even a slight dusting of dandruff stands out like a snowstorm. Her hair-do may be simple and careless in appearance—but don't be fooled by that! With casual hair styling it's more important than ever to make fastidious grooming the first essential in hair care, which includes scalp massage, brushing and an occasional oil treatment if exposed to the sun. ♦

## John's Wife

Continued from page 27

course, known did not affect her. She was invulnerable in happiness.

But she said, "Don't tell Roy and Mr. Darrant. Not yet. It's silly, but—"

Mrs. Darrant said, "Darling, isn't that being a little selfish? It means so much to us all. No baby could mean more to any family . . . to all of us. Nanny is beside herself with delight. To think she'll be managing the nursery once more. She is already getting everything in order. You won't have to get, anything . . . so fortunate. This dreadful utility stuff . . . that's why I want you to tell Roy. All the things poor dear Felicia got ready . . . such beautiful things. Nanny will see to everything and all you have to do is think of the baby and take care of yourself."

The next time she went to see Dr. Manners he said, "Everything is as it ought to be. You are a very healthy girl."

"I feel very well," Camilla said.

The old man had deep-set steady eyes. "Then what's worrying you?" he asked suddenly.

Camilla was slow in answering. "I don't know. I really don't."

Dr. Manners said, "Well, just keep busy. Carry on with whatever you have been doing. Work won't hurt you. You've sense enough not to overdo it."

Camilla laughed. "With what I've been doing! I've been doing absolutely nothing. I sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam."

"Well, that isn't good for you."

"No. I don't find it so good, either."

"Well, when the baby comes, you'll have plenty to do," Dr. Manners said.

"We have an excellent Nanny in the house," Camilla said. "Waiting to take the baby . . ."

WHEN, ON one of her walks, Camilla first saw the little house, she thought merely that it was odd to see a house empty in that neighborhood. It was not until the middle of the night that she thought of living in it herself. She was awake, wondering (because one's thoughts are often impractical in the middle of the night) what it would be like if she and John had to live like other young couples on his salary, which would be nothing grand at first. A small house . . . only a daily girl to help . . . putting the baby to bed when John came home from work . . . and the smell of the dinner she had cooked herself, and the daily girl bribed to stay for the evening, if she and John wished to go out . . . It would be foul, probably. They would get on each other's nerves and quarrel. That was the kind of thing which moults the wings of love and let marriage down to earth . . .

The house agent, too, thought it was odd to have a good house to let. He had only had it on his books for 48 hours. The rental was reasonable, and the garden well kept up.

"A very nice little house indeed; you're lucky," the agent went on. "The bus passes, and that's the line that goes to the Works. You say your husband is employed there?"

The girl who came up to her while she was standing at the gate of the little house asked her the same question.

"Most of us around here are at the Works," she said. "We've been wondering who'd take this place. It's rather sweet, isn't it? Mrs. Fenner was a great

gardener. We'll miss her. She was the moving spirit in our social club. Did you know her at all?"

"No." Camilla liked the girl and her wide friendly smile.

"Well, when you're settled in you'll probably find you'll be asked to take on some of Mrs. Fenner's jobs. We're all hoping they'll go with the house!"

"I wouldn't mind," Camilla said. "I was in an aircraft factory all through the war and I did a good bit on the social and welfare side."

"Splendid! We can certainly use you. Well . . . I've dinner to cook. We'll watch for your moving day and be around to give you a hand. Good luck."

THE DAY after John got back, she still had not told him, and he had only four days in England. The next day passed and she still kept the secret. She was afraid, because she had said to herself so many times, "Our whole life together depends on John's attitude to this." But when at last she brought him to see the house she was quite casual about it, as if it were not very important.

The rooms were empty, but the walls had been freshly color-washed, and the garden was trim and neat because she had found an old man who had been able to work on it a few hours during the five weeks she had had "possession."

The primrose walls in the room she hoped would be her nursery reflected the sunshine so that they seemed to be standing in light and emptiness. She said—her eyes so watchful, while she smiled so airily—

"Of course, it's not very big, but the point is we would be on our own. And when you're home for good, we could probably find a larger house to take servants and all the rest of it."

John's eyes were fixed on her face.

"Come clean," he said very gently.

"It's not simply that you don't want to live with your mother-in-law. You're one of the unemployed, aren't you? The peace has thrown you on the market and you want a job?"

She dropped her eyes and said in an almost sullen voice:

"Yes. I do. I want to run my home and look after my own baby and work with my neighbors. I suppose I wasn't the type to marry into your family. Your mother and your sister and Aunt Molly, trying to breathe the breath of life back into their idle, narrow, dead, exclusive little world . . . I'm sorry, but they strike me as mentally defective."

"Stop insulting my relations and come here," John said.

She came, because she would always come, compelled by that magnetism he had for her.

"Did you think I'd learned nothing at all in the last five years? I was ready to give you your fling, because you seemed to want it so badly. You were tired. All you girls have been tired out. But it wouldn't have gone on indefinitely. I'm going to work, and . . . sooner or later, my pretty, you'd have gone to work too."

Camilla began to laugh. She said, "I'll wipe the children's noses and wash their clothes and we'll walk out on Sundays. And you'll cherish me until death does us part."

John said, "That's it. A bit incoherent but you've got the idea." He framed her face in his hands and bent his head. ✦



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A Mercury "Slither Slip" is sheer loveliness to wear . . . for it is tailored to follow your figure line . . . sleekly . . . never rides up. In satin-smooth Tricot rayon that refuses to run . . . tubs daisy fresh.

*by Mercury*

Mercury Mills Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario.





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*Mrs. Adolphe Menjou* says:

"In lipsticks, Tangee Gay-Red is the hit-color of Hollywood!"

In Hollywood—city of beautiful women—Tangee's newest color creation in lipsticks... Gay-Red... has made a sensational success. Stars and starlets... members of the motion picture colony... agree that this is the lipstick shade to make lips look young and gay!

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At last... a perfect cake make-up! Some cake make-ups you've used are good in one way... some in another... but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in every way. It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not give you that wearing-a-mask look.

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# "STAY HOME FOR Periodic Pain?"

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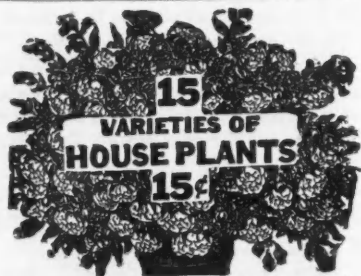
THIS MONTH, give Midol a chance to keep you brighter . . . more active . . . enjoying life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" might have you miserable.

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to relieve menstrual suffering

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Our mixture of House Plant Seeds comprises 15 or more varieties and has been specially prepared to give a range of widely contrasting types, all easily grown in the house. We cannot give a list of varieties or undertake to include any particular sort as the list changes from time to time. A real money-saver for anyone wanting lovely House Plants. Plant now.  
(Pkt 15¢) (2 Pkts 25¢) postpaid.

FREE—OUR BIG 1946 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Leads Again  
DOMINION SEED HOUSE - GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Mr. Martin chuckled. "Your mother played in a class play once, children. Remember, Bee? I think that was the night I fell in love with you."

Winnie swallowed the lump of disappointment in her throat. This family. They never wanted anybody to have any glory. As if mother's old class play was anything like this special class play—this start of her career.

THE FOLLOWING day Winnie did not hurry home from school. When you are about to embark upon a great adventure, you approach it slowly. You don't even talk about it. You let Jiggers and Toots and Helen talk as you walk along together. Toots and Helen and Winnie had put their names down for the try-out of the lead in the class play. Jiggers was going to try for the comedy part. Jiggers probably would get that. But Toots and Helen were going to be out of luck. They wouldn't be sorry, though, when they saw how Winnie would hold the play together, put the part over, and make it a success. They would be proud they knew her. In future years they would be prouder still.

Because this wasn't a passing thing. It wasn't like the time when she was 10 and had decided to be an acrobat after the circus came to town. She had broken her arm on the horizontal bar when she was practicing a backward knee roll. Nor like the time she was going to be a famous artist. Her Red Cross poster had been chosen as one of 10 to go on display in the store windows downtown. And then old Miss Jones had given her a "C" in drawing. Besides, there wasn't anything interesting around Rossville to paint, anyhow.

And it wasn't like her desire to be a great author which had ended last month with an essay she entered in a city-wide contest. She might still be looking forward to a prize if her father had helped her. She never could do better than Esther Young who got higher grades in composition than she did. Esther's father always wrote most of her things for her. There was no advantage at all in having a father who was practically an editor on a paper when he always said, "I'll be glad to talk them over with you, Winnie, but I won't write them. That's your job." But it didn't matter now because all that was childish stuff—behind her.

Jiggers and Toots and Helen came to their corners and turned off one by one with a "S'long. Be seein' yuh," and Winnie proceeded alone. She had kept her secret. She hadn't told the girls about Aunt Lucia. But she didn't want to probe too deeply as to why. She knew she might discover that it looked sort of sneaky to be practicing up for a part and not let the girls in on it. And then again—and this baffled her—her mother had said, "Please don't talk about it outside." And her mother had told her father that Aunt Lucia was a disgrace.

Aunt Lucia didn't look like a disgrace. She looked like a painting. She was lying on the sofa with the flowered slip-cover, and she was wearing a dazzling green housecoat thing. Her feet were bare except for slippers without heels or toes—just a green strap with red jewels in it. Her toenails were very red and matched the fingernails on the hand Aunt Lucia held out to Winnie. Winnie stood quite still, staring at Aunt Lucia's bracelets and rings.

Mrs. Martin was sitting in her low chair with her darning basket beside



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Liquid cake make-up!



There's nothing else  
like Vidafilm

Vidafilm is different. It is cake make-up in liquid form. Unlike other cake make-ups, it is not drying . . . doesn't give you that "masky" look and feeling! Unlike other liquids, it is true cake make-up and contains no oil—doesn't give you that greasy look!

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## WHY CAN'T MARRIAGE BE LIKE THE MOVIES?



The movies usually wind up with a happy ending. But Bill and Joan couldn't seem to patch up their troubles. She didn't realize that their fights were her fault! She thought she *knew* about feminine hygiene. She didn't know, though,

that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! Later, at her doctor's, she learned the truth when he warned, "Never be a careless wife." He recommended that she always use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching.



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Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution... every time! Powerful cleanser—"Lysol's" greater spreading power means it reaches more deeply, into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued labora-

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**FREE!** For booklet in plain envelope about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd., Department M. H., Liberty Bldg's., 37 Hanna Ave., Toronto 1, Ontario.



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol"

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**Lysol**  
Brand Disinfectant

every time!

## Time: Early Spring

Continued from page 5

paid it back. And you work so hard for your money."

Winnie was getting tingles up and down her spine, and she couldn't keep still any longer.

"Who is coming?" she demanded. "Aunt Lucia?"

Her parents whirled.

"Winnie," her mother said. "I wish you'd stop sneaking in on people, listening to conversations. Please take your hand off the woodwork and, honey, don't stand with one toe on top of the other like that. When will you learn?" Then, in quick remorse, she threw an arm around Winnie's shoulder. "Yes, it's Aunt Lucia, and I'm upset. Run along and wash your hands and set the table. And forget what you've heard. Don't tell Jackie and Peter; let me tell them."

Wasn't that just like her mother, Winnie thought. Upset over the very most superwonderful thing that could happen to Winnie. But then, Mrs. Martin didn't know that only today her daughter had decided upon her life's calling. Winnie was going to be a famous actress. At school they had announced the try-outs for the play, and Winnie was going to play the lead. Well, that is, she would have a chance to play the lead—particularly now that Aunt Lucia was coming. Aunt Lucia would teach her all the trade secrets. Aunt Lucia had once been married to an actor. She had acted, herself, in a Broadway play. She had sent Winnie's mother a program, and Winnie still had it in her box of treasures. She could see it now: *A maid... Lucia Garrett*. It was too bad Aunt Lucia divorced the actor before she got to be a star. Her next husband was in oil, and they travelled so much Aunt Lucia did not get to act any more.

Winnie placed the knives and forks on the table with a definite flourish. She saw it printed: *A maid... Winnifred Martin*.

Actually the whole thing was exactly like her mother. Her mother simply could not understand people who wanted to be different. Take their house—a white clapboard bungalow with lace panels at the windows on a street of white clapboard bungalows with lace panels at the windows. Take the time her mother made a slipcover for the living room sofa, and then helped her best friend, Mrs. Heald, make one just like it, only with yellow roses. Take the clothes she bought for Winnie. Sweaters and skirts, sweaters and skirts. Over and over again. Just exactly like all the other girls' sweaters and skirts. And the dancing school dresses. She made them with Junior Swank patterns, and at least four identical dresses showed up at every dancing class.

And take her father—maybe he would be another Walter Winchell instead of rewrite man on the *Star*, the Rossville paper, if her mother didn't

make him keep on wearing grey suits and blue striped ties, and keep making him come home to a white clapboard bungalow. Things like that.

At dinner Winnie could see that her mother had got hold of herself and was trying to put a bright face on the matter. She was telling Winnie's brothers, Jackie, eleven, and Peter, nine, about Aunt Lucia. She was making a mess of it. The boys couldn't remember Aunt Lucia; it had been five years since she had visited them. But why couldn't her mother say, "We are going to have an important visitor—an actress, a woman of the world, a resident of Paris—" Aunt Lucia had lived two months in Paris with her oil husband—"and New York. You boys keep yourselves clean, your mouths shut, and take advantage of her wide experience."

Instead, her mother was saying, "Your Aunt Lucia says she's not well—almost a nervous breakdown. You children will have to keep very quiet. And do remember that she is not like the rest of us. Her life has been strange, so don't pay much attention to what she says. We are different. There were six children in our family, and Lucia was different from all of us. We used to wonder where she got some of her ideas."

Mr. Martin looked up from his pot roast. "Let me see—" he began. "Were there brush salesmen in those days?"

"Thad!" Mrs. Martin's face turned pink. "The children!"

Winnie looked at her father. This was one of his failings. He never could keep on the subject. No wonder he wasn't a Winchell.

"Couldn't we send the boys away, mother?" Winnie asked hopefully. "Mrs. Heald could keep them. Then Aunt Lucia could have a room to herself."

"Of course we couldn't Mrs. Mar-

husband was in oil, and they travelled so much Aunt Lucia did not get to act any more.

There it goes again, Winnie thought; that's all mother knows about. A good bed. As if a great woman merely wanted a good bed. But it would be fun to share a room with Aunt Lucia, like the times Jiggers or Toots came to spend the night in the other twin bed. She shivered with delight. She felt so good, she had to tell them.

"Do you know what?" she asked abruptly. "I'm going to have the leading part in the class play."

"I don't believe it," Jackie said. "She's making it up."

"Why, Jackie," Mrs. Martin put in swiftly. "I believe it, and I think it's very nice. Be sure and speak distinctly, dear; I never did like plays where I couldn't understand what was said. And if Lucia is very sick, I'll move you into the boys' room."

"Imagine old fat Winnie on the stage," Peter began. "Old fat—"

"She's not fat, Peter," Mrs. Martin corrected. "She's just chunky now. She'll slim out as she grows older. We could move the army cot in and—"

## AGE

By PAULINE HAVARD

Age is a goblin with sharp eyes  
Who crouches in the wayside grass,  
And waits to capture by surprise  
Each unsuspecting lad and lass.  
A face, once lineless as a petal,  
Becomes a dry and crinkled leaf,  
While dust of age begins to settle  
In hearts perceiving Time is brief!  
Lest in old age we should grow  
bitter,  
Let us preserve the precious spark,  
Till minds, ignoring Age's fetter,  
Become their own stars in the dark!  
Till eyes, though old, are lighted  
panes  
In which the warmth of Youth  
remains!



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SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT POWDER helps oily skin look fresher and better. Just dissolve Saxolite Powder in one-half pint witch hazel and pat on skin daily. It tightens surface skin by temporary contraction and leaves the skin feeling delightfully refreshed.

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Lucia wrote out the message. Winnie was shaking from excitement. She whispered all the time Aunt Lucia was writing. She told about the play at school, and Aunt Lucia said, "Yes, sure," when Winnie asked her to coach her in the part. Aunt Lucia was even more wonderful than Winnie had dreamed she could be.

Winnie shook the money from her pig bank, and there was \$1.76. She let herself out of the house quietly, and flew down the street on her bicycle. Her teeth chattered, but she didn't feel cold. Somehow, the miraculous fur coat was wrapped snugly about her.

She didn't intend to read the message, but the man took so long going over it, she couldn't help herself. It wasn't to the oil husband; it was to Arthur something or other. Arrived safely. It won't be long now. Love.

AUNT LUCIA was as good as her word about helping Winnie get ready for the try-out. She put a book on Winnie's head and told her how to walk around the living room. She took her hands and shook them up to the shoulders until it hurt.

"Loosen up, Winnie," she said. "You're too wooden."

For three days she showed Winnie how to sit down without jerking, and then stand up again. And Winnie jerked every time she tried it. Her mother found an old book with a play in it, and Winnie read the lines out loud to her mother and Aunt Lucia.

"Speak distinctly, dear, and just be your natural self," her mother told her.

Aunt Lucia said, "Hold up your head, and throw your chest out. Don't stand with your toes like that."

And none of it did any good. After school, after the try-outs were over, after Winnie had failed, she came home swiftly. She cut around to the side of the house and climbed the rope ladder to the tree house. She cherished a vague idea that she would never come down again. She would stay there always. Always and always. But when it began to grow dark she looked over the side toward the dining room windows. She could see the family going in to dinner and she knew she might as well go in and face them.

She slid into her vacant chair, and everybody seemed to know all about everything without her ever saying a word.

"I told you you were too wooden," Aunt Lucia said. "You wouldn't listen to me."

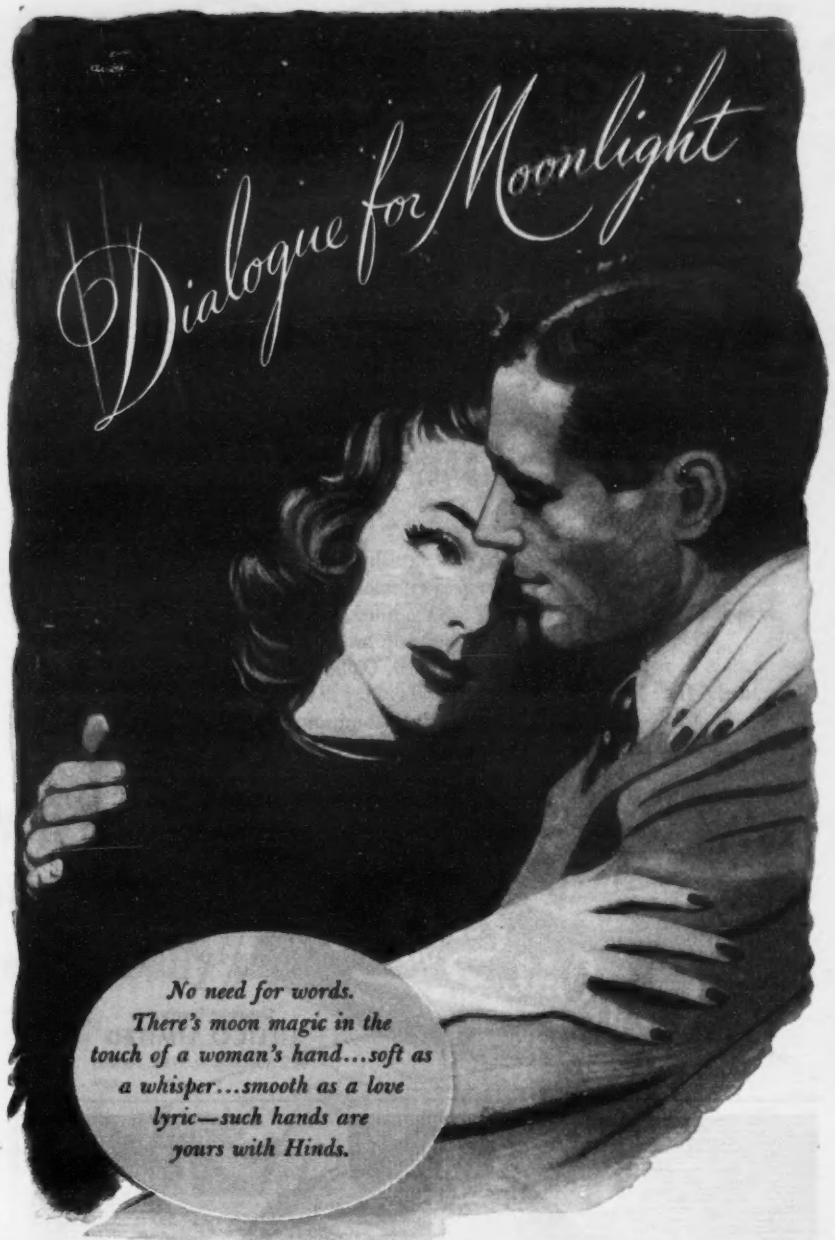
Winnie glared at the boys, daring them to speak, but for a wonder they were silent.

"It was probably a matter of the wrong part for Winnie," her mother said. "Perhaps next year they will have a better one, and she can be practicing in the meantime."

Next year! Winnie's eyes smarted. Why, next year was forever away.

"They caught those four bank robbers down in Bardstown today," her father began.

Winnie thought, "That's father again. Off the subject." But this time it was kind of nice. It made everybody stop thinking about her and looking at her. And she couldn't, simply couldn't, bear this shame in front of Aunt Lucia. The rest of the family didn't matter. They didn't care. They were content to be plain old citizens of plain old Rossville.



No need for words.  
There's moon magic in the  
touch of a woman's hand...soft as  
a whisper...smooth as a love  
lyric—such hands are  
yours with Hinds.

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# ABSORBINE Jr.



her, and she said: "Come on in, Winnie. This is your Aunt Lucia, dear. You remember her, don't you?"

Aunt Lucia said, "Good heavens, Bee, how old is the girl? You must feel positively ancient to have such a big child."

"I feel wonderful," Winnie's mother said.

Winnie dropped her books on the floor and sat down on a chair near the sofa. If a nervous breakdown could make you look like this, she decided, she would have one as soon as she was famous.

Aunt Lucia was very pale, and her eyes—blue, they were, like Winnie's—looked enormous. There were shadows all around them, but she didn't look sick.

Aunt Lucia studied Winnie. "She's got good facial lines, Bee," she said at length. "I like her hair, only you should do it differently. It's ash blond like mine used to be. You must take care of it."

"One hundred strokes a night," Mrs. Martin said, jamming the darning ball down into a sock. "And it's nice, pleasant colored hair like yours used to be. Winnie, I put some oatmeal cookies and some milk on the kitchen table for you."

Winnie wished her mother wouldn't be like that. Aunt Lucia's hair was a tawny gold now. And Winnie wasn't an infant; she knew it got that way at the hairdresser's.

"Later," she said, still drinking Aunt Lucia in. Then, "How long are you going to stay with us?"

"Well!" When Aunt Lucia said that, something happened to her eyes and they got small and bright. "How long do you want me to stay?"

"Oh, for ages and ages," Winnie breathed, and then Aunt Lucia laughed and looked the same again.

Mrs. Martin said, "You've made another conquest, Lucia."

"How about the boy friends, Winnie? Have you got one special one?"

Winnie grinned and said, "Uh-uh," and her mother snapped, "Stop putting ideas into the child's head, Lucia. She's only 14 and there's lots of time for boys." Then to Winnie, "The milk will get warm if you leave it out too long."

It wasn't exactly Winnie's fault if she heard all about Aunt Lucia's troubles when she was taking the dishes off after dinner. Hadn't her mother tried to teach her not to make any clatter while she worked? The boys had been bundled off to their room, and her mother and father and Aunt Lucia were talking things over in the living room and not being at all quiet about it. Aunt Lucia had dressed for dinner in a black, slinky gown that made her look delicate and pale. It wasn't nice of her father to whisper to her mother in the kitchen, "Nervous breakdown, my eye. Shake-down is more like it."

Winnie found out that Aunt Lucia's husband, the oil man, was very cruel to her. He wouldn't give her money or alimony or a settlement. And besides he was years and years older than she was and it was like burial alive to stay married to him. Particularly when there was this handsome man from Hollywood who was mad about her and wanted to marry her. No telling what he might do to himself if he didn't get her. No, he wasn't exactly in the movies, he was in Publicity. But she couldn't go to him for money, could she? And the rich oil man wouldn't give her a cent.

for women who  
get impatient



with belts, pins  
and pads!

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Winnie almost cried into the salts and peppers because her parents were being so stubborn about it—so small-town Rossvillish. They were telling Aunt Lucia that this was her third husband and she should know men better by now, considering that she had eloped when she was 17. She had a husband and a roof over her head and she ought to know when she was well off. It was wonderful to Winnie the patience Aunt Lucia had with them. She didn't get mad, not once. Not even when her father said:

"If you need money so badly, why don't you sell one of those rocks you're wearing?"

Aunt Lucia made a little whimper. "Oh, Thad, I never was so humiliated in my life. They're paste-phonies. I never dreamed it. I couldn't get \$10 for the lot of them. I tried."

Winnie knew she couldn't stay in the dining room any longer now that the table was cleared, and she went into the kitchen. She took off her wrist watch to wash the dishes, and made a quick calculation. It wasn't paste. It was solid gold. It would bring more than \$10. There was her cameo ring too, and her pig bank. That had been heavy the last time she tested it. She had heard her father say something that sounded like how could he save \$1,000 with three kids? This wouldn't be \$1,000 but it would help.

Upstairs, she found that her things had been shoved to one side of her dressing table, and the other side held a magnificent array of jars and bottles. Her whole bedroom smelled like Aunt Lucia. When she opened her closet, she found her clothes pushed to one end of the rod, and Aunt Lucia's hanging in front. The closet, too, smelled like Aunt Lucia. And there, before her eyes, was a wonderful fur coat. Mink. Winnie knew it was mink. She laid her face against it, and wrapped it around her where it hung. A mink coat! In her closet!

It was hard work to stay awake in the dark until Aunt Lucia came up to bed, but she did it. She kept her face to the wall until Aunt Lucia finished fussing with the creams and things, and turned out the light.

"Aunt Lucia," Winnie whispered. "Are you sleepy?"

"Yes."

"I'm awful glad you're here."

"Are you? Good night."

"Good night . . . Aunt Lucia, I saw your fur coat. It's mink, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Good night."

"Would you care if I tried it on in the morning? I've never tried on a mink coat."

"Sure, anything you like. Say—" Aunt Lucia sat up in bed, turned on the light. "If you're so wide awake, maybe you'd do something for me. I might let you wear the fur coat some time if you would."

Winnie sat up too. "Me? Wear a fur coat? Oh, Aunt Lucia, I'd do anything for you."

"Have you got a dollar?" Aunt Lucia asked. "My—my purse is downstairs. I want to send a telegram, and I don't want to phone it from here. You see—your parents don't understand, and my friend is worried about me. Is it far to the telegraph office?"

"Not on my bike."

Aunt Lucia and Winnie got out of bed, and while Winnie dressed, Aunt



THE REMAINDER of the morning passed in a delightful haze for Winnie, and at noon she took her lunch box and went home. There was only one thing more that could make the day the most superwonderful day in the world. Hadn't Aunt Lucia said she would let her wear the fur coat sometime? And wasn't today that time—the most perfect time of all eternity?

No one was home when she got there, and she took the key out from under the doormat and let herself in. She shouted around the house, anyhow, just to make sure. She wanted to tell her mother—tell everyone in the family—what had happened to her. She opened her lunch and nibbled at it at the kitchen table. Then she suddenly recalled her father had said something about meeting her mother and Aunt Lucia at the bank. Yes, but surely they'd be back soon.

She took the coat from the closet and tried it on again. She stood in front of the mirror and spoke the words of her essay as far as she could remember. They sounded ringing coming from a girl in a fur coat. It didn't matter if it was a sort of warm day, you couldn't tell about early spring. It might turn chilly.

When it was 10 minutes to one o'clock, Winnie knew panic. It would be just like her mother to keep Aunt Lucia downtown for lunch today. The biggest day of her life and they wouldn't get home in time. She walked onto the front porch and waited. She heard the clock strike one o'clock, and she made up her mind. She'd wear the coat, anyhow—without permission. Aunt Lucia had promised her she could wear it, hadn't she?

She walked down the street, letting the mink coat swish out behind her luxuriously. She held up her hand and looked at her cameo ring. She had put that on, too, for the occasion. And then she got the idea—the big idea. She would be late anyhow, and she'd been waiting for a chance to do this for Aunt Lucia. She'd swing around by Mr. Hill's, the jeweller downtown, and sell the ring today. Her ring and her wrist watch. Who would notice that she wasn't wearing any jewellery with the mink coat on?

She thrust her hands deep into the pockets and swirled the coat around her. Then she felt the small chamois bag pinned to the inside of the pocket. She stopped and unpinned it, and pulled out what it held. It was the ring with the big phony diamond that Aunt Lucia wore the first day. The one she couldn't get \$10 for. Thinking about it, Winnie bet that Mr. Hill would give her more than \$10 for it. Probably poor Aunt Lucia went to some place where they didn't know her and they tried to cheat her. People did that to people in the big cities.

Mr. Hill said, "Hello, Winnie, what's up? Why aren't you in school?" He didn't seem to notice the fur coat.

Winnie pulled off her ring and handed it to him along with her wrist watch. "I need some money, Mr. Hill. How much can you give me for these?"

She felt funny now that Mr. Hill had them in his hand. She was awfully fond of both of them. Mother and father had given her the ring the time when she had diphtheria, and the wrist watch was their present last Christmas.

Mr. Hill was busy examining them with an eyeglass, and he asked, "How much do you need?"

"As much as you'll pay."

He looked up. "How about \$15?"

"I'll take it," she answered swiftly. She felt successful and bold. She took the phony ring out of her pocket. "And how much will you pay for this?"

Mr. Hill turned it to the light and studied it for a moment, his brow puckered. Then he looked at Winnie. "Where did you get this, Winnie?"

"My—my aunt gave it to me."

He handed it back to her. "You shouldn't be carrying this around, child," he said. "This is the real thing. I couldn't buy this from you."

"It's paste—phony," Winnie said.

But Mr. Hill made her take it. "I don't need to look again." Then he got \$15 out of the cash drawer and gave it to her. "Better put that ring in a safe place until you get home. It's worth a lot of money, Winnie," he said.

Winnie went toward school, pinning the ring back in the pocket as she went. She couldn't quite understand it all, but she was sure the ring wasn't a phony now. Aunt Lucia would be mighty glad to hear that. Mr. Hill was an honest man. Aunt Lucia would have plenty of money for her divorce and everything. She began to run. She ran all the way to school and the coat got heavier and hotter.

The bells were clanging and the kids were changing classes when she got there. The halls were crowded. She'd missed French and Algebra entirely. But she was in plenty of time for assembly, and she'd be all right as soon as she got her breath. She bent over the drinking fountain in the hall, and then she heard Aunt Lucia's voice.

"There she is! That's my coat!"

Her mother and Aunt Lucia were beside her now. Her mother said, "Quietly, Lucia. Let me take care of this."

But Aunt Lucia said, "Oh, indeed! You're in on this. You gave her permission to wear it. Otherwise, how did you know it was Winnie who took it?"

"I saw her lunch box in the kitchen," Winnie's mother said. "And please, let's get out of the hall. We're making a scene."

They were. Winnie looked up to see her schoolmates gathering in a crowd, grinning—because Aunt Lucia wasn't keeping quiet, and she was tugging at the beautiful mink coat. She tugged until she pulled it off and then she ran her hand down into the pocket.

"Thank heaven, it's safe," she said.

Her mother had turned to the crowd. "Everything is all right, children," she told them. "We thought we had lost something, but Winnie has been keeping it safe for us."

Winnie was ready to cry with the shame and disgrace of it. What was the matter with Aunt Lucia? Did she think Winnie was a thief? And acting like a zombie where all her friends could see. And then she remembered something.

"Oh, Aunt Lucia," she said. "Your ring isn't a phony. It's real. Mr. Hill, our jeweller, said it was the real thing."

There was a little hush, and Winnie saw her Aunt Lucia's face go white and red before her hand came up and struck Winnie across the mouth.

"What are you saying, you little liar?" Aunt Lucia demanded. "What are you trying to do?"

Winnie couldn't answer, but her mother answered for her.

"That was unforgivable, Lucia," her

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G.64

Winnie and Aunt Lucia were alike—they were the different ones. But would Aunt Lucia recognize that now? Would she realize that Winnie didn't belong in this little town—that she was created for better things?

At getting-up time the next morning Winnie was still in bed. She had decided she wouldn't go to school; she'd stay right there. She'd start her nervous breakdown today. But her mother was bending over her, carefully quiet so as not to waken Aunt Lucia. Her mother's eyes were red as if she had been crying.

"Come on, Winnie. You'll be late for school. Breakfast is ready."

Everybody else had finished by the time Winnie got there, and her father was kissing her mother good-by at the door. He kissed her every morning when he left, and every night when he got home. A quick, unloving little peck, Winnie thought, and not at all romantic.

"I've got the loan arranged at the bank," he told her mother. "I'll meet you and Lucia there. Don't be late."

"Oh, Thad, must we?" By her tone Winnie knew her mother was going to cry.

Then, to Winnie's surprise, her father reached around and pinched her mother—right where she sat down. "You know we must," he said, and made a run for it.

"Thad!" her mother said, and when she turned around, she was laughing.

Winnie kept her lips together very tightly, and then she said, "I think that was disgusting."

But her mother went on laughing. "Oh, you do, do you? Well, don't you ever forget, young lady, that you have the very finest father in all this world."

Winnie was relieved when Jiggers and Toots and Helen were in the glooms too, on the way to school, and didn't notice how grim she was. However they were quickly getting over it because it didn't matter in their lives that they hadn't been given parts. They didn't have a chosen calling for the stage. They were all laughing just as if nothing awful had happened by the time they got to school and Miss Elliott, the English teacher, popped out of her door, buzzing at them.

"I've been watching for you, Winnie," Miss Elliott said. "I have excellent news for you. You've taken first prize in the essay contest—the one you entered last month."

Winnie stood stock still. "Mee-eee?" her voice came out in a long squeak.

Jiggers and Toots and Helen squeaked too, and Miss Elliott said, "Yes, you, Winnie. Isn't it splendid, girls?" Then she bore Winnie into her room in a rustle of papers.

It was true. Winnie saw the letter. Her essay was first in the city—the whole beautiful, big city of Rossville. This was something super. That's what she said.

"Oh, Miss Elliott, it's super!"

"Read your essay to me, Winnie. We are going to announce it at assembly this afternoon, and we want you to read it to the school."

Winnie read it over to Miss Elliott, thrilling at the fine, high-sounding words that had been hers to write last month. Her words. This was better than a part in any play—a play somebody else had written. She would be reading her own words before the entire school.

MEETING THE EVER-

## Growing Demand



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## Health in the Backwoods

Cont'd from page 16

It's just like an efficient city hospital in miniature. Charts and files are kept up to date and dispensary is well stocked with medicines.



full responsibility for administering first aid in case of accidents or treatment in case of sudden illnesses.

"I've often brought babies into the world without a doctor's help," she told me, "especially in outposts where there is no hospital accommodation for in-patients. In those places we are frequently called in the middle of the night to visit some bleak little shack with no conveniences—not even a fire lighted to heat a kettle. It's much easier and safer when women can come to the hospital to have their babies."

The village folk are proud of their outpost hospital. Recently over \$1,300 was subscribed by them to buy new and better equipment for the operating room. At present the hospital contains two bedrooms for in-patients, an operating room with X-ray machine, a delivery room and a nursery to care for new-born babies. That means, of course, that there aren't enough beds to accommodate all the people who need hospital care—especially during epidemics of contagious diseases, influenza and

call day and night. Her activities begin at 6 a.m. when she gives bottles of supplementary feedings to the babies, takes temperatures and distributes breakfast trays. Then there is the usual morning routine of bathing and special treatments for patients. Dinner at 12 is followed by an out-patients clinic. After that there is shopping to be done in the village—no such luxury as phone order or delivery trucks in the life of an outpost nurse! Often there are calls to be made to patients who can't be moved to the hospital. Supper is at six, after that, babies are fed and patients given their alcohol rubs. The final baby feeding session is at 10 o'clock. The nurse may then snatch four hours' rest—until 2 a.m. when babies are fed once more. Her rest is often interrupted by a frantic ringing of the front door bell as some man, woman or child pleads for help—a member of the family has been injured or taken ill. A Red Cross nurse never turns down one of these "calls of mercy" even if it means the sacrifice of a night's sleep.



Babies born in the hospital have special feeding formulae worked out to suit their needs. Space is precious—this room is both nursery and surgery

pneumonia. Often the loggers and trappers, victims of accidents or illness, stay at the hotel and walk up to the hospital several times a day for treatment. "I've seen some men arrive for penicillin injections with temperatures as high as 104 degrees," the nurse said. "I don't know how they do it, but they're a staunch lot and usually recover in record time."

THE NURSE also is a staunch person. She works long hard hours and is on

This may sound like the routine of any busy hospital—but there is an important difference. In an outpost hospital there is one, or at the most two nurses to do the work. In city institutions nursing service operates on three shifts of eight hours each. A nurse who undertakes outpost work has to have a lot of the pioneer spirit herself. In the case of this little northern Ontario hospital, it was only after the nurse's grueling experience at Christmas time, when she did a stretch of 48 hours' duty with-

Sally went skating...and my she was active....



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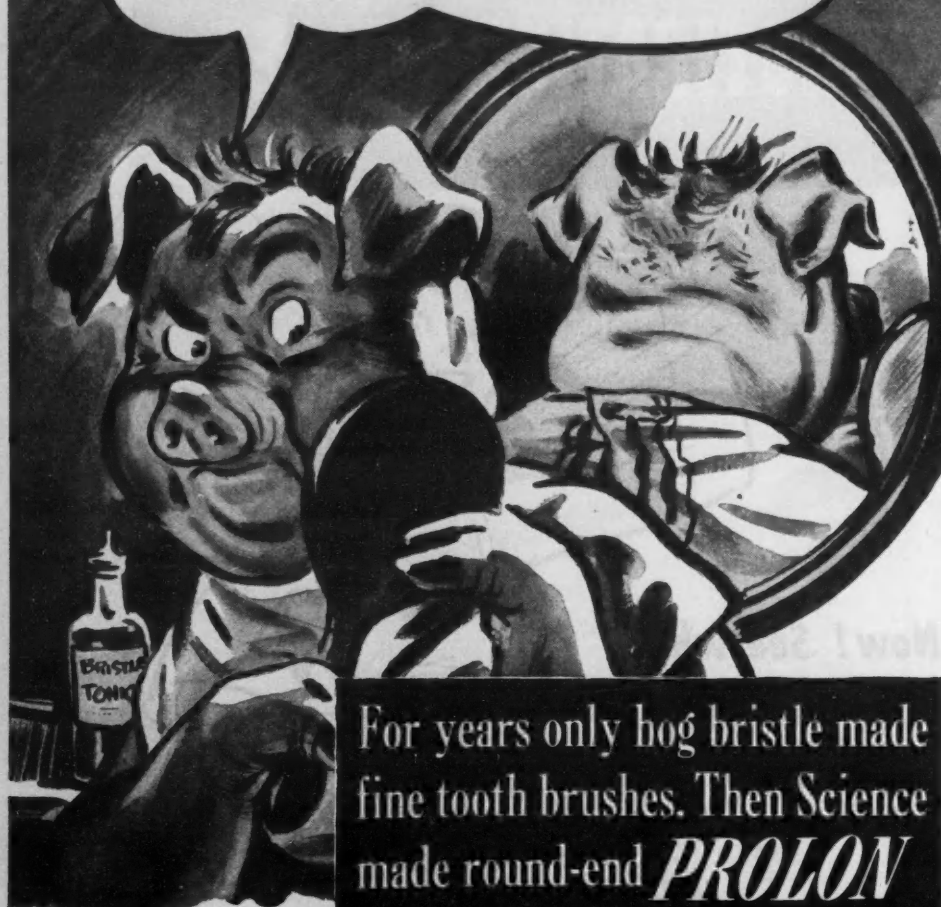
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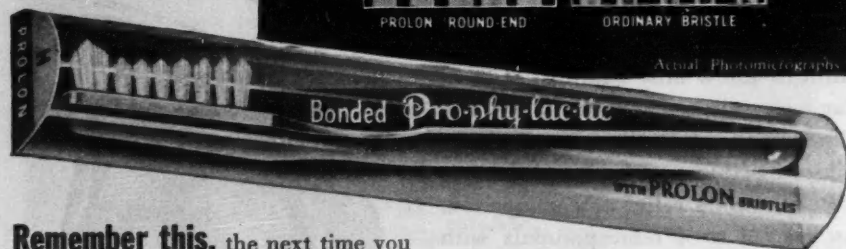
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mother said, pronouncing each word  
separately and distinctly.

Winnie had never seen her mother like  
this before. She spoke so quietly—so  
firmly. And she wasn't exactly angry;  
she was like a judge—a beautiful judge.  
There was a majesty about her. In  
spite of everything—in spite of the kids  
looking on, Winnie felt proud. She felt  
proud when her mother put her arm  
around her shoulder and led her out of  
the building. The kids made a path  
for them. It was as if her mother wore  
a shining armor and everybody knew it,  
and when Winnie was near her, she  
couldn't get hurt any more.

Aunt Lucia followed them, the fur  
coat over her arm, and she got into the  
back seat of the car and she didn't say  
anything. They drove clear home and  
nobody said anything.

But when they got inside the house,  
Winnie's mother turned to Aunt Lucia.  
"Go pack your things, Lucia. You have  
got what you came for. Now please go."

And then the telephone was ringing,  
and when Mrs. Martin answered it, she  
said, "Yes, this is Mrs. Martin . . .  
Yes . . . Yes . . . Oh, Miss Elliott—"

Then Winnie remembered her essay  
and her speech, and she looked at the  
clock. It was too late.

From face down on her bed, Winnie  
heard the car and knew that her father  
was back from taking Aunt Lucia to the  
train. She threw out one arm and hit the  
tray of dinner her mother had brought  
in to her. She rolled over carefully and  
took up a sandwich as the door opened  
and her mother came in.

"Father's back, Winnie," she said,  
"and the boys are waiting in the living  
room. Miss Elliott stopped by and left  
your essay, and we all want to hear you  
read it. Miss Elliott said it would be  
good practice for the assembly next  
week." She went out again and closed  
the door.

Winnie got off the bed slowly. She felt  
taller and slimmer when she stood up.  
She felt different. The room looked  
different, too—the room she had shared  
with Aunt Lucia. They hadn't really  
shared it—not really. Winnie had, but  
Aunt Lucia hadn't.

When she got downstairs she took her  
essay in her hand and stood at the end  
of the living room where her mother  
suggested. She looked at Jackie and  
Peter sitting on the floor, staring up at  
her, their mouths a little open. She  
looked at her father and he winked. She  
looked at her mother. Then she looked  
down at her essay. Why—these weren't  
just words. They were part of Winnie—  
of her father and mother and Jackie and  
Peter. She stood silent.

"Don't be afraid, dear," her mother  
urged. "Just be your own natural self."

Now the faces in front of Winnie were  
a sea of faces. She was Winnifred Martin  
—famous author, lecturer, traveller.  
She put one toe on top the other and  
began reading from her essay.

"Why I Believe in the Democratic  
Way of Life," Winnie began. +

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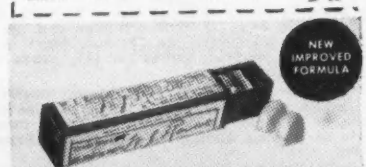
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**RENDELL'S**

## Meet Mr. & Mrs. Ivanovitch

Continued from page 39

"Obey the school principal and teachers without objection."

"Come to school clean, combed and neatly dressed."

"Stand up at the teacher's or director's entrance and departure from the classroom."

"Be respectful toward the director of the school and teachers. When meeting them in the street, greet them with a polite bow and, in the case of boys, remove the hat."

"Be polite toward one's elders, behave properly in school, on the street and in public places."

"Do not swear or curse, do not smoke, do not play for money or things."

"Be attentive and considerate toward old people, children, the weak and the ill; give them your seat, help in every way possible."

"Listen to one's parents, help them, care for small brothers and sisters."

The "Rules for Students" also contain a warning: "For infraction of the rules, the student is subject to punishment up to and including expulsion."

One simply does not trifle with these Rules.

In Russia there are scores of universities and hundreds of institutes. They are of a very high standard, although impartial observers believe they are not quite up to the mark of such august institutions as the American Harvard or the British Cambridge. On the whole, this is a matter of opinion.

FOR SOME reason people abroad never think of Russia in terms of women's activities so typical of Canada and the United States. For example, I have often been asked whether Russia has women's magazines. My affirmative reply generally has been met with polite disbelief. And yet Russia has a number of magazines catering exclusively to female audiences and others designed in part for women readers.

The outstanding women's magazines are the *Rabotnicza*—The Working Woman, and *Krestianka*—The Peasant Woman; both issued in very large volume. What do they contain? *Rabotnicza* for August, 1944, contains the following: Cover depicting a young mother and her child; inside first page a poem about a mother heroine who raised six sons, all members of the Red Army, and four daughters, workers. Page three is devoted to an editorial entitled "Our Just Cause Is Winning." Pages four, five and six publish the government decree increasing state aid to expectant mothers and mothers with many children or to widows. After that comes an article discussing the decree by a woman deputy of the Supreme Soviet. On pages eight and nine are letters from working and peasant women commenting on the decree. On pages 10 and 11 there is an article entitled "The Birth of a Man," in which state care for the newly born is described in detailed and lively style. Page 12 has an article by Deputy Commissar for Peoples' Health entitled "Mothers' and Children's Care Is the Task of the Whole Nation." Next comes a story about a woman who has raised 11 children. An article on page 14 calls for "Love and Care for Orphans." A typical family is fictionalized on pages 15 and 16. The back pages offer a new lullaby, a long cooking article, a medical

# Tonight and Every Night



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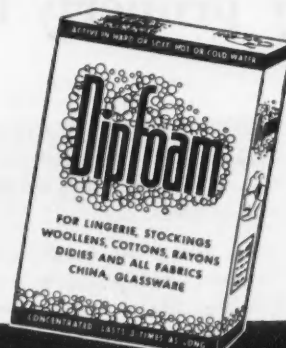
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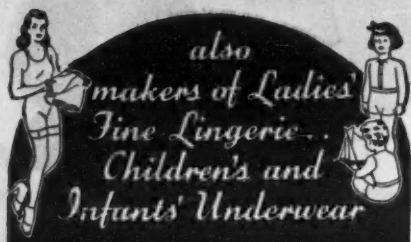
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out five minutes' rest, that an assistant was dispatched from Toronto to relieve the strain.

"Are you ever frightened when you answer the doorbell in the middle of the night?" I enquired, thinking of the rugged characters I'd seen around the station and the village pub.

"No, never," she answered without hesitation. "I'm just like a lady in an



Modern X-ray equipment, a gift of the community to the hospital, enables the nurse to find just where the trouble lies in accident cases.

ivory tower to those people. It may be my uniform or the 'magic' treatment I give to relieve pain—but the toughest-looking bushman or trapper acts just like an awkward schoolboy when he comes here. Sometimes a fight breaks out in the village and the injured are brought up here by their friends. I scold them soundly as I bandage their cuts and they feel pretty sheepish... Gracious no! I'm not scared."

"Do you ever have qualms about the complete isolation and loneliness of this part of the country?" I persisted.

This time she didn't answer for a few seconds. "I don't like to look out the north window," she confessed, "especially on dark winter nights. It gives me the creeps to see miles of forest and hear nothing but the howling of timber wolves. But the antidote to that is to see the warm friendly lights of the village from the opposite window. I can always picture the family groups sitting around their kitchen stoves. They're hard-working men and women and they and their youngsters depend on me to help them when they're hurt or sick."

SELF-SACRIFICE and devotion to duty are only part of the requirements of an outpost nurse. Kindness and a sense of humor are also essentials.

One evening, for example, a bush settler arrived at the hospital in a high state of agitation. He urged the nurse to accompany him to his home as fast as she could. It meant a long cold drive in an open sleigh. He whipped up the horses and they tore across the countryside. So far the nurse hadn't been able to pin him down to the facts of the case, but she was sure some dreadful disaster had occurred. When they reached the farm he started on a run for the barn. The nurse demanded sharply to know who was ill.

"It's my best dog—she broke her leg and I can't herd the cows without her."

## Stuffy Nostrils

Hinder Sleep

GET RELIEF  
TONIGHT

Stuffy, mucus-choked nostrils... blocked nasal passages... can't breathe properly... sleep broken... try Mentholum for instant relief. Jars and tubes, 30c. V-19

**MENTHOLATUM**  
Gives COMFORT Daily

## AM I GLAD

I found out about this

## HIGHER TYPE

## Intimate Feminine Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—So Convenient



Greaseless Suppository Gives  
Hours of Continuous Medication

For years among highly intelligent and exacting women there has been desire for an easier, daintier and more convenient method for feminine cleanliness. Now thanks to ZONITORS—they have it! And here's why Zonitors are one of the greatest discoveries ever made for this purpose:

1. Zonitors are snow-white, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories—easily inserted and so convenient.
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4. Thus Zonitors give you HOURS of CONTINUOUS MEDICATION.
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6. Zonitors destroy offending odor.
7. They never leave any sticky residue. Buy today. Any drugstore.



FREE—Mail this coupon for FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. C36, Ste. Thérèse, Que.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

After a moment of justifiable exasperation the nurse accepted the situation with philosophy and humor. She gave the dog a whiff of chloroform, set the injured leg and bandaged it in splints. Then she started on the bleak trip home in zero weather. Several days later the farmer brought the dog to the hospital to pay her respects—and from then on the nurse had two devoted friends—the farmer and his dog.

There are times when the behavior of backwoodsmen is unpredictable. One nurse had a hair-raising experience when she visited three old trappers who lived like hermits deep in the woods. The only person they'd allow near their ramshackle cabin was the forest ranger. Rumor—strong in the north country as elsewhere—said they hoarded a lot of cash. One day the ranger reported that one of the trio was very ill. Could the nurse go and take a look at him? When she arrived her patient was lying fully clothed on a pile of rags while his two brothers sat astride a wooden box, their faces sharp with suspicion, and loaded shotguns under their arms. For the first time in her nursing experience she went about her routine of bathing, bedding and treating a patient with two gunpointed straight at her back. As she was leaving she called back, "Praise the Lord, friends, and spare the ammunition!"

AT THE present time there are 44 outpost hospitals in operation across Canada. They treat an average of 38,000 patients a year; in them some 5,000 operations are performed, 2,000 children born, 550 clinics held. As many as 18,000 children have been examined in a single year.

These figures are impressive. But outpost hospitals are still in the pioneer stage. The goal the Red Cross aims for is to bring medical science and security to all pioneers who live in our hinterlands and frontier country.

Twenty-seven new hospitals are to be opened, each one adequately staffed and equipped with sufficient beds to accommodate all patients who need hospital care.

Plans for public health services at such outposts are far-reaching. Nurses trained in public health will hold weekly inspections in schools, no matter how small or remote the community; there will be regular home visiting to advise on prenatal care, child health and feeding. There will be weekly "well-baby clinics" at each hospital where mothers may bring their infants for a thorough checking over by a doctor and nurse.

Saving lives; giving every child a good start; bringing health to the backwoods—all these stand high on the Canadian Red Cross peacetime program. ♦

## GOING TO GARDEN?

With spring just around the corner you'll be thinking about the smooth green lawn, the new rose bed and the colorful perennial border that will make this year's garden so much better than last. This year you'll also want to correct those errors of judgment in foundation planting, especially at the front of your house.

For expert guidance on your gardening problems, order Chatelaine's two garden bulletins today:

BACKYARD INTO GARDEN, Bulletin No. 301 — Price 15 cents.

FOUNDATION PLANTING, Bulletin No. 302 — Price 5 cents.

Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



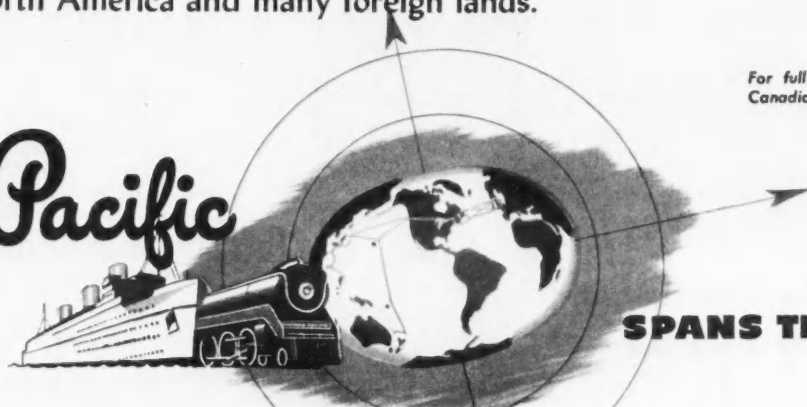
## Banff Springs Hotel Welcomes You Again

Here is news for your holiday-hungry heart! Glorious Banff Springs Hotel in the Canadian Rockies will reopen on June 15 this year . . . golf, riding, swimming, hiking!

That isn't all. Other world-famous Canadian Pacific resort hotels in Eastern and Western Canada will reopen this summer too . . . Chateau Lake Louise, Emerald Lake Chalet and Mountain Lodges in the Rockies, the Algonquin Holiday Colony in New Brunswick, the Digby Pines in Nova Scotia . . . and many others.

These Canadian Pacific resorts are famous for hospitality, courtesy and service. They have been host to countless thousands of visitors from every part of North America and many foreign lands.

# Canadian Pacific

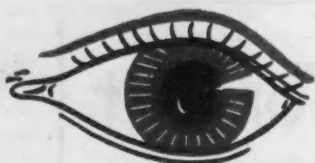


For full information consult any Canadian Pacific Railway agent.

**SPANS THE WORLD**



# Your eye



is a sensitive barometer  
of health. The eye's condition



helps the diagnosis not only of  
its ailments, but often of  
those in other parts of the body,



such as *high blood pressure, diabetes, hardening of the arteries.*

Prolonged headaches or  
faulty vision mean you should  
see a competent eye specialist.



Common faults like nearsighted-  
ness, farsightedness,  
and astigmatism can be helped  
by properly fitted glasses.



Remember—your eyes are good for a lifetime, if they get the care they need!

For further information on eye health, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's Booklet. Address Booklet Dept. 31, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

New York

Frederick H. Ecker Leroy A. Lincoln  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD PRESIDENT

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

discussion, and patterns for babies clothes.

Now take "Peasant Woman" for December, 1944. Its contents, simpler in style, include a poem about Stalin, an editorial about peasant women in war, a fictionalized story describing a peasant woman who took her husband's place on the farm, articles about collective farm apiaries and preparations made by women to meet their returning warrior husbands. There are two or three pages of poems, two or three short stories, a description of women in Asiatic Siberia, a story about the origin of the world "in which we live." Instead of a cooking column there is a piece about the curing of rabbit skins, followed by a page of sarcastic versified fables about women who work well and yet are underestimated by men, and about women who fail to take proper care of the cattle. Romance is not entirely absent from these publications but certainly it is not overprominent.

Subscriptions are treasured owing to the shortage of newsprint, and an effort is made to have the magazines reach every district and every locality. Often one magazine will be passed from hand to hand through a large village until completely worn out.

Another unknown fact: the telephone service. Moscow's telephone service is nothing to boast about. There are both dial and ordinary phones. There are pay booths at all subway stations and in all public buildings. The Russian nickel is the "grivennik"—10 kopeks. Small change is often hard to get and one is often approached by strangers asking for "grivenniks." That's not for coffee, but for the phone. A private phone costs 15 rubles a month. A telephone for a whole apartment in which a few families may live costs 30 rubles. Up until a few months ago, to get a telephone a priority was essential. Long-distance is available; the rates are somewhat lower than ours. A call from Moscow to New York costs less than \$20. As yet there is no service to Canada.

The mail service is quite good. In the cities there are four deliveries a day including Sundays. Letters from Moscow to Vladivostok may take as long as two or even three weeks. In wartime all mail was subject to censorship. A letter costs 30 kopeks to mail for each half ounce.

OF ALL intricate problems in Russia that of clothing is the worst. There has been and still is a great shortage of clothing, especially for men. The need to make hundreds of thousands of uniforms a year told on civilians. But what clothing there is is mostly custom-made. The tailors are good, and there

are many tailor shops. But one has to wait from six weeks to three months to get a suit. You can do better if you are important. Marshals and generals have their own shoes. Most large offices and establishments have connections with specific tailor shops which service their employees. Dressmakers' shops are common.

Russian women, like women everywhere, are extremely clothes-conscious. There is very little mass production of clothing and most dresses and suits must be made to order. The demand on the services of dressmakers far exceeds the supply and a woman who can have a dress made in less than eight to 10 weeks is exceedingly lucky. Immediately following victory the Moscow House of Models, a very chic enterprise, organized a widely publicized style show, with music, pert and pretty models, engraved invitations and what-have-you. Women talked about it for weeks. But it's a long way from the House of Models to the back of the working girl. Madam Molotov, who is personally interested in clothes development, and the Young Communist League with its millions of girl members, are the outstanding examples of both individuals and organizations working for better clothing in the Soviet Union.

It will possibly surprise many women to know that the Russians as individuals and as a society are driving toward the greatest possible differentiation in clothing. I once saw a woman literally trying to slaughter another at the Bolshoi Theatre because both wore the same kind of dress. I suppose the dressmaker got her due the next day. Ah, women!

There are neither shoeshine parlors nor cleaning and pressing "while-you-wait" shops. But there are boot blacks—mostly girls—on all central street corners. A shoeshine costs about 20 cents in terms of purchasing power. Idealism aside, a tip gets you a lot more elbow grease.

RUSSIAN RADIO programs are state-supported and good, but not to our taste. Most people get their "radio" via a loudspeaker switched into the telephone system for two rubles a month. They have "the choice" of one program, and one only. Each Russian city has only one local station. Listeners seem to like Russian folk songs and American jazz best of all. Russian radio comedians are amateurs compared to Jack Benny, who, by the way, was Moscow's sensation this past winter because of "Charley's Aunt."

Russia is very sports-conscious. Eighty thousand people attend the football matches in Moscow. Tickets are as hard to get as for the Harvard-Yale

◆ Continued on page 71

## Pattern Descriptions

1535—Misses' and women's blouse in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 16: 1½ of 35 inch or 1¼ of 39 inch lengthwise striped material. Price 25c.

1549—Misses' and women's jerkin in sizes small, medium and large. Medium: 1¼ of 35 inch or 39 inch lengthwise striped material. Price 25c.

1536—Misses' and women's dickey in sizes small, medium and large. Medium, with turtle neck: 1¼ of 35 inch; 1 of 39 inch; ¾ of 44 inch. With bow neck: ¾ of 35 inch or 39 inch; ¾ of 44 inch. Price 15c.

1537—Misses' and women's two-piece suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, jacket: 2¾ of 35 inch; 2½ of 39 inch; 1½ of 54 inch. Skirt: 1½ of 35 inch; 1¾ of 39 inch; 1¾ of 54 inch. Jacket lining (optional): 1½ of 39 inch. Price, 25c.

1535—Misses' and women's slip in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, bodice: ¾ of 35 inch;

39 inch or 41 inch. Skirt: 1½ of 35 inch or 39 inch; 1¼ of 41 inch. Front lace: ¾ of 2 inch. Back lace: ¾ of ½ inch. Price, 25c.

1477—Children's and girls' party dress in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 8: 3½ of 35 inch; 3¾ of 39 inch; 3¼ of 41 inch. Lace edging: 3¾ of ¾ inch. Price, 25c.

1463—Teen-age evening dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12, bodice ruffles and neck band: 1¼ of 35 inch or 39 inch. Skirt: 3¾ of 72 inch. Ribbon for bows: 11½ yards of ¾ inch. Price, 15c.

1140—Junior misses' and misses' evening dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 6¼ of 35 inch or 39 inch; 5¾ of 41 inch; 3¾ of 72 inch. Ribbon: 2½ of 1 inch. Price, 15c.

1321—Misses' and women's evening dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, bodice: 1¼ of 35 inch; 39 inch or 41 inch. Skirt: 4¾ of 72 inch. Price, 25c.

## Vindication

Continued from page 40

would have a splendid education, and later on they would be able to travel together . . . They canvassed it all, and when they paused in their talk their eyes would meet and their hearts would continue that special kind of communion, because no words are ever good enough.

The next morning when they woke up it was all still true, so that their buoyant happiness became a settled thing. Tom threw himself into the new project with undiminished vigor. He managed to land a small government contract, and get priorities on secondhand equipment. He bought an abandoned factory that had possibilities of expansion and located enough good employees to keep him going. The hard work seemed to agree with him, and Abbie decided thankfully that she had never in her life seen Tom so happy. More than once she said, "I guess this is what you've always wanted, darling. Something creative that you could get your teeth into."

"Every man wants that," Tom agreed soberly, "But only a few of them are lucky enough . . ."

"And smart enough! After all it's your invention!"

"There's always luck tied up in it, though," he said.

They saw a lot of the Blanchards that fall. Tom and Ralph would talk about the business, and the two girls would chat of this and that. They had discovered that they didn't have to make an effort with their new friends. Sometimes they would simply roast hamburger in the back yard. The two children would play under the apple trees and splash around in the wading pool Tom had built them. It had become one of those casual, easygoing companionships, though occasionally Thea would fall back into one of her inexplicable silent phases, so that you wondered exactly what she was thinking about. They never lasted long though, and she was invariably lighthearted and friendly afterward . . .

It wasn't until February that the blow fell. And Abbie still didn't believe in it; she was quite certain, even now, that there had been some mistake—one of those silly business errors that even the best banks make now and then.

It happened day before yesterday. Tom had come home early from the office and though he'd tried to hide his worry Abbie had seen it in his face and had said at once, "Darling, has something gone wrong? Was there an accident at the factory?"

"Not exactly," he'd said. And then he'd shown her what had come in the morning mail—a brief note from Ralph Blanchard requesting repayment of the loan in its entirety within 60 days.

"But can he do that?" she'd asked in astonishment.

"He can do it all right," Tom said grimly. "When you borrow from a friend you put yourself pretty thoroughly in his hands . . . The money's all tied up in the building and equipment, of course. I haven't a prayer of raising it."

"But there must be a mistake!"

Tom relaxed then. "I think so myself," he admitted. "Maybe his financial advisers were calling in a bunch of loans, and this was included by accident."

He'd phoned that night for an appointment, and now he was seeing

Ralph. And somehow Abbie was quite sure it would all come out all right. It simply HAD to come out all right; anything else was unthinkable. But still there was something about the transaction she couldn't quite understand. Something curiously unreal in the way the Blanchards had taken them up so unexpectedly, and wound themselves into their lives . . . When you thought back it seemed almost prearranged; as though there had been a plan . . .

TOMMY ABANDONED his ski boots and became interested in the cookies. Eliza threw her zwieback out onto the floor, and wailed. Abbie gave her a fresh one, and let Tommy choose the cookie cutter. She hurried here and there about the cheery, sunlit kitchen. And she remembered that Tom had said last night that even selling the house would just be a drop in the bucket if they had to repay that loan.

The afternoon crawled and flew past, both at the same time. The cookies were done finally, and evening became dark in the windows. Eliza splashed in her bath, and Tommy charged about the house with the undue energy he always seemed to develop when he was supposed to be tired out. And then finally she heard the car in the drive, and Tom's heavy slow steps on the path, which wasn't a very good sign.

Abbie ran down the stairs, and she saw at once the disappointment in his face. She tried to be casual. "No decision as yet, I take it!" she remarked lightly.

Tom shrugged out of his coat and walked heavily into the living room. Abbie followed, still trying to be matter-of-fact. "I gather it wasn't a mistake after all," she said quietly.

He looked puzzled. "I can't make it out," he said. "Ralph was evasive at first, but when I pressed him he finally told me that he's transferred the entire loan to Thea. Did it about a month ago, signing the notes over to her."

"But can he do that?" Abbie asked in surprise.

"Sure he can. The notes are a form of property. I don't see why, though . . ."

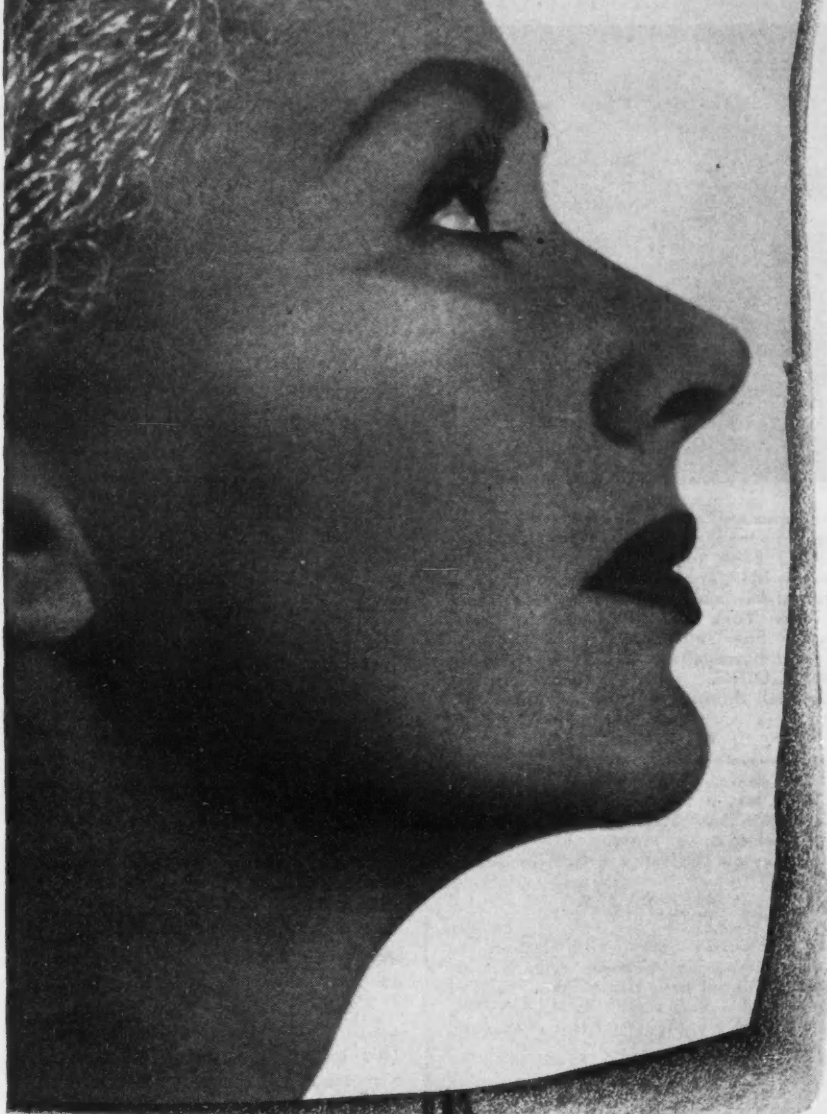
"Neither do I," Abbie said—and for just a moment she had an uneasy shivery feeling. But that was pure foolishness, and she dismissed it at once. "That should really be better for us, Tom," she said confidently. "Thea certainly wouldn't want to wreck your business. I'll go to town and see her tomorrow."

"Probably that's the best way," Tom admitted dubiously. And a little later Abbie phoned Thea and Thea said, "Why of course, Abbie. Do come in. I'd love to see you!"

"You see?" Abbie said triumphantly to Tom. "She couldn't have been more cordial possibly!"

But the next afternoon on the train her confidence began to wane a little. The trouble was that they had altogether too much at stake. It wasn't only a question of Tom's salary, or even the house and their small but growing savings. It went far deeper than that to the time Tom had lain for two days and nights in a foxhole with a gaping wound in his leg and his best friend dead beside him. The medics had found him at last and he'd spent six months in hospital. And Abbie had known from his letters the very day his mind had begun to heal too; the very day when he'd first hit on the idea for his invention . . .

## What's Behind the RIGHT LOOK



NEITHER a new hat . . . nor the most perfect make-up alone can give your face that finished, yet unstudied air that is American beauty at its best . . . Only the right basic skin care with the right preparations can do that. For time marches over your face, unless you keep after your skin every single day.

**Right for dry skin:** Dry-Skin Cleanser (Cream 683), \$1.25, \$2.50, \$4.50 . . . Orange Flower Skin Lotion, \$1.10, \$2.25 . . . Special Dry-Skin Mixture, \$2.50, \$4.50

**Right for normal skin:** Salon Cold Cream, \$1.25, \$2.50, \$4.50 . . . Orange Flower Skin Lotion, \$1.10, \$2.25 . . . Special Dry-Skin Mixture, \$2.50, \$4.50

**Right for oily skin:** Liquid Cleansing Cream, \$1.50 or Salon Cold Cream, \$1.25, \$2.50, \$4.50 . . . Texture Lotion, \$1.25, \$2.50 . . . Suppling Cream, \$1.25, \$2.25



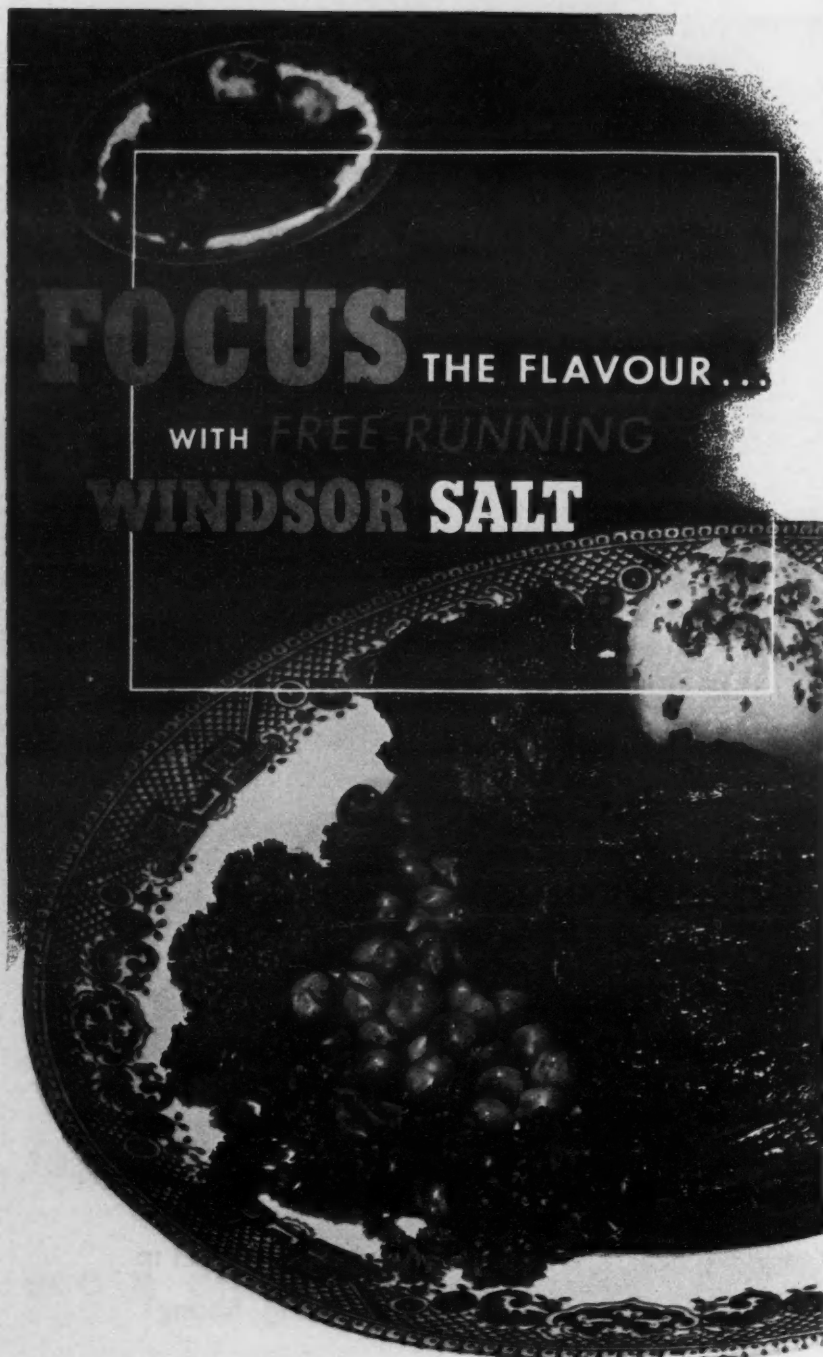
# Dorothy Gray

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TORONTO NEW YORK LONDON



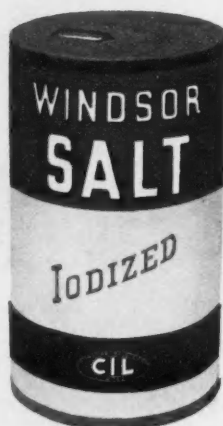


**COULD** anything be so dull as food without salt? Lacking that one small ingredient, even the flavour of a choice sizzling steak or steaming baked potatoes is indistinct and "blurry", like a picture out of focus. Then... the magic pinch of salt! And in a flash, every hidden particle of enticing flavour springs into focus, keen and tantalizing, to whet your appetite!

Salt makes all the difference in the world to any food. Realizing this, Canadian cooks for three generations have preferred WINDSOR salt, in the kitchen and on the table, for its crystal purity... its flavour-enhancing qualities.

All you could ask for in salt... you'll find in WINDSOR. Look for this smart red-white-and-blue package at your dealer's—it's WINDSOR the free-running salt that will focus the fine flavour of every food you serve!

**FOR FINER FOOD FLAVOURING**



## Somebody Loves Me

*Continued from page 44*

kept seeing that look in Edith's eyes, mesmerized, fascinated. Walking up to Pug as if something made her. As if something repelled and drew her—delivered her to him.

There was only one lamplit glow of light from the living room of the house. A big car was parked out front—Pug's, of course. Roger slammed on the brakes, ran up the steps and rang the bell.

Only then, when the door opened—did he have an inkling of what he had done. When the door opened and Edith stood there saying, "Why, Roger!" in her teasing, affectionate voice. "Come in—do."

Pug was in the living room. He was sitting down with a drink in his hand.

Pug's eye was very black. He got up heavily. Unexpectedly, he held out his hand. "Guess I can thank you for this shiner," he said with a grin that showed his big, square teeth.

"I don't know," Roger said blankly. He was completely thrown off balance by the cosiness of the scene.

Pug sat down again, comfortably, and Edith sat on the arm of the chair, her fingers lightly, almost contemptuously pushing up his short, bristly hair.

"Don't be nice to him, Roger—he behaved abominably. I really shouldn't forgive him—the ugly brute." She laughed, and from the easy way Pug laughed with her, it was obvious that she had forgiven him. "He's promised never to lay a finger on me again—haven't you, Pug?"

"Edith—" Pug squirmed a little. She gave his shoulder a little pat—then smiled over at Roger. "This used to be our chair, Roger—remember?"

Pug didn't rise to the bait, but there was something in the way his fingers gripped his glass that told of the struggle. Edith glanced down at him in open enjoyment.

"Roger—you don't have to look uncomfortable, lamb—I've told Pug that's been over for ages." A faintly sad note came into her voice. "Ages... I meant to ask you, who was that tall boy who danced so marvelously at Dot's party? Wasn't he smooth?"

"I don't know." Roger's voice was dry. "I didn't dance with him."

"Roger—you fool. You utter fool," she murmured, laughing.

Roger looked at her. The words—the tone—meant nothing. It would always be the same game with Edith. There would be Pugs and smoothies, quarrels and kisses—but always the same.

Until she grew older—and even then, probably, she would go on with the same words, the same technique. Whatever there was in her that a man could love—

and there were things—was slipping from her fast.

To him, at that moment, it seemed that it was already gone.

He got to his feet. "Don't come to the door," he added.

But she did. It was part of the game for her to link her hand in his arm, for her to talk low and sweetly—and for her to know that behind her, Pug's big muscles were tightening under his coat, and jealousy was rising to its slow blaze in him.

"Roger—" she touched his arm. "I'll see you again?"

He smiled. He brought the curtain down very gently.

"Of course," he said. "Sometime."

Once outside in the night, clear-washed by the wind, starred and deep like that other night, so long ago, Roger forgot her completely.

He could think of only one thing. Dorothy saying, "I don't ever want to see you again."

It wasn't a game with Dorothy. It wasn't a come-on. It was a straightforward decision. She would not want to see him again.

He didn't blame her.

When he got to her street, he saw the house lights were still on. The party was still going.

He got out of the car, crossed the street and leaned in the shadows, against a tree.

He stood there, just looking, the way you do when you go back to where you lost something above all value. You know it's gone, but you have to see, once more, the place where you lost it.

Another light went on—upstairs. He saw a girl's figure move up to the window.

Under his breath, he said, "Dorothy." Urgently. "Dorothy."

But it wasn't a stage play. There was no miraculous flash of intuition. She came to the window—she pressed her forehead against the glass a moment, but she didn't see him. She had no idea in the world that he was down there.

Then she wiped her eyes with her handkerchief, and the shade came down in her fingers.

Roger went back to his car, put it in gear, and started it as if he were pulling it out of cold molasses. Gradually he began to drive faster, prodded by a faint, small hope.

She had been crying. There might—there just might be a chance, still. And if there was any way in the world of getting her to trust him again—he'd find it, somehow.

The hope deepened as he drove, and crossing the bridge above the dark river and the streaming lights, he found himself singing—

"Somebody loves me, I wonder whooooo—  
Mab-be—it's yoooooo—" +

## A NEW BABY?

Is a Blessed Event headed your way this year? If so, you'll find our bulletin, "Preparing for Baby," of great value in giving pre-natal advice for the benefit of both mother and child. There's a companion bulletin, too, "Baby's First Year," which would be worth studying at the same time. In this the care and feeding of infants are discussed from the practical angle; you'll be able to pick up the know-how of regular baby routine in no time at all; and such problems as nursing, weaning and first solid foods are dealt with in the light of modern research.

Both bulletins have been prepared especially for Chatelaine readers by Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson, editor of Chatelaine's Child Health Clinic.

**Preparing for Baby**

Service Bulletin No. 601; Price, 5 cents.

**Baby's First Year**

Service Bulletin No. 602; Price, 5 cents.

Order from

Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.

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An exquisite persuader is Murray and Lanman's Florida Water. You'll love its spicy exhilarating fragrance—the way it makes your skin vibrate and tingle—the way it leaves you feeling incomparably refreshed.

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water.**  
AT LEADING DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

**FREEZE ICE CREAM**

**OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR!**

When outdoor temperature is 20° above zero or colder, simply mix Londonderry, sugar and table cream (or evaporated or powdered milk), chill for a few minutes. Then whip and put outside to freeze. No cooking.

**AS LOW AS 12¢ A PINT**

Smooth, delicious. No ice crystals. Sure to be pure—you make it! 15¢ package makes 16 servings. You add any flavour. With milk or skim milk makes delicious frozen desserts. Ask your grocer for Londonderry. If he doesn't carry it, send us \$1.00 for 7 packages and 20 famous recipes, postpaid.

**LONDONDERRY**  
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**Clear up Baby's Cold**

Relieve Gently and Safely

Mentholatum, so gentle, eases nose soreness, and helps clear baby's head, promotes freer breathing, sounder sleep and quickly relieves sniffling colds. Jars and tubes, 30c. V17

**MENTHOLATUM**  
Gives COMFORT Daily

**Do FALSE TEETH**  
**Rock, Slide or Slip?**

FASTEETH, a powder to be sprinkled on false teeth, keeps them more firmly set. Make your loose plates more dependable with FASTEETH. You'll feel more confident with a firmer dental plate. Mildly alkaline — FASTEETH also checks gum soreness, burning sensation or rash due to the chafing of a loose, wobbly plate or to excessive acid mouth. Get alkaline FASTEETH at any drug store.

**FASTEETH**

Thea's smile was bemused and thoughtful. She was watching the smoke coil upward from her cigarette, and she said in an offhand way, "I've about decided to press for the loan, however. I have an appointment with my lawyer tomorrow. He should know how much that patent is worth."

"Oh, no!" Abbie said again. But by now she could hardly think at all, the confusion was making such a dreadful numbness in her mind.

Thea ignored the interruption. She was still watching the rising coil of smoke from her cigarette, and she said, in a smooth low voice, "I think I told you once that it wasn't chance, our meeting, Abbie. When I discovered that Linda Parsons knew you, I cultivated her first. And then I arranged things so she would have us at her home together." Thea's voice rose slightly. She said, "For all my life—or all of it that counts, anyhow—I've wondered how it would feel to have the upper hand where you were concerned, Abbie Farnum Burke. And now I have it. Wouldn't you agree?"

"But why?" Abbie said. "I don't understand!"

"That," Thea snapped abruptly, "is because you've never in your life played second fiddle to anyone."

Abbie stared. Thea didn't look like the same person any more. All the smoothness had gone out of her face. Her mouth was too thin, her cheekbones too high and pronounced. She looked like one of those modern drawings that have somehow got out of perspective . . . And all the time the fire burned cheerfully and artificially on the hearth, so that it didn't seem like a real fire at all.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"Of course you don't," Thea's voice flared into resentment. "For one thing, you've never had to be content with another girl's cast-offs year after year!" And then she leaned back against the brocaded sofa, and smiled almost pleasantly. "I've waited a long time for this moment, Abbie," she said quietly, "so it had better be good. Don't you agree?"

"You mean," Abbie said painfully, "that you planned it this way, about Tom's business and all?"

"Not altogether," Thea said. "I arranged our meeting at the Parsons'. But your husband's invention and his need for a loan . . . that was fairly playing into my hands. Ralph isn't too happy about it, of course; but he always gives me anything I want."

"Thea, please," Abbie said. "I can't stand much more of this."

"That's entirely up to you, Abbie," Thea said. "You're welcome to leave whenever you please. Though of course I still have the notes . . ."

"Of course," Abbie said. And she didn't move.

Thea smiled reminiscently. "You'll understand how long I've waited to tell this story, when you realize that it goes back more than 15 years," she said. "Maybe college was just a stepping-stone to you, Abbie. But it was everything in the world to me. It was meant to transform my life. And it would have if it hadn't been for a girl named Abbie Farnum—a girl who happened to look like an angel, and who simply had to hold out her hand and let them fall neatly into her palm—all the honors, all

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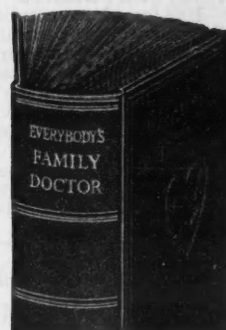
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Long-awaited and welcome news is the announcement that Wendy Hiller is coming back to the screen. She won world-wide fame for a single picture, *Pygmalion*; earned stage stardom both in New York and London in a single play. She returns in a storm-bound Highland romance, *I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING*, with Roger Livesay, (Colonel Blimp).

★ ★ ★

In the cast of *I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING*, too, is that curious international celebrity, "Mr. Ramshaw", a golden eagle who once crossed the Atlantic to appear on the radio with Fred Allen.

★ ★ ★

Noel Coward's next contribution to entertainment in Canada will be his unconventional love story of a pair of mutual strangers, *BRIEF ENCOUNTER*, filmed from his New York stage success, Tonight at 8.30.

★ ★ ★

"Riotously and terrifyingly successful", according to the *Evening Standard* is *DEAD OF NIGHT*, the omnibus of thrills produced by a team of four top-flight London directors and four leading writers, including H. G. Wells. This is the motion picture hit in which one character is a ventriloquist driven crazy by his own dummy.

★ ★ ★

Early returns from the box offices list these as Canada's rising new film favourites: James Mason, Patricia Roc, Stewart Granger, Phyllis Calvert, Ann Todd, Rex Harrison.

★ ★ ★

ANSWERING INQUIRIES: Elva K. — Music in *THE SEVENTH VEIL* includes Chopin, Mozart, Greig, Beethoven and Rachmaninoff. *LIFE*, which gave this film Movie-of-the-Week rating, describes star James Mason's voice as "splendidly mellow" and his sneer as "the best since Basil Rathbone's".

★ ★ ★

Eagle-Lion Pictures at your Favourite Theatre

Tom still had nightmares; he still called out stridently in his sleep. But those times were becoming less frequent now. He was too happily absorbed in his work, too completely fulfilled to dwell for long on the past.

"Perhaps I can explain all that to Thea," Abbie thought now with sudden hope. But as the train neared the station she remembered with faint uneasiness the cautious guarded look you sometimes saw in Thea's eyes.

THE LOOK wasn't there that afternoon, though. She realized that with relief when Thea opened the door herself and said cheerfully, "I told the servants to run along out; I thought we could manage all right by ourselves!"

She was smiling a warm welcome. Abbie saw that there were flowers on the mantel, and a decanter of sherry on a table near the hearth. The polished birch logs burned so discreetly on the hearth that the room seemed almost like a stage set for whatever was going to happen. But Thea, taking her wraps, offering her a cigarette and a glass of sherry, was the very epitome of cordial hospitality. So much so that Abbie had a sudden disquieting thought. Because Thea's manner was just a bit too cordial, too much like that of a doctor who is about to perform a painful operation, and is therefore unduly jovial in his greeting.

But that, Abbie told herself quickly, was just foolish imagination. Nothing could be more commonplace than the two of them sitting here before the fire. Thea hadn't exactly dressed up for the occasion, but she was wearing a housecoat of brown broadcloth with green silk panels, which was, in its very simplicity, quite striking. It brought out the burnished subdued quality that was Thea's greatest charm, and made Abbie, in her grey tweed suit, feel a little like a country cousin. But that was all right too. Anything was all right as long as she could settle this business of the loan.

Abbie didn't know how to begin so she said truthfully, "You look simply lovely in that outfit, Thea. Like a painting."

Thea shrugged. "Pure artifice," she said. "I spent three hours at Pierre's this morning. That should rate me something in the way of adornment.

You, on the other hand," she added quietly, "undoubtedly threw yourself together in five minutes, with a couple of squalling kids in the background. And as usual you look beautiful, Abbie. Completely and unutterably beautiful."

"I do?" Abbie said in astonishment. Thea smiled, but it wasn't a nice smile. "I suppose you don't know that you have grey eyes like one of Rosetti's angels, and the kind of face and figure that people write poems about. I suppose, Abbie," she added, with deliberate irony, "that that is all news to you."

"Yes, it is," Abbie said slowly. But she felt uncomfortable, afraid even. The conversation had taken an unexpected turn. And Thea made all these compliments sound like indictments, for which she was somehow to blame. "It most certainly is," she repeated, with a light uneasy laugh. "But it does me good to hear it. When you haven't had any new clothes for years..."

"You don't need new clothes, Abbie. You never did," Thea interrupted shortly.

Abbie realized that she had said the wrong thing. She had made a bad mistake, but she tried again. She said, "Oh, well, looks aren't important!"

"That," said Thea smoothly, "is a fallacy of thought reserved only for those who can afford to believe it." And the look in her eyes wasn't even guarded now. The look said quite plainly, "I hate you, Abbie Burke. And I always have."

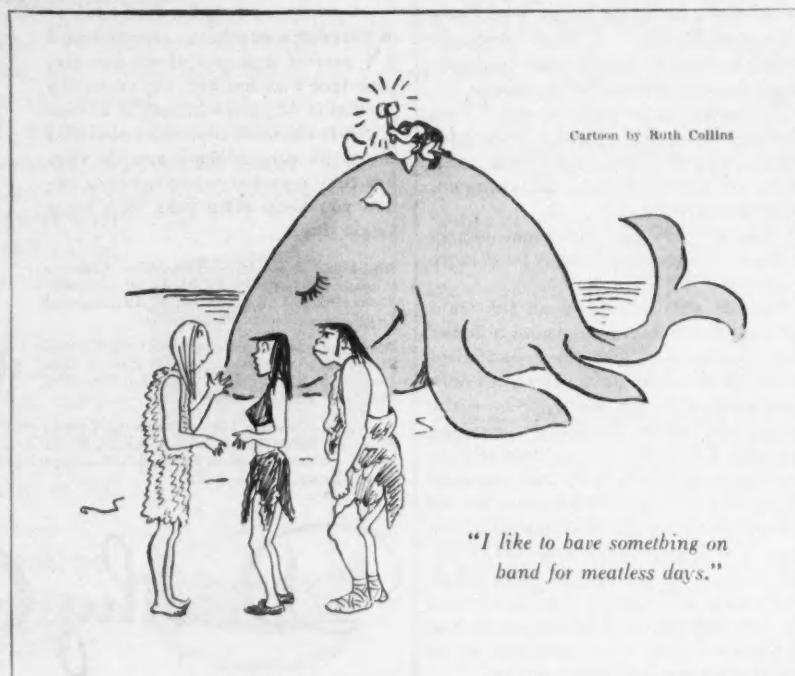
ABBIE LOOKED away. She lit a cigarette, and she saw that her hand was trembling. She said, trying to hide her distress, "Thea, I came about those notes of Tom's. Ralph says they're yours now."

"True enough!" Thea smiled almost mischievously. "You know, Abbie," she said, "it occurred to me just this morning that if Tom couldn't raise that money any other way his patent might be worth something."

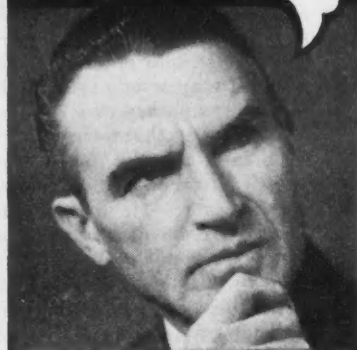
"Oh, Thea, you wouldn't ask that of him!"

"Why not?"

"But don't you see? The patent is Tom's whole life—it's his creation, his special contribution..."



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when she and Tom had been engaged, and Larry had been one of their closest friends. But she saw that to Thea they were still much realer than the present. She said finally, in a low, stifled voice, "Thea, I think I could find a letter up in a trunk in the attic. It was from Larry, congratulating me on my engagement to Tom. And it was written the summer before the winter you speak of." She smiled wistfully. "It was a sweet letter," she said. "Larry was our first confidant. The very first person we told."

THE FIRE wasn't burning so briskly now, and Thea looked frightened for a moment. But then she regained her poise. "That's a likely story!" she said. "A letter in a trunk!"

"There's something else too," Abbie said. "If I could only remember! I don't believe Larry ever told me about you, Thea. He was almost too reticent, you know. But he came to see me one night, just before college closed. He was dreadfully unhappy and he said—he said . . ." It was coming back to her now, but with a tormenting vagueness. She kept on looking at the fire. She said in a low voice, "It was something about a girl who was like an autumn leaf, with brown hair and brown eyes, friendly and sweet. He said, 'I thought we were made for each other, Abbie. But when I asked her to marry me she laughed in my face!'"

"An autumn leaf . . ." Thea said. Her voice was scarcely audible now. She said brokenly, "Larry wrote a poem to me once. I have it still. That was the name of it . . . Oh, Abbie," she said, "how could I ever have known?"

Abbie didn't answer. If she'd said anything, she would have said, "How could you not have known?" But she realized that it wasn't in her heart to understand the tormented, in-grown awareness that had dominated Thea's life in those days. Everything had been colored by jealousy and resentment, distorted beyond all reason . . . so that when the time had come, she hadn't been able

to recognize love in its true enduring form.

Thea said it for her finally. She said despairingly, "I twisted every word he said. I revised it downward into condescension and compromise. I was so sure it was you he really loved, and that I was just a rebound, a second best . . . An autumn leaf," she repeated unsteadily. "That was what he called me, Abbie. That was what he said so often!"

Thea left the room. Her brown eyes were unguarded now, and very lonely. She came back with a paper in her hand, and handed it to Abbie. The paper was old and smudged and carefully mended. Abbie read the title, "An Autumn Leaf," and then she read the poem, and then she burst into tears.

Because it seemed such a waste. Such an utter and needless waste!

"Don't do that, Abbie," Thea said, almost gently. "You mustn't, please. You see, I have Ralph to think of. Ralph is lonely too."

She went to the desk in the corner and handed Abbie some papers. She said, "Here are the notes for Tom's business. I don't want them now. And I won't be able to stand it if you don't take them . . ."

Abbie took the notes, and Thea sat down on the sofa and covered her face with her hands. She said, "You see, I wasn't ready for love in those days. There wasn't room in my heart to believe in love. I was too busy hating you, Abbie."

"I know," Abbie said unsteadily. "Oh, Thea, I do know now!"

"Not really," Thea said quietly. "You never can. You just aren't made that way."

She looked plainer and less assured. But there was a kind of peace in her face now, and when she smiled, it was the saddest smile Abbie thought that she had ever seen. "Ralph Blanchard is a good man, Abbie," she said. "He believes in me, and he trusts me." She spoke quietly, and her voice seemed to be coming from a great distance, almost from a different world. +

## ★ A RAINY DAY ★

By Janet Craig-James

When days of Spring go frisking by, I know that people such as I,  
Should think of moths, and wax and cleaning, but Spring to me has no  
such meaning.

I cast my dusting mop aside, to view my fresh young sprouts with pride.  
A robin's roundelay at seven can bring me one step closer Heaven,  
And pussy willows bursting through to catch a glimpse of tranquil blue,  
Wave furry fingers in my face, and once again I fall from grace.

The warmth of Summer comes, and now, I take another solemn vow,  
And speaking to my neighbor, tell 'er, I'm going to scrub down to the cellar,

But warm mist rising from the stream, can make me walk as in a dream  
Serene and barefoot through the grass, and as the days of Summer pass,  
I haunt the woods, or even worse—thread shining words in strings of verse;  
Inspired by drowsy lanes and lakes, and the soft sound the evening makes.

Why can't I work when Autumn days, with glowing shades are all ablaze,  
And lazy leaves come drifting down, each in a rustling taff'ta gown?

Those distant hills wrapped in a cloak, of red, and blue like muted smoke,  
Await my step, and winding ways, bespeak the haunt of gnomes and fays,  
The Autumn wind is quite aloof and stings my cheek in sharp reproof,  
That lowly mortals such as I should waste the days that hasten by.

Winter strolls in. And so I cried, "These are the days to work inside,"  
But then I found this was not so, for who could waste the first soft snow?

The air itself is all afloat with crystal flakes, and soon a coat  
Is wrapped around each shiv'ring tree, a miracle that all may see;  
While evergreens stand there on guard, a setting for a Christmas card.  
The crowded years roll back and then—I am a little girl again.

But now today's a day of rain, so hide your face, O, errant sun,  
Let streams of water wash the pane, today I'll get my ironing done!



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the friendships, every ounce of recognition that I craved."

"But, Thea, you must be exaggerating..."

"I think I could have stood it," Thea went on stonily, "if it hadn't been so easy for you, Abbie. But without even trying you got every single thing I wanted."

AFTER THAT Thea's voice went on and on, and Abbie sat quite still, listening, through a haze of disbelief to an endless list of grievances. The time they had both been nominated for presidency of the House, and Abbie had got it, the day Abbie had dashed off a sketch at the last minute and been made art editor of the magazine, after Thea had tried so desperately. The teachers who had preferred Abbie; the friends who had dropped Thea like a hot cake at a nod from Abbie Farnum. They mounted up in distorted confusion, episode after episode, through each succeeding year. "And always," Thea said harshly, "you handed me the leftovers, Abbie. You let me tag along in the background, you manoeuvred my drawings into the end pages of the magazines. You condescended patiently, month after month, and I tell you, no one can stand that sort of thing forever."

"But I didn't know," Abbie said helplessly. "Believe me, Thea, I never realized it at all." But even as she spoke she saw that nothing she could say would be of any use, because jealousy like this must be a kind of disease, something so corroding and personal that only those who have the symptoms can really understand them. She made an effort, though. She said, "They seem like such little things, Thea, to remember all these years, and to take so much trouble about, so long afterwards!"

"Maybe so," Thea agreed quietly. "I think I would have forgotten in time if it hadn't been for something else."

"Something else?" Abbie asked. And now she was really afraid. A new force had come into the room, a new malignancy, so that it was hard to breathe, hard to sit quietly in front of the fire.

Thea said steadily, "I might have forgotten, Abbie, if it hadn't been for a boy named Larry Kinsman."

"Larry?"

"Yes. Another of your cast-offs."

"But I don't understand..."

"Surely you haven't forgotten Larry?"

"No, of course not." And even as she spoke Abbie began remembering things about Larry Kinsman, until it seemed almost as though he were in the same room with them so clearly could she see him—a tall, slightly built young man, with steady hazel eyes and a sensitive, rather poetic face... For some reason that made her think about Ralph Blanchard with a curious uneasiness; made her recall with startling clarity his too-heavy, almost paternal face and manner... When you thought of Ralph and then remembered Larry Kinsman, and those rare dynamic qualities of his...

Suddenly Abbie was shivering, and saying with desperate urgency, "Don't tell me any more, Thea. Please! All this happened so long ago!"

"Time is a purely relative matter," Thea said. And she added, in a flat, almost indifferent voice, "Larry Kinsman was the only man I've ever loved, Abbie. And when he asked me to marry him, I laughed in his face."

"Thea, I don't understand. I don't see why..."

"Because you spoiled that for me too, Abbie Farnum! That's why! You spoiled everything that mattered to me!" Thea's voice fell; and Abbie had a curious feeling, as though this scene had been planned so often that it had become inevitable, something that couldn't possibly have been avoided... For 15 years Thea had been substituting resentment for the love she had forfeited. And by now that resentment, and the chance to compensate for it, had become an urgent necessity for her.

"It's really very obvious," Thea continued drily. "I wasn't going to marry one of your cast-offs, Abbie. I wasn't going through life playing second fiddle to you." She smiled, and that made it even worse. She said, "In essence it was the same pattern, repeating itself in the same old way. Larry had been taking you around all winter, and finally you got tired of him and passed him along to me. You even introduced us at a dance one night..." Her voice quickened with anger. She said, "As usual I was the rebound girl, the colorless compromise. Once more I was being handed your leftovers, Abbie. Only this time I was supposed to go through life in that capacity. And maybe I could have stood even that, if I hadn't loved Larry like a crazy thing. I think if I had married him under those circumstances I would have killed him!"

"If only you'd told me!" Abbie said stupidly, because all the time she was trying to picture how it would feel to love someone, and have your love so warped by disbelief...

"Not then, I couldn't have," Thea said. "I had to wait until I had the upper hand!" She laughed. She seemed to be recovering some of her composure, returning, at least partially, to the present. "I've never seen him since; I'm thankful for that much," she said. "We both graduated from our respective colleges, and a couple of years later I came East and met Ralph..."

"Larry Kinsman is married too," Abbie said.

Thea nodded abstractedly. "I imagined as much," she said. She leaned back against the sofa with a gesture almost of relief. "And now that my skeletons are out of the closet, let's return to your little problems, Abbie. Let's see how you like the second-fiddle role!"

Abbie felt almost sick with pity, but Thea continued to play her neat, un-subtle little game. Now she was saying, almost pleasantly, "There's an old proverb, isn't there, Abbie? 'Every dog has his day!'"

"Yes," Abbie agreed in a low voice. She knew she would have to tell Thea the truth; she couldn't let her go through life living a lie. Finally she said unsteadily, "There's one thing wrong about your story, Thea, because you really weren't playing second fiddle at all." And she added, almost regretfully, "Larry never loved me, Thea. Never in the world! He was just helping Tom out, taking me around that winter..."

Thea smiled scornfully. "I suppose you expect me to believe that!" she said.

Abbie pressed her hands against her eyes—trying to encompass the years, to relive those days that were almost forgotten now. Her own life had been so full and active that they seemed to belong to another era—those months

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## Meet Mr. & Mrs. Ivanovich

Continued from page 62

games. Leagues are maintained but, as far as your correspondent knows, there are no professional players. Everyone earns his living at a job. However, human nature being what it is, one doesn't doubt that a national champion working in a shop doesn't have to work very hard, or for that matter very much.

Horse racing is popular. Moscow races are attended by four or five thousand people. Betting is permitted and, in fact, encouraged. But it would take a lot of propaganda to get your correspondent to put any money on the nose because you have to put it on two noses simultaneously. A sort of double in one race. You must select both first and second horses. The odds, those in the know say, are slightly against you—just about a million to one.

Business houses, state-owned, are sedate concerns, with crisply efficient stenographers, bookkeepers, secretaries. As with us, secretaries have been known to marry their bosses. Office employees in wartime worked 10 to 12 hours. Before the war they worked only seven, and sometimes six. Absence for sickness or other justifiable cause—like having a husband come back from the wars—does not mean loss of pay. But one must have a doctor's slip or other corroborative evidence . . . or else.

Better gambling than horse racing is life insurance. The Russians are great patrons of this form of savings. All insurance is written by a state-owned company. A person must undergo a medical examination, and pass other tests, exactly as with us. A 35-year-old man taking out a 20-year life insurance policy for the equivalent of \$25,000 will be expected to pay 46.5 rubles per 1,000 rubles per year, or approximately \$1,116 annual premium. Can anyone afford this in Russia? Yes: writers, artists, opera and motion picture stars, inventors, well-to-do farmers.

In casting a glance at all these lesser-known features of Soviet life, so many other questions come to mind. The police, for example, or the libraries.

The police—called militia—is composed of about an equal number of men and women. The girls do traffic duty, and when necessary, cover a beat. Their system of arrests is the same as ours, except that in minor infractions, such as jaywalking, or jumping off a moving streetcar, you are asked to pay a fine on the spot. If you refuse you are taken to the militia station and appear before the lieutenant who can fine you three times as much. There is no equivalent of our police courts, but their magistrates' court is the closest to our concept of quick justice.

Russia is replete with lending libraries owned by the state, the trade-unions, factories, schools, farms. Books are given out free of charge. There is no equivalent of our corner four-cent-a-day library.

ALL RUSSIAN stores are "chain" stores, that is they belong to "trusts" which in turn are owned by the cities, wards, republics, whole country. Thus Glavosobtorg (Chief Organization for Special Trading) owns all stores in which trading is done outside the ration system

and at comparatively high prices. These shops are replete with everything under the sun—from bananas in the groceries to pianos in the department stores. The main Moscow department store is very much like a second-rate department store in any North American city. Goods are generally of high quality but rather poor finish. The rationed goods stores, still under the influence of wartime conditions, have very little except the basic items of consumption.

Immediately following the Supreme Soviet decree increasing aid to expectant mothers, orders went out to all republics, provinces and cities to organize stores catering only to pregnant women, with the aim of improving their supplies and eliminating the need for tiresome standing in queues. Such shops sell maternity dresses, layettes, medicaments and foods necessary for special diets. The few I have seen were tastefully decorated and contained chairs and benches on which the customers could sit while having the sales girls take their orders.

On the whole, however, it must be said that the Russians, despite enormous difficulties and shortages which make their standard of living lower than ours, are doing the world's best job of caring for expectant mothers, babies and children. In cities liberated from the Germans, where the population still lived under the effects of the nightmare of slavery, it was touching to see the Red Army and the civilian authorities make almost their first concern the opening of creches and kindergartens. Amazingly, youngsters in Russia, even during the worst period of the war, looked rather well fed although the unbalanced diet began to tell toward the end. The enormous number of women attracted to industry during the war, and still retained in industry owing to the loss of so many men, has made the creation of a vast network of children's homes, kindergartens and nurseries absolutely necessary. Most children receive hot meals in schools and free medical care. (All medical care in Russia is free.) Aid sent from Canada and other Allies during the war helped to alleviate the difficulties of both mothers' and children's lives and has laid deep foundations for warm human friendship between our countries.

Then you may ask about theatres. Excellent. Ballet: irresistible, superb. Musical comedies are loved, but there are very few if any on modern themes. No "Of Thee I Sing," for example. There are special theatres for children—in Moscow two, and a couple of puppet theatres.

But the movies hold top place with all the Ivanoviches. The Russian neighborhood movie is a club house, with concert halls for intermissions and waiting, libraries, rooms for chess and checkers. Very often the theatres arrange for Heroes of the Soviet Union, professors, scientists, travellers to attend performances and "meet the folks." This has been a very successful idea.

American movies are liked best. As I have stated, "Charley's Aunt" panicked 'em. And "Bambi" plays to S.R.O.

Such are the Russians *en deshabille*, so to speak.

And all these things we do not know about them, they, in their own turn, do not know about us. So there we are.

Trade enquiries: Please cable 'Hack, London'  
Sole manufacturers: C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND

**"NERVES"**  
*She Called it*

Losing interest—losing friends—she never went out any more—always too tired. "Nerves," she thought—but it was her kidneys, the filters of her blood, that needed attention. Delay meant danger. She took Dodd's Kidney Pills at once. The improved action of her kidneys helped to clear away blood impurities and excess acids. Fatigue, headache, backache, lack of energy, disappeared.

**Dodd's Kidney Pills**

**EYES TIRED?**  
**TWO DROPS**  
**QUICK RELIEF**

Help your tired eyes with quick, soothing aid from Murine. Use Murine whenever eyes smart or burn . . . or need relaxing by cleansing. Originated by an eye physician, Murine is used in industrial plants and first aid kits. It is safe, gentle and most soothing: contains a scientific blend of seven ingredients. Help tired eyes with Murine. Ask for it by name!

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SOOTHES·CLEANSSES·REFRESHES

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## IN THE ... DRAWING ROOM MANNER



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**CAMEO STATIONERY**  
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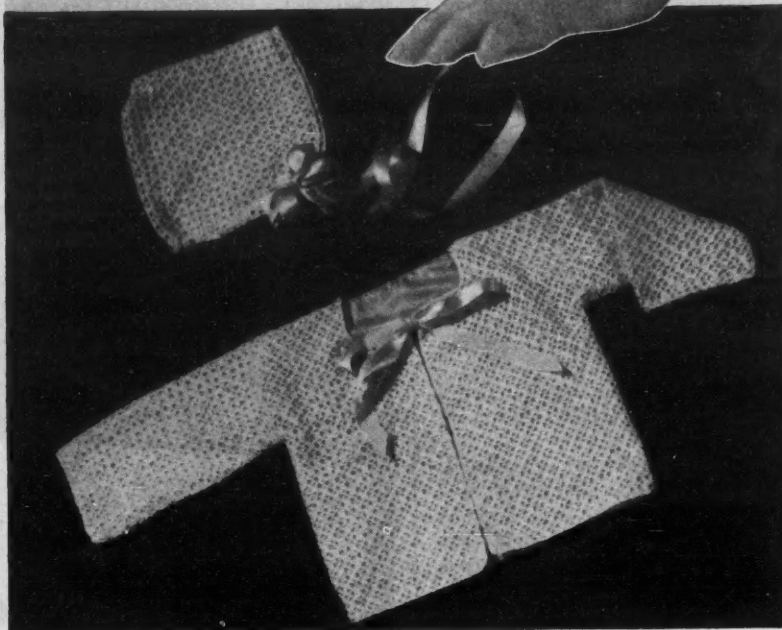
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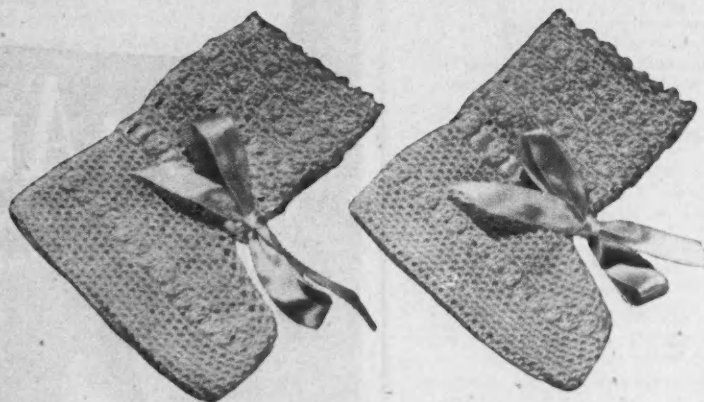
## Baby Talk

Crochet these new  
wardrobe items for  
the young master



THE great big smile on this young superman's chubby face is his way of showing how he feels about the business of keeping cosy and warm, but looking smart and up-to-date too! He'd love a set like this one—bonnet, sacque and booties—because he firmly believes that a fellow needs extra woollies any time of the year—and especially for the spring pram parade.

The filet crochet stitch is simple to follow, and firm enough to stand wear and washing without losing shape. Bonnet and sacque, both to be lined for extra warmth, are designed for a good fit, and the booties, nicely shaped, are deep-cuffed to stay put on kicking feet. Instructions for these exclusive Chatelaine crochet designs may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. Order S119, Bonnet and Sacque, 10 cents; S118, Booties, 5 cents.



## Nerves on edge



If the daily grind is getting you down, if you're irritable, jumpy, easily upset, try Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites. Known the world over, Fellows' contains the essential mineral elements needed to tone up your nerves, to enrich your blood, to improve your appetite and help you get full value from your food.

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**Brush Away  
GRAY  
HAIR**

... AND LOOK 10  
YEARS YOUNGER

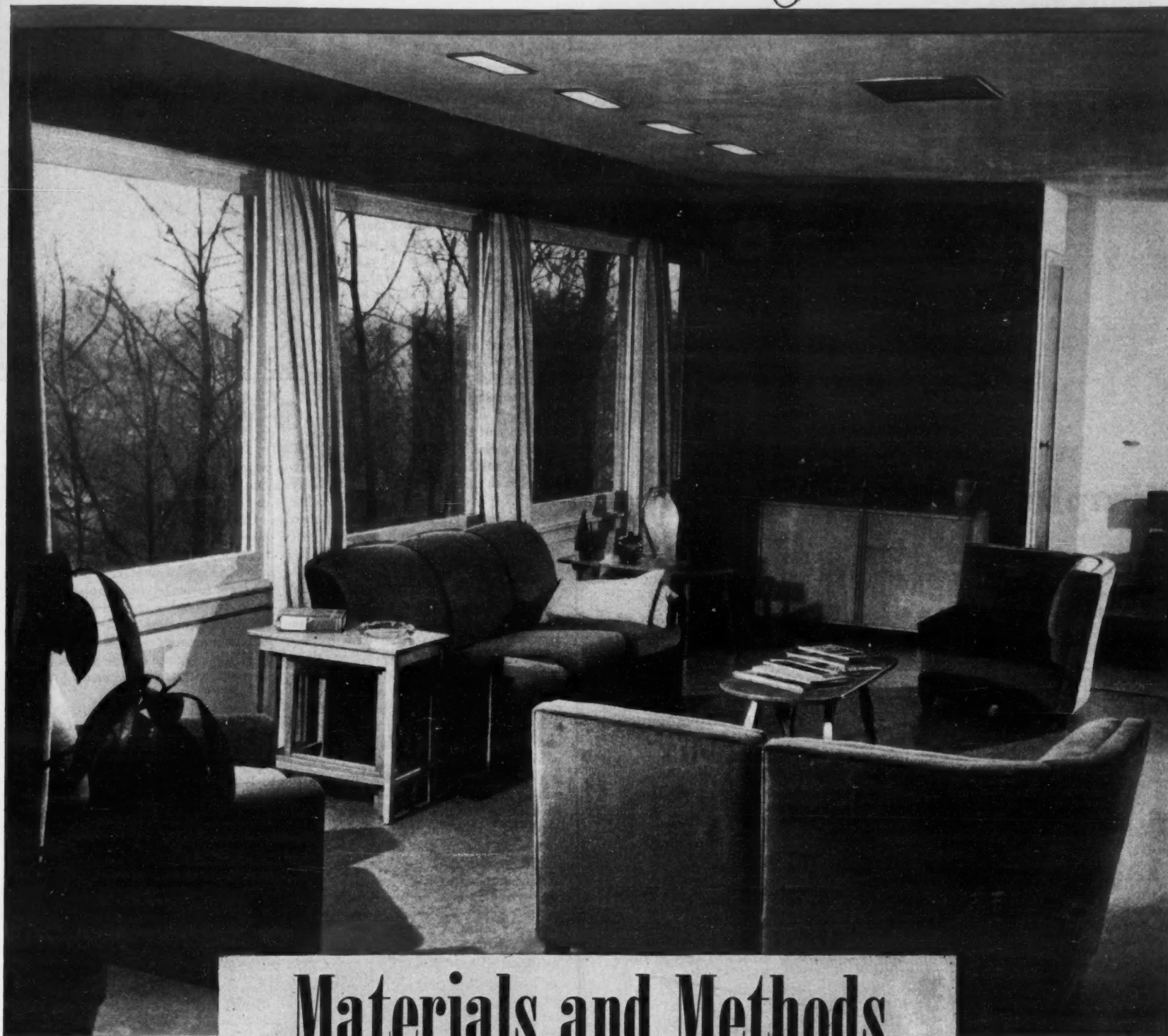


Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 50c and \$1.50 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

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# ★ ★ ★ Chatelaine Home Planning ★ ★ ★



Bonny Jaques

## Materials and Methods IN THE NEWS

**R**EMEMBER HOW the spider invited the fly to step into his parlor? The living room shown above makes the same request of the winter sun. But once it sets its rays inside the window, they're imprisoned and every bit of heat is extracted from them. A commendable bit of treachery considering it slices chunks off the fuel bill. Ask Mr. and Mrs. R. Coffey, owners of this solar house at Dundas, Ont. They know!

Solar heating is a development made possible by a new kind of glass. In fact, it may surprise you to learn how many more innovations result from improvements

**By John Caulfield Smith**  
*Architectural Editor*

in old materials than from discovery of entirely new ones. Evolution in the construction industry takes place slowly. Established methods, materials and equipment are not discarded unless there is something of proved worth to replace them.

The glass used in solar design has been tried and tested under the severest climatic conditions in the world: at the South Pole, where a difference of 150

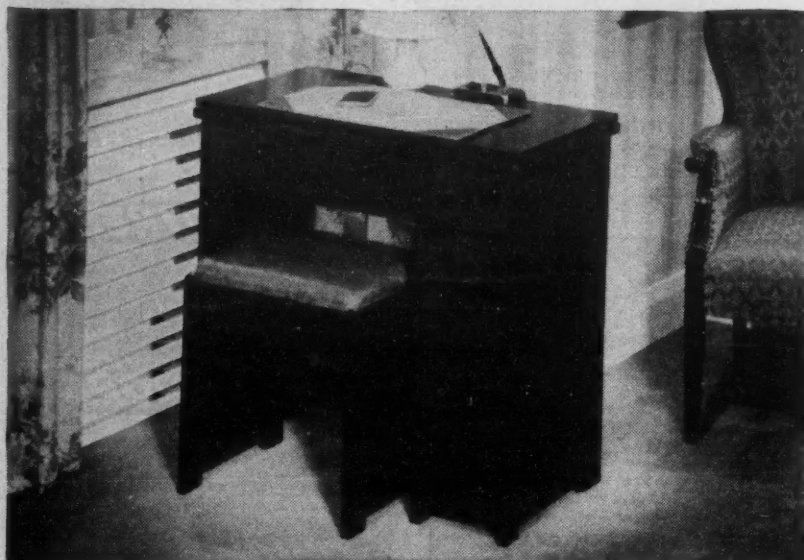
degrees prevailed between indoor and outdoor temperatures. It consists of two or more sheets of polished glass, separated from one another by a dehydrated air space, and sealed together by a metal edge.

Not only does this multiple glass remain clear at times when a single sheet of glass would be foggy or frosted, but it insulates against heat loss. In double-thickness form it has as much insulation value as an eight-inch-thick brick wall. Double thickness is usually enough for house windows, except in exposed locations where triple thickness may be needed.

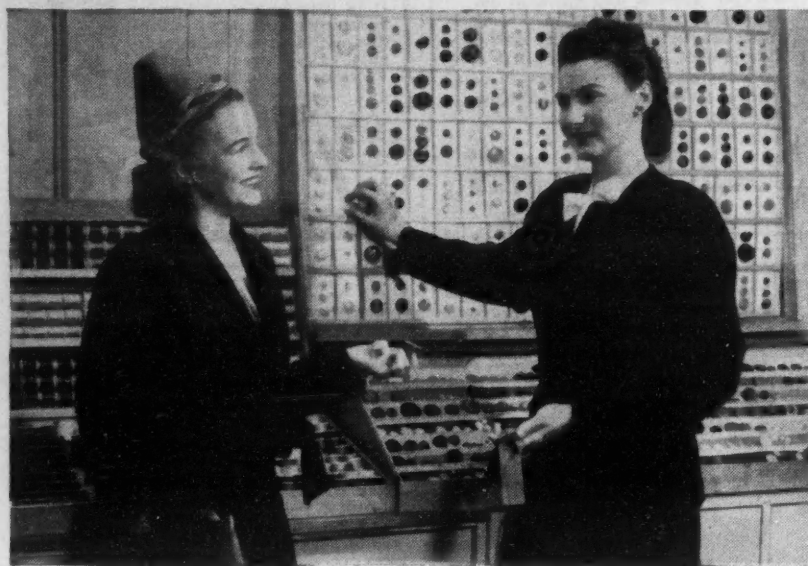
In addition to insulation, ✦ *Continued on next page*



# Come in and choose your new SINGER!



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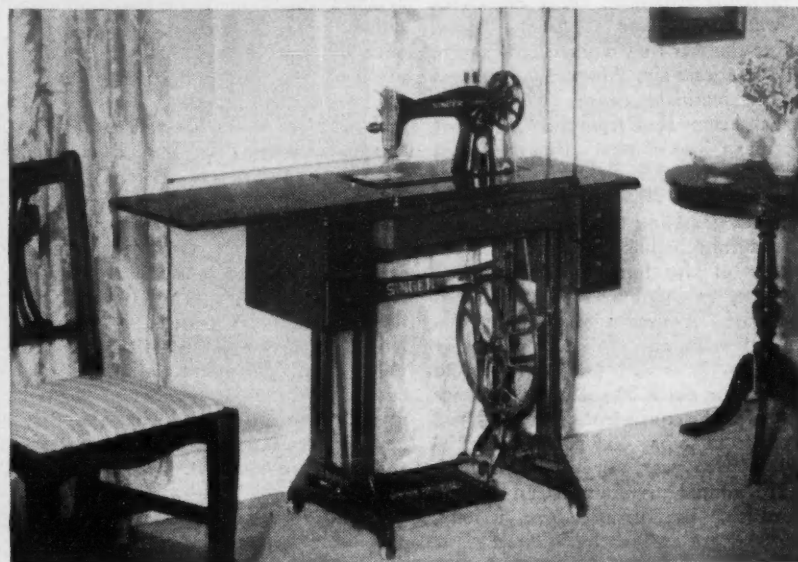


• **Your Singer Sewing Center** is not only equipped to sell or rent you sewing machines—but is a gold mine of sewing help, besides! Try the Notions Counter for your shoulderpads, thread, shields, trimmings, and dress accessories. Ask about our lessons in cutting, fitting, and home decoration. Make this your headquarters for sewing!

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• **Whisk it out of sight** in its dustproof, light-weight wood cover when you're through sewing anything, anywhere, on this compact portable. Has knee or foot control, quiet enclosed motor, large capacity round bobbin.



• **This modern treadle** machine sews forward or backward, offers hinged presser foot, dial tension control and all other latest Singer sewing features. May easily be converted for electrical operation, if later desired.

**H**UNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of women have been waiting for the day they could get a new sewing machine.

Well—that day is here and you can really walk into your local Singer Sewing Center and order the machine of your dreams—a new Singer.

Think of the joy of having a Singer—that does every job smoothly, so efficiently and easily that sewing becomes fun instead of work!

Yes, the new Singers are wonderful—and no matter what model you choose—cabinet, desk or portable—you'll bless the faithful year-in, year-out service you'll get from the smooth-running machine inside it.

Decide today to have a Singer of your very own!

## SINGER

SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

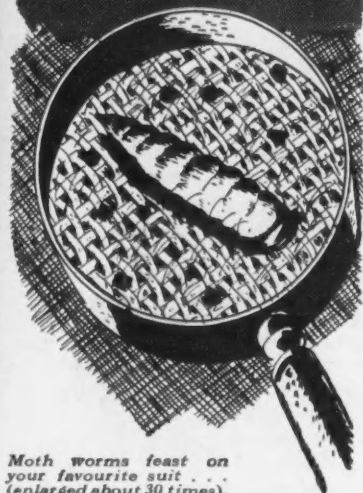
• **For your protection** Singer Sewing Machine Company sells its machines only through its Sewing Centers identified by the famous Red "S" trademark on the window—never through department stores or other sewing machine dealers.



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EVERYWHERE**

## UNSEEN MOTH WORMS

# Eat YOUR CLOTHING



Moth worms feast on your favourite suit... (enlarged about 30 times).

A magnifying glass might reveal a hungry saboteur at work on your clothing and drapes. Moth worms hatch in dark, warm places, eating their fill before emerging as flying moths to lay more eggs. 30 days complete their life cycle, then you have a new crop of hungry worms. Fly-Tox is your potent ally against moth life.

### MORE ECONOMICAL



Fly-Tox, developed by Rex Research, is a reliable, potent insecticide, yet is absolutely harmless to delicate fabrics. Fly-Tox is economical, too, because it kills swiftly, surely; yet there is no unpleasant odour.

### Save Moth Tax



Canada pays an annual moth damage bill of \$22,000,000 — or \$10.00 per family, not to mention the time and trouble of trying to replace damaged articles. Don't take chances—spray Fly-Tox into cupboards regularly. Get a large bottle of economical Fly-Tox at your nearest store today.



46-3

# FLY-TOX

KILLS MOTHS AND OTHER INSECT PESTS

On account of the large size of the sheets of multiple glass used, windows in a solar house are usually fixed in place. This means they are both rainproof and burglarproof. The common method of providing for fresh air takes the form of ventilating louvers placed on the south, under the windows, and on the north, over them. The louvers are screened and ventilation is controlled by a hinged panel operated from inside.

It's not hard to keep window walls clean. Because the edges are sealed, dirt cannot filter in between the sheets of multiple glass. There are only two surfaces to maintain spotless and shining. It's easier to look after them than to fuss with a window divided into small rectangles, each with four corners. All that's required is a pail of hot water, a brush and a squeegee similar to the type used by professional window cleaners.

Fading of fabrics and carpets by the sun cannot be prevented except by use of specially treated glass. Some satisfaction can be derived from the fact that with large windows fading is so uniform it can hardly be noticed! The furnishings of a solar house should not have to be renewed more frequently than those of an ordinary dwelling.

MANY HOUSES designed to use multiple glass also feature dry construction. That is to say they do not employ plaster as an interior finish. Instead they place reliance upon plywood and boards made of gypsum, wood fibre or asbestos cement.

The shortage of plasterers is one reason why dry construction has been adopted. But plaster itself is also to blame. Its greatest fault as a material is the fact that its use involves great quantities of water, a menace to other materials such as wood, which must be kept dry if they are to give satisfactory service. It requires weeks for the moisture to evaporate, resulting in delay and added expense. And, even taking every precaution, cracks usually make an appearance.

Plywood is particularly attractive for interior work. The most recent development is the "striated" variety, which is made by running ordinary plywood sheets through cutting knives that score the surface with myriads of tiny lines all going in the same direction. When plywood sheets of this type are mounted side by side, the joint between them is practically invisible.

Other new varieties soon to be available include plywood combined with colored laminates; with metal, cloth or impregnated paper; in the form of angles and molded shapes; and fire-resistant panels. One Canadian company, utilizing its wartime experience, has already introduced a line of molded plywood trim for doors and windows.

Regarding doors and windows, the trend on the part of manufacturers is to market a "packaged" product. Doors and windows, together with their frames and trim, are sold as complete units. In the case of windows, sash are hung, weatherstripping applied, and storm sash and screens fitted right in the factory. Some firms carry the idea of standardization of building elements further and manufacture prefabricated kitchen cupboards, staircases, entrance doorways, china cabinets and fireplace mantels. They retain prominent archi-

Continued on page 77



Picture yourself in joyful rooms like these!

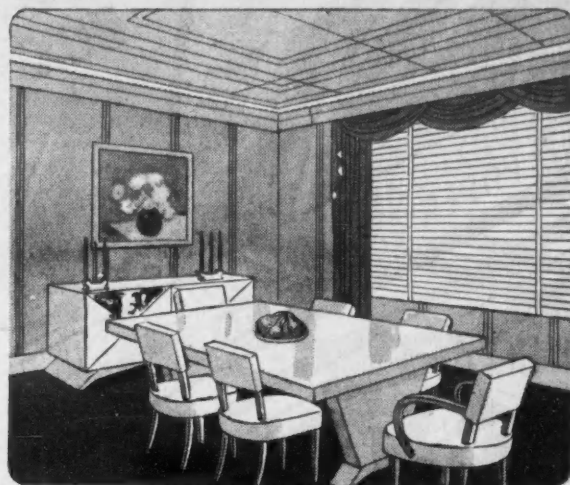
### This Living Room

interior breathes style and distinction. Standard panels of Masonite® Presdwood with bevelled edges, and 2-line scoring, achieve the modern wall decoration; ceiling also of Presdwood. All painted a rich ivory. Beauty and good taste—with economy.



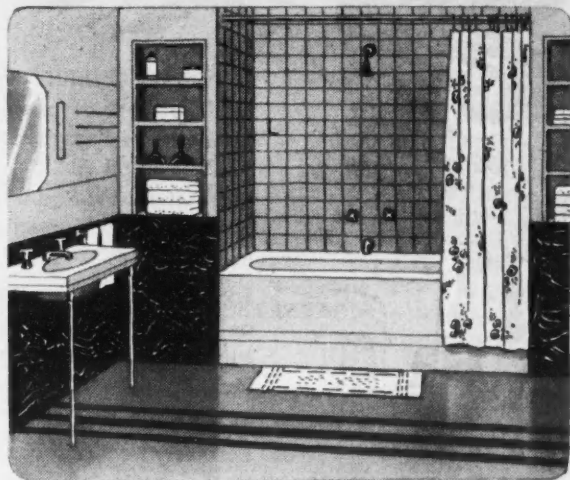
### This Dining Room

provides gracious formality in a practical manner, with plank-effect on walls obtained by scoring Tempered Presdwood. Ceiling is beautifully patterned by grooving and bevelling this same versatile material.



### This Bathroom

with its water-resistant walls that are so easily kept gleaming and spotless, is featured by bath-recess of Temptile. Set-in shelves, upper walls, and marbelized wear-resisting wainscot are all of Tempered Presdwood.



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Masonite Brand Products are in great demand for Canada's rehabilitation and post-war expansion programs...causing a shortage of this most versatile building material.

Everything possible, however, is being done to overcome the shortage. So it will pay you to wait...

for only modern, economical Masonite can reproduce beautiful rooms like these, whether you are building a new home or renovating an old one.

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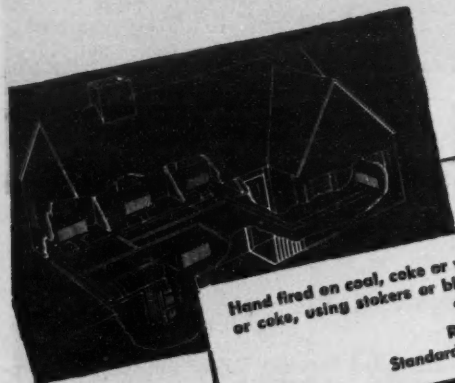
## Heating is a simple problem for him!

The Eskimo has reduced heating to its lowest possible denominator—walrus blubber and a wick, and he is set for the winter.

But for home owners picking out a heating system, it isn't quite as simple as that. What sort of fuel is preferred or most practical—wood, coal, gas, oil? Should the system be hand-fired, mechanically fired using a stoker or blower, or completely automatic? Is the basement to be heated? These and many other questions arise concerning the installation of the equipment so vital to your health and comfort throughout our rigorous Canadian winters.

Be sure you get the right answers. Consult your heating contractor in the first instance, telling him your overall requirements and preferences and seeking his counsel. He knows what equipment will work best for you. He will make a study of your requirements and will recommend the type of Crane heating which will give you the utmost in comfort, reliability and economy.

When you build, build for permanent freedom from heating worries—build your home around Crane hot water heating.



### CRANE Hot Water Heating

Hand fired on coal, coke or wood . . . Mechanically fired on coal or coke, using stokers or blowers . . . Completely automatic on oil or gas.

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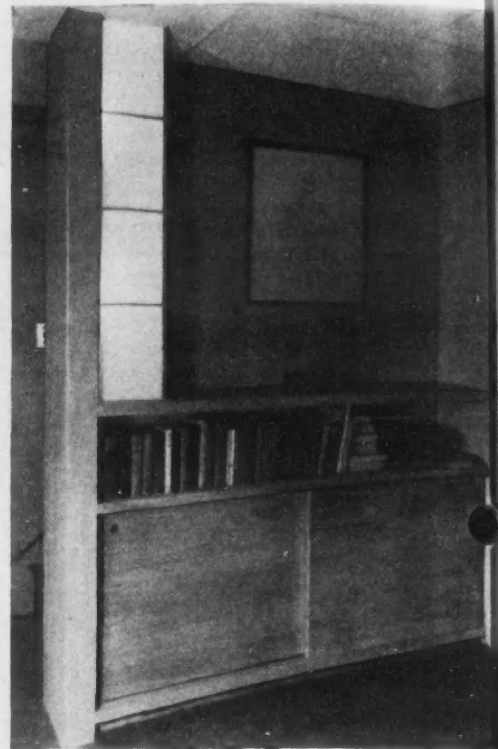
the glass provides "insolation"—a new term you'll be meeting with. The rays of the sun have a short wave length. They pass through the glass, strike the various objects in the room and are reflected from them. But enough of the rays' warmth is absorbed to lengthen their wave length so much that the glass will not retransmit them. Instead of the heat being lost, as in the case of single glazing, it is trapped and utilized.

All very well, you're thinking, but who would want to live in a solar house in summer? The heat would bake you like a potato in an oven!

Not correct. Though roof and walls are packed with insulation, the real secret lies in the plan of the house and the way in which it is placed on the site. The plan is generally rectangular in shape, with the north side acting as a buffer against winter winds. Living quarters always face south and are protected by a wide, overhanging roof eave. Gordon S. Adamson, Toronto architect who pioneered this field of design in Canada, explains, "Because of the difference in the angle at which sun's rays strike vertical surfaces in midwinter as compared with midsummer, it is possible by means of overhanging eaves or other projections to eliminate the direct rays in summer and take full advantage of them in winter."

WINDOWS ON the south wall of a solar house are practically continuous. The quality and amount of light admitted are amazing. Strangely enough, there is no glare. With conventional windows glare is caused by the strong contrast between the relatively small light areas and the dark surfaces of surrounding walls. In solar houses entire walls are windows and the even illumination does away with glare.

Window walls provide a means of resting the eyes that is very beneficial. Medical authorities point out that eyes need rest just as much as, or more than, any other part of the body. They are completely at rest only when they are looking farther than 20 feet. With the huge glass areas of a solar house it is

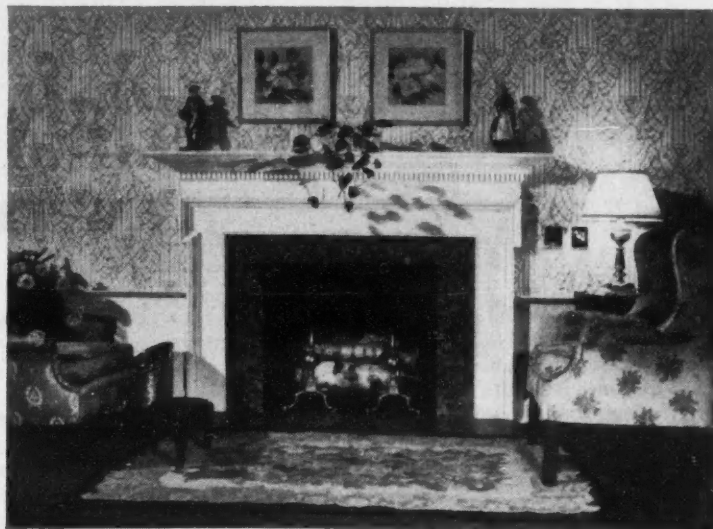


Plywood, a dry wall finish especially suitable for interior use, can also be employed in making built-in furniture.

impossible for eyes to be employed for long periods without surveying the view and thus being relieved of strain.

Care must be taken in placing windows to preserve privacy. The ideal location for a solar house is on the south side of an east-west street. This permits the main rooms to enjoy proper exposure while overlooking the garden. Lots on north-south streets present a problem, requiring a fairly wide frontage. On a large lot the house can be planned all on one floor, whereas on a narrow lot it will probably have two stories.

Even on cloudy days a certain amount of solar heat is obtained. But because it cannot be stored, a heating plant of normal capacity is required. Whatever system is used must be flexible. It should be possible to kill manufactured heat as soon as the sun's rays penetrate the rooms, and revive it just as fast when solar heat is no longer available. To ensure most economical results, mechanical firing and some method of automatic control are required.



Stock building elements like windows, doors, cupboards, etc., are being produced in factories. This Georgian style mantel is architect-designed, but because of assembly-line methods price is modest



Border or cut-out motifs from wallpaper can bring new interest to furniture and accessories. Consider this treatment for a small bedroom or powder room that won't accommodate many pieces. Give over one wall entirely to the dressing table group which is worked out by using two chests brought together by a long mirror topped with a wooden valance box concealing the lighting. Decorate the valance box and frame the mirror with the border or rows of cut-outs—and you might like matching treatment on plain lamp shades. Or, if you start with unpainted chests, how about using a few yards of attractive wallpaper pattern to cover all their visible surfaces, protecting the treatment with colorless shellac after the paste has dried? Arrange this grouping against a plain wall and have the other three walls done in the same pattern. Striking!



Papers that simulate wood can give you a "panelled" study at a small fraction of the expense involved in a real installation. These wood papers are extraordinarily good-looking; you needn't be afraid of finishing up with a cheap imitation. Sometimes a split treatment is used—that is, a natural pine paper on the fireplace and bookcase wall say, and a pretty colonial type design on the others.

## Materials and Methods in the News

Continued from page 75

tects to prepare authentic designs which are then produced by assembly-line methods to sell at a modest price.

Two new types of window screens are already on the market. One operates on the principle of the Venetian blind: by means of infinitely small horizontal louvers the sun's rays are deflected, thus keeping rooms cooler in summer. The other utilizes plastic cloth which has the advantages of neither rusting nor staining.

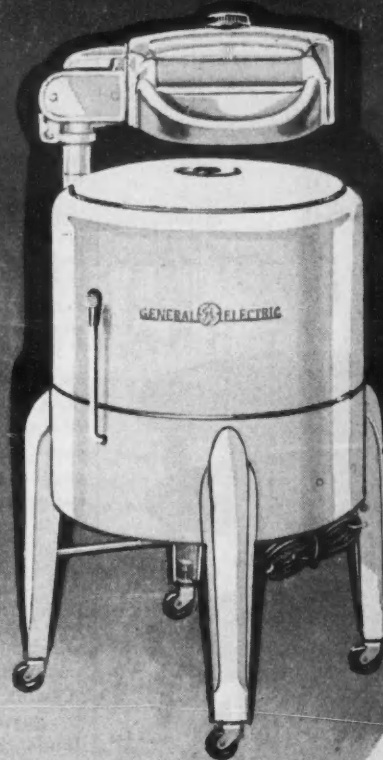
Plastics will, of course, be increasingly used in residential work. Applications will be both utilitarian and decorative. For instance, it is now possible to mold an entire kitchen drainboard and back-splash in a single plastic section capable

of taking any punishment a housewife can inflict on it. More dramatic, perhaps, is a crystal-clear plastic which had its premier showing in Toronto last fall. Though as transparent as glass it is only half as heavy. It is highly shatter-resistant and can be easily worked and formed. A sample installation showed its use in a bedroom, dressing room and bath. Transparent walls, indirectly illuminated, presented a striking architectural picture.

Another addition to the company of new materials contributing to construction progress is an amazing waterproof coating. It comes in the form of a white powder, ground to finer consistency even than face powder, which becomes an insoluble compound after being mixed with water and spread on a porous masonry surface. This magic material penetrates the smallest pores and because it expands as it dries, provides absolutely watertight protection. ♦

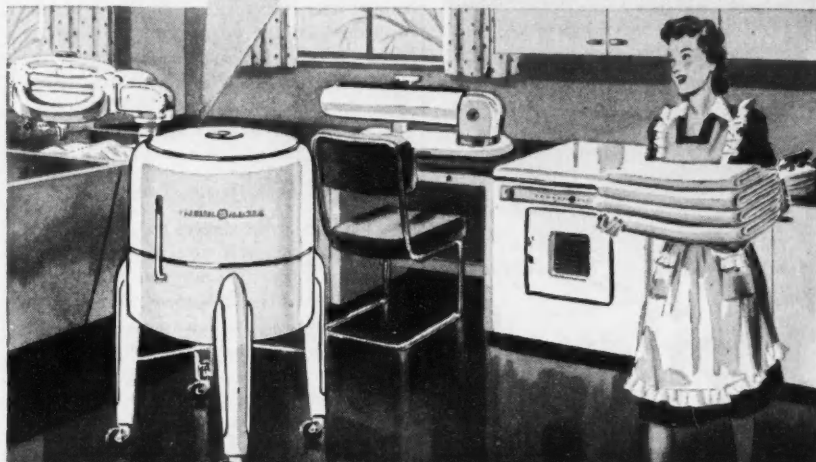
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-from  
**TUB**  
to  
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THERE'S FOOD!**



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waxed paper  
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**YOU'LL CHEER** when you read this! The special metal cutting edge is back on the FOOD-SAVER box. How neatly you'll zip off just the right length now! More than ever you'll value FOOD-SAVER as the dainty protector of food freshness and flavor.

FOOD-SAVER is pure Waxed Paper — pure as the food you serve. It's heavy, smooth and pliable too — easy to fold and tuck tightly around foods or stretch over bowls, jars and tins.

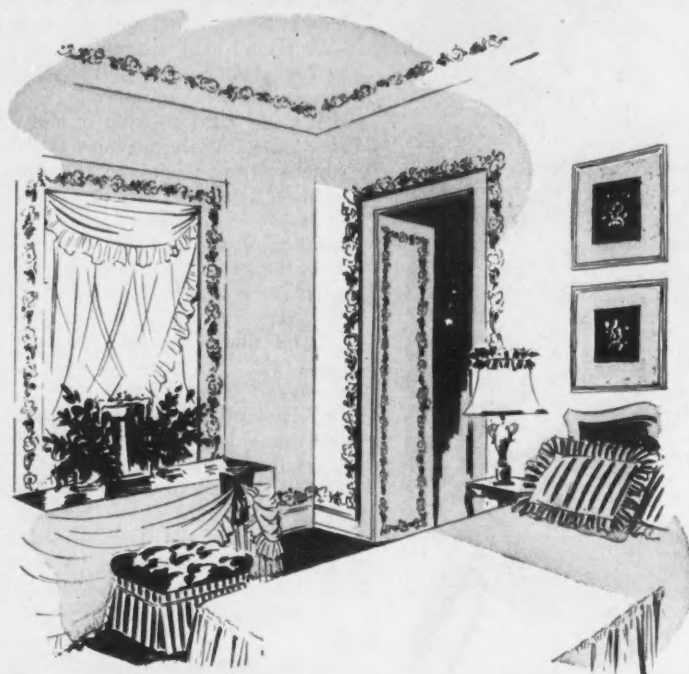
Formerly called Para-Sani, FOOD-SAVER is the nation's fastest-selling household Waxed Paper—produced in Canada and sold from coast-to-coast.

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HEAVY WAXED PAPER**

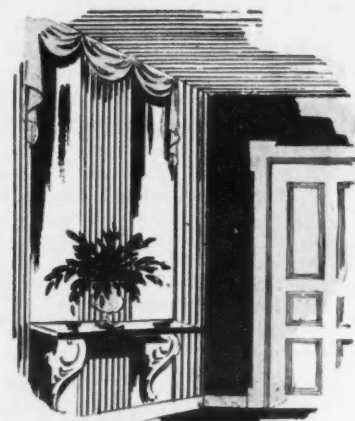
## Ways With Wallpapers

by Margaret H. Reid



**W**ALLPAPER borders make news as they take to the ceiling—or dress up your windows. Here is an idea to freshen up your bedroom. Remove the cornice molding, if there is one there, and run one or two rows of border around the room—one on the ceiling and the other on the wall. Take down shabby overdraperies, and as a substitute outline the frames of the windows with the same wallpaper border, then use only crisp frilled glass curtains. Frame the doors in the same way. And, if you like, create the effect of a panel for your bedheads by running the border from floor to ceiling. A neat border of rose garlands on any plain-color wall will give you a new bedroom; costs practically nothing, and what's more, it's fun to do.

For an apartment foyer, or any tired-looking hallway for that matter, a bold use of contrasting color and plain and patterned can work wonders. A longish narrow hall can gain in width and smartness by the combined use of a striped paper and mirrors. Run the paper across the width of the ceiling and down one wall. Leave the other walls a plain light color. Drape swags of harmonizing fabric over a pair of mirrors against the striped portion.



It's familiar advice to say use a small-patterned paper on the ceiling and walls if you have dormer windows and a sloping roof—but it's still good! You can develop the theme with nice results by papering the panels in the doors, and using the same paper on closet and in bureau drawers. Makes a fresh, gay scheme for that extra bedroom in the attic.

There's news, too, in the ready-pasted wallpapers that can be applied to the wall quick as wink, and by any normally handy person. Patterns are in good variety—polka dots, stripes, flower motifs, etc.—and the directions for hanging are clear and easy to follow. After measuring and cutting required length, you dunk each piece holus-bolus in a bath or laundry tub filled with cool water, roll it up, lift it to let the water drip off, then apply to wall, smoothing it with the flat of your hand. No long tables required, no paste to be mixed, no brushes to be wielded. And what a break—not to have to wait your turn for the paperhanger!



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TWICE  
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**DOMINION SEED HOUSE — GEORGETOWN, ONT.**

position, but they managed nicely for Florence's money was in gilt-edged securities and Helen had a job. When Florence died she left her money to William for he had nothing else to keep him. But then he died shortly after and it was found that under an old will he had left everything to his sister. Thus none of Florence's children got any of her money and it went to a stranger. Florence could easily have made out her will to provide that William would receive the interest on the money during his lifetime and that then it would go to Helen, who was unmarried, or to all the children if she preferred.

WHEN YOU have decided how you want your property divided, tell the lawyer the whole circumstances, just exactly what you want to accomplish and what you want to avoid. He cannot carry out your wishes unless you give him the full facts.

Then it is very important to keep a will up to date. It may have to be changed many times. If there is a birth or a death in the family it is likely that you will wish your property to be distributed differently. When children become self-supporting and no longer need help, you may want your wife to get the whole estate. Or a change in financial conditions may call for a change in the will, especially if there are bequests for specific amounts.

When Bruce McGregor was planning his large estate, among numerous other bequests he included a legacy of \$1,000 a year, tax free, to his married daughter Bertha. He left the very substantial residue of the estate to his wife. But he died when times were bad and it was found that he was not nearly so well off as it was believed. He had suffered serious losses and both real estate and stock market values were down. Moreover interest rates were very much lower than when the will was drawn and therefore more principal was needed to provide the \$1,000 annual income. On top of that, income tax and succession duty rates had soared and a very much larger income was required to give \$1,000 tax free. When it was all figured out, it was found that in order to give the daughter the \$1,000 a year tax free, which originally was intended only as pin money, the entire estate would be used up!

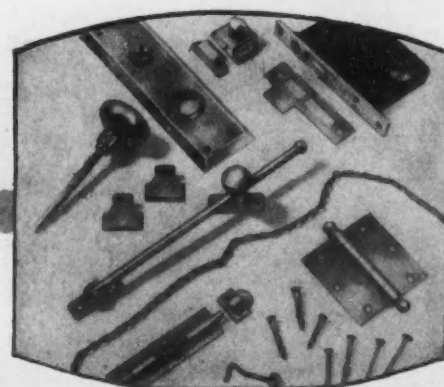
In all, it is your duty to make a will no matter how little you may have to leave and to consider carefully so that the money will be justly distributed whatever the future may bring. Then keep your will up to date. Always consult a lawyer before you make your will or alter it. ✚

## Getting Ready for Spring?

Begin now to think about brightening your home for spring—with window treatment as a good starting point. You'll find many helpful new ideas on the making of glass curtains and draperies in our Chatelaine bulletin:

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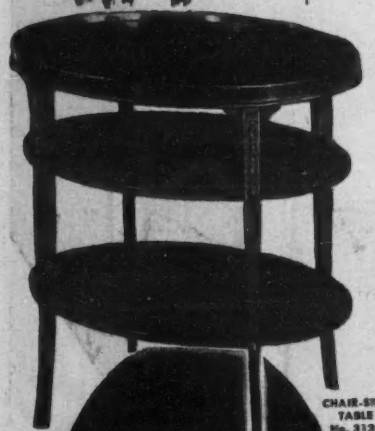
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## Making Your Will

by Lillian D. Millar

THEY COULDN'T find Peter's will. Marjory had been confident that there was one and that everything was in order because she and Peter had discussed the whole matter after the new baby had arrived. They had searched but could find no trace of it. Finally they had to face the fact that there was no will. Evidently, although he had intended to, Peter had been so busy that he had not attended to it. And then it was too late, for one day they had found him dead at his desk at the office.

Peter had always looked after the accounts and finances, and the family bank account was in his name. As Marjory did not have an account of her own she found herself temporarily without any money, for the law said that before she could get any cash, or bills could be paid, the Court had to appoint an administrator of the estate. Marjory was horrified when they wanted to have Peter's brother, George, with whom she had never been able to get along, made administrator. No doubt he was a good businessman but he was mean and difficult, so different from Peter. Then, to guard against his dissipating the funds, the law required that George put up a bond and the estate had to pay the premium. The state also had to bear the cost of advertising to find out if there were any outstanding debts.

Marjory found that eventually she would receive \$5,000 and one third of the balance of the estate. The other two thirds would be divided evenly among the three children. But until they become 21 years old she will not be able to spend their share except by special order of the court and then only in event of real need. Moreover she will have to account for everything she spends and she must satisfy the court that the money was used in the best interests of the children. But in Marjory's opinion the last straw was added to her burden when she found that all through the years, until the baby was 21 years old, the estate would have to pay George for his services as administrator. And George is just the type of man to take the money.

Marjory's position was both difficult and galling. The settlement of the estate was complicated and costly. It was delayed for years, and she had to skimp and take in some roomers because she could not use the children's share. But she was not so badly off as some, for at least eventually the money went to her and the children—the ones Peter wanted to have it.

BUT THIS is not always the case. Many times when there is no will, money and property may be divided quite differently than the deceased would wish and in a way which may work an injustice to rightful heirs. When Hugh Patterson died he left his whole estate to Beatrice, his wife. The understanding was that it would be hers while she lived and then it would be used to buy an annuity for Ellen, the daughter who had always stayed at home to look after her parents. He didn't want to leave anything to Grace, the married daughter, or to the three boys. They didn't need it

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for they were all well established and prosperous and there was just enough to look after Beatrice and Ellen. But Hugh neglected to mention in his will that after Beatrice died the money was to go to Ellen. Beatrice did not make a will; therefore when Beatrice died the money was divided evenly among the five children. Ellen's share was quite inadequate to keep her. Grace and the boys were willing to sign off their share, but Grace's husband and the boys' wives objected to their doing so. Ellen had always been told that she was well provided for, yet she was left at middle age without enough to keep her and she had no special training to equip her to earn her living, and no experience, for she had never had a job.

Why do so many people neglect to make proper provision for those who are nearest and dearest to them? Partly, it is because they procrastinate. They intend to do it, but keep putting it off until it is too late. In many cases it is a reluctance to consider the possibility of death. The subject is painful and they avoid it. Wives and husbands, parents and children, cannot bring themselves to discuss how they will carry on if one should be taken. But to talk the matter over and to plan a will which will be in the best interests of everyone does not mean that an early death is anticipated any more than if a life insurance policy is bought. It is merely a prudent settlement of affairs and the duty of everyone.

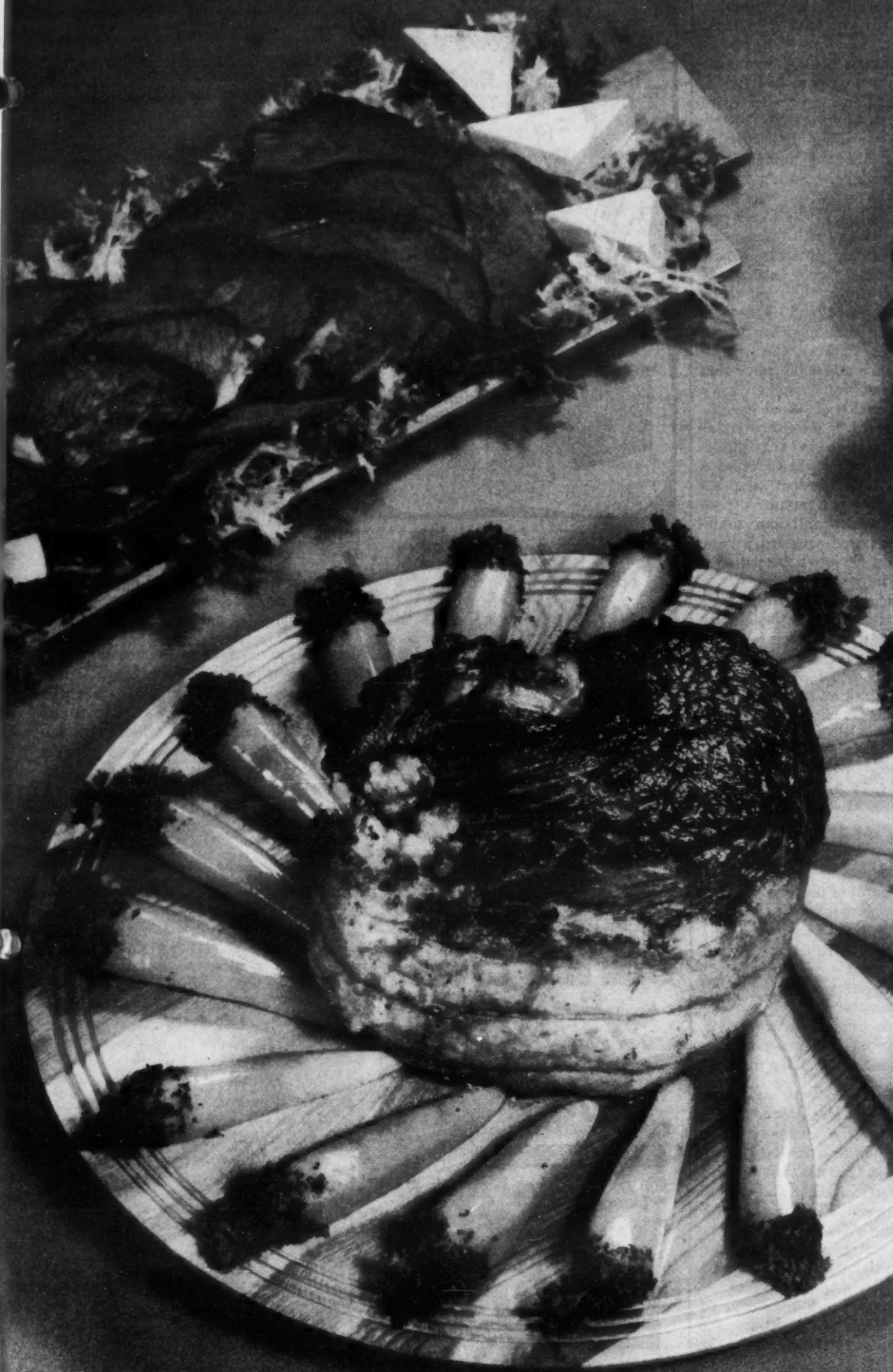
NOW THE actual planning and drafting of a will is very important. Don't try to draw up a will yourself. Consult a lawyer. The law sets out certain requirements which must be met and these vary from province to province. If you do not comply with these provisions the will may not be valid. But before you see the lawyer take time to consider the whole matter dispassionately. Look at every angle. Do not be too sensitive or do not let false sentiment prevent you from considering future possibilities. Injustice often results just because the deceased did not look ahead and provide in the will for eventualities.

When Robert Bolton died he left his whole estate to Mary, his wife. He knew that Mary would look after Jack, their two-year-old son. Two years later Mary married again and in the next 10 years she had three more children. She didn't use Robert's money, for she wanted to keep it intact for Jack, but she neglected to make a will. When Jack was 14 years old she died. One third of Robert's money went to Mary's second husband, and the other two thirds was divided among the three children of the second husband and Jack. Out of the \$24,000 which was left of Robert's money, Jack received only one sixth or \$4,000. The first husband could have drawn his will to guard against this. He could have provided that in the event of Mary remarrying, Jack would get the money. Or he could have left the money to Mary for her lifetime and then to Jack.

Take another case. Florence Browning, a well-to-do widow, and her daughter Helen lived together. Her other two children were married and were living in the United States. When she was well on in life Mrs. Browning married the prosperous William Foster. But when the stock market crash came, in 1929, Mr. Foster lost both his money and his job. He was too old to get another



★ ★ ★ Chatelaine Housekeeping ★ ★ ★



## First the Roast

by M. Lois Clipsham

**I**N MANY families "first it's hot, then it's cold," and that's all there is to it. Well and good, though often there are odd pieces that don't make attractive slices, or you find yourself with too little meat for a proper course. But don't let the thought of leftovers discourage you from having that fragrant, juicy Sunday roast! There are dozens of "made" dishes which rate second only to the roast itself—and some like 'em better. They do require a little extra care in handling, imagination in seasoning and ingenuity in garnishing. But that's just a challenge!

It's only sensible, and economical too, to plan for a roast that will take care of the meat problem for at least two meals. A pot roast is a good choice—cuts from the rump, chuck, brisket, lower round or short ribs of beef. These are considered "tough" because of the large amount of strong connective tissue which they contain, but they can be softened by long slow cooking in moist heat. The result is tender, well-done juicy meat.

Have the piece tied securely into a shapely roast. Wipe it with a clean damp cloth, but do not wash or let it stand in water. Dredge with flour, if desired. Use a heavy ♦ *Continued on next page*





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A BRIGHTER SMILE 1890  
FOR  
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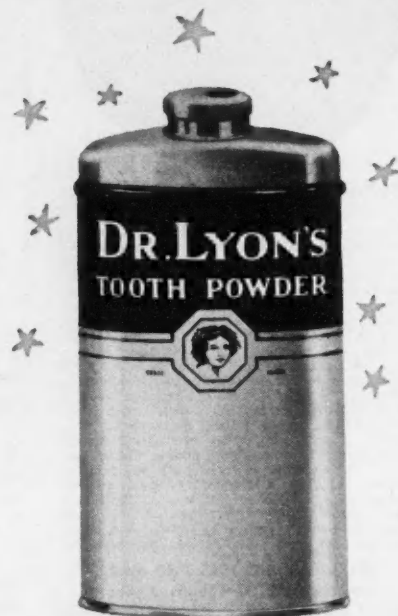
WHEN CHOOSING a dentifrice to keep your smile its shining best, be sure and choose one which cleanses gently, *safely*. For harsh abrasives should never be used except under competent dental supervision.

Once enamel is injured, *teeth decay fast!*

A safe, gentle cleanser and polisher of teeth is the prescription first developed by a famous practicing dentist . . . Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder.

Dr. Lyon's is *all powder, all cleanser*. Its daily use will bring out the full, natural brightness of your smile . . . and do this *safely, gently* . . . without injuring tooth enamel.

The pleasant flavour of Dr. Lyon's will make it a favourite with the entire family. It leaves the mouth feeling clean and refreshed . . . the breath sweet. Get Dr. Lyon's and start proper care of your teeth *today!*



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gravy. Roll plain pastry  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick and cut in 5-in. squares. Place one to two tablespoonfuls of the meat mixture in the centre of each square and fold the corners in like a turnover. Prick with a fork. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with tomato gravy.

### Southern Beef Roll

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of cooked, ground beef
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of gravy
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- About  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of milk or gravy

Combine the meat, gravy and vegetables. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening and add the milk or gravy to make a soft dough. Roll the dough into a rectangle about  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. thick. Spread with the meat mixture and roll up like a jelly roll. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Serve sliced, with extra gravy or tomato sauce. Four servings.

### Beef Cones

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of ground cooked beef
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonfuls of grated onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Teaspoonful of paprika
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild dripping melted
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the meat with the lemon juice, onion, parsley and paprika. Season with salt and pepper. Make a thick white sauce by blending the flour with the melted dripping, adding the milk and salt and stirring constantly over direct heat until thickened. Cool slightly and combine with the meat mixture. Shape into cones, roll in crushed corn flake crumbs and bake on a greased pan in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with mushroom soup sauce. Six servings.

### Beef and Spaghetti Loaf

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of ground cooked beef
- 1 Cupful of cooked spaghetti
- 1 Egg, slightly beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of milk
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 2 to 3 Slices of bacon
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of tomato juice

Combine the meat with the spaghetti, then add the beaten egg and milk. Combine thoroughly with the green pepper, onion, salt and pepper. Shape into a loaf, place in a baking pan with the bacon slices across the top. Pour the tomato juice over the loaf and bake in a slow oven (300 to 325 deg. F.) for 45 minutes. Four servings. +

# CHIEF Big Bowlful

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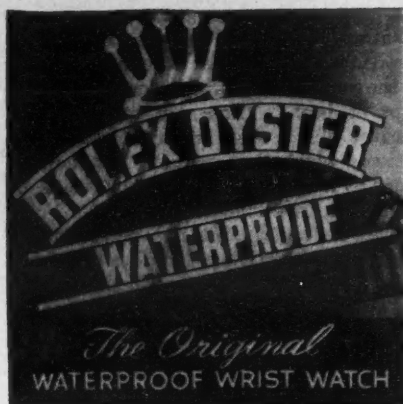
*Geisha* (BONE CHINA)

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iron or aluminum kettle which has a tight-fitting lid. Preheat; add about two tablespoonfuls of fat, put in the roast, then sear well on all sides, giving it time enough to become a rich even brown. Now add salt and pepper along with any other seasonings you've planned—such as bay leaf, cloves, peppercorns, onion or garlic.

Slip a rack under the meat, add a small amount of liquid— $\frac{1}{2}$  to one cupful. More may be added later, a little at a time, if it cooks away. Chances are it won't be necessary if you cover the pot closely. Now reduce the heat and simmer until tender.

You can also brown the meat in a skillet and finish off in the well-cooker of your stove. If you have a pressure cooker, use it, following the manufacturer's directions. Or brown the meat in your roasting pan, add liquid, cover and cook in an oven preheated to 300 deg. F.

A pot roast weighing three to five pounds requires about 45 minutes per pound after browning. (So it's a good idea to know the weight of your meat before you start.) If you like vegetables cooked along with the meat, add carrots, onions, potatoes—whole or cut in good-sized pieces—about one hour before you expect the meat to be done. Remove meat and vegetables before thickening the liquid for gravy.

After its debut (hot) the roast's second appearance might be cold—thin slices surrounded by crisp greenery garnished with molds of jellied mayonnaise and mustard. Soften two teaspoonfuls of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, then melt in a double boiler. Cool to room temperature and stir in slowly a mixture of one cupful of mayonnaise and four tablespoonfuls of prepared mustard. Pour into small molds. Or into a flat pan and, when firm, cut in triangles.

Or you can make a variety of savory supper dishes with even a little leftover meat. Combine with mashed potatoes for croquettes or make a shepherd's pie with hot rice potato topping. For a stew add vegetables and smother with dumplings. Try a biscuit-capped pie, or serve the meat diced in its own gravy between and on top of split hot biscuits.

### Marinated Pot Roast

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3-4 Pounds of beef chuck
- Salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Bay leaf
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of pickling spice
- 1 Clove of garlic, crushed
- 1 Tablespoonful of coarsely chopped parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Onion, sliced
- 2 Stalks of celery
- 2 Small carrots
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of water
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 1 Teaspoonful of cooking oil

Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper and place in a large pot or mixing bowl. Surround the meat with the spices, crushed garlic, parsley, onion, and the celery and carrots, cut in large pieces. Mix water, vinegar and oil and pour over the meat. Place in the refrigerator overnight. Turn the meat once while it is marinating. Next day place the meat in a roasting pan and brown on all sides in dripping. Add the vegetables and liquor from the bowl, place covered roaster in a medium oven (350 deg. F.) and roast  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to three hours or until the

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meat is tender, turning once when about half cooked. Remove roast to serving platter; strain the liquid, pressing the vegetables through the sieve, and thicken for gravy.

### Scotch Casserole

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of cooked diced beef
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of cooked fine noodles
- 1 Can of condensed Scotch broth

Combine the beef, noodles and Scotch broth. Pour into a greased casserole and cover. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Four to six servings.

### Pan-browned Hash

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Medium onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild dripping
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of finely diced, cooked potatoes
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of minced, cooked beef
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Chop the onion and brown in the dripping in a heavy frying pan. Mix the potato, meat and salt and add to the onion. Cook slowly, pressing the mixture down into the pan. When nicely browned place a round platter over the frying pan and invert to turn the hash, brown side up, on the platter. Six servings.

### Meat Pie With Biscuit Topping

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of diced, cooked beef
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild dripping
- 2 Medium onions, minced
- 1 Cupful of cooked, diced potatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of canned peas
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cooked, diced carrots
- Hot water, meat stock, tomato juice, gravy or combination of these
- Biscuit dough

Season the meat with salt and pepper, dredge with the flour. Brown in hot dripping. Add the minced onion and brown lightly. Add the vegetables and heated liquid to cover (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls). Pour into a casserole and cover the top with biscuit dough rolled  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick and cut in shamrocks, diamonds, or circles. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Four servings.

### Beef and Vegetable Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of diced, cooked beef
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of diced celery
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped pickles
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonfuls of grated onion
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of cooked peas, string beans, grated raw carrot or combination of these
- $\frac{3}{8}$  Cupful of French dressing
- Lettuce

Combine the meat, vegetables and French dressing. Season with salt and pepper. Chill. Serve on lettuce with additional salad dressing. Six servings.

### Beef Turnovers

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Combine minced cooked beef with a little finely chopped onion which has been lightly browned in fat. Add small portions of finely chopped, leftover vegetables, season well with salt, pepper and condiment sauce and moisten with





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two groups and have each team kneel or crouch along opposite sides of a smooth-surfaced table. A ping pong ball slowly rolled down the table will veer to one side or the other and, as the ball approaches him, each person must prevent it from going off the edge by blowing it away from his side, with the added intent of forcing it off his opponent's side. If a person is unable to prevent the ball from falling to the floor he must drop out of the game. And so it goes until one entire team is eliminated. This entails a lot of expendable energy—and fun!

**The penalty fits the crime.** The trial scene that concludes Alice's adventures might be represented by a variation of the old game of Consequences. Provide each player with paper and pencil, then ask him to write "the body of . . . (naming one of the guests)" at the top of the paper, fold it over just enough to cover the writing and pass it along to the next person. Continue in the same fashion for each stage of the crime, following this pattern:

The body of . . .  
Was found at (scene of the crime) . . .  
. . . (Name of guest) is suspected  
Because . . .  
The victim was killed by (method) . . .  
The motive was . . .  
The verdict is . . .  
The sentence is . . .

When the final episode is written, pass the papers along for the last time and have each person read his "mystery story" aloud.

Here are two recipes for the suggested menu:

#### "Soup of the Evening"

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of green beans, cut in inch pieces
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild dripping
- 3½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 4 Cupfuls of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of grated onion
- Salt and pepper
- Buttered toast squares
- Grated cheese

Cook the beans in a little boiling salted water until tender. Chop finely. Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler, add the flour and blend well. Gradually stir in the milk and continue stirring until thickened and smooth. Add the chopped beans and the onion. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle the toast squares with cheese, and place under the broiler until the cheese is melted. Float cheese squares on top of the soup. Four to five servings.

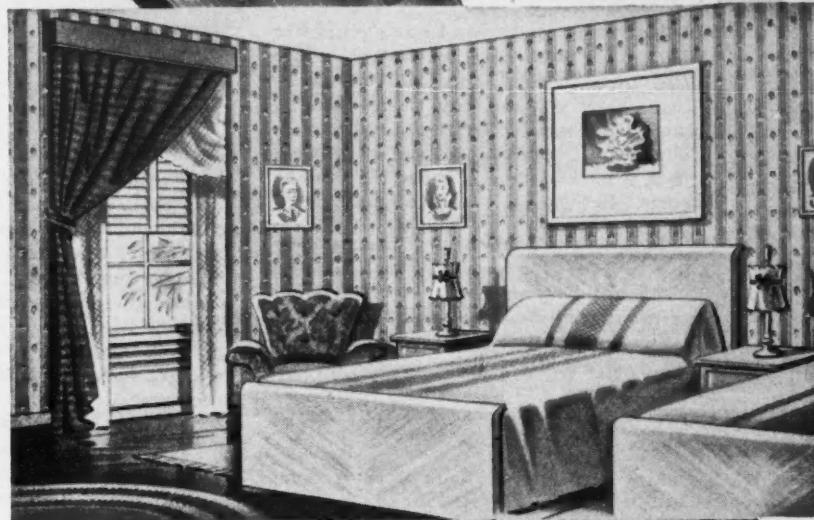
#### Treacle Tarts

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- ½ Cupful of mild molasses
- ½ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of dry bread crumbs
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- ¼ Cupful of mild vinegar
- Pastry

Beat the eggs, add the sugar and molasses and beat vigorously. Stir in the nutmeg, butter, bread crumbs, milk and vinegar, mix well. Fill pastry-lined tart tins three quarters full. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350 deg. for seven minutes. Ten to 12 medium-sized tarts. ♦

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# Mad Hatter Party

by Jane Monteith

"The table was a large one but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. 'No room! No room!' they cried out when they saw Alice coming. 'There's plenty of room!' said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table."

Thus begins Alice's adventure at the tea party of the Mad Hatter, the March Hare and the Dormouse. Children from eight to 80 have loved this story for many years and March seems the ideal



The bread, butter and tea served Alice by the March Hare and his friends seem rather slim fare for a party, but Wonderland dishes are in order. Food was a frequent topic of conversation with Alice—from the mushroom that made her grow taller or shorter to the treacle diet of the Dormouse's story. There's lots to choose from. For example, the menu might be:

"Soup of the Evening"  
Sliced Cold Meats, Potato Chips  
Tossed Green Salad  
Relish Tray  
Bread and Butter  
Treacle Tarts  
Tea



month to revive their memories with a Mad Hatter party.

Send out invitations well in advance to give people time to brush up on Wonderland lore before the party begins. Something like:

For John Brown  
An invitation from the Mad Hatter  
To have tea with Alice  
At the March Hare's house  
(468 Blank Street)

Come prepared to spend an evening in Wonderland  
At 6 p.m. March 16, 1946

As your guests arrive, pin to each person's back a slip of paper on which is written the name of one of the queer friends Alice made in Wonderland. Choose names that will make couples for supper. For instance: Alice pairs off with the White Rabbit, the Duchess owns the Cheshire cat, the Walrus and the Carpenter walk "hand in hand." Let each person guess who he is by asking questions of the others. The last one to find his identity might be given a "nice new rattle" for a booby prize.

After the partners have been found, the guests should proceed to the dining room where they discover the table arranged with one or more extra places. As each course is finished the Mad Hatter, who has been warned beforehand, announces loudly that he wants a clean cup and everybody moves up one. Be sure the Hatter is sitting next an empty place at the start. In order that no mistake may occur, make place cards with tracings or drawings of the following articles: a glove for the White Rabbit, a blue bow for Alice, a grin for the Cheshire cat, a handkerchief for the Walrus, a saw for the Carpenter and a baby for the Duchess. A top hat marked "In this style 10/6" will do for the Mad Hatter, while a house with a thatched roof and rabbit ears for the chimney will indicate the March Hare.

Supper over, the remainder of the evening may be devoted to parlor games, bridge, dancing or whatever form of entertainment your friends enjoy. Parlor games never really go out of style and there are hundreds of them to choose from—new, old and variations of the old. Even the Dodo suggested a "Caucus race" to dry the tears Alice shed when she was a giant. The race suggested below should be a little better organized than that famous event where everyone "began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over."

**A soap bubble relay race**—This should be attempted only where floor and furniture will not, or cannot be damaged. The leader of each team is given a clay pipe or one of the newer hoop devices, and a bottle of solution for making bubbles. He must make a



bubble and blow it across the room and back to the next member of his team. If the bubble bursts he must make a new one before going on. The trip complete, he passes his equipment to the next in line who carries on in the usual relay race fashion. Bubble sets or balloons could be awarded as prizes to the members of the winning team.

**A ball game**—Divide the party into



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## In the Institute Mail

May I have your help with a special problem? My son, recently returned from overseas, is expecting the arrival of his young wife. They were married a year ago. We are very anxious to have her feel at home in Canada and want her to meet our friends as soon as possible. Can you give me any suggestions for a reception or a tea for her? What kind of entertainment is proper on such an occasion? How should refreshments be served, and what type? Shall we, as the husband's parents, receive with the young couple? And would it be correct for our daughter-in-law to wear her wedding dress?

**YOUR ENQUIRY** is very timely and interesting to all Chatelaine readers, as a great many Canadian families will be welcoming a daughter-in-law from overseas within the next few months. A party of some kind is definitely in order—to introduce the new member of the family to relatives and friends and to let her understand the importance and happiness you attach to the occasion.

If your son had married in Canada, you would have arranged a tea or reception in honor of the bride, either before or after the wedding. Do now just what you would have done then, deciding on the type of party which is most convenient and enjoyable for all concerned.

On a weekday you could have an afternoon tea to which you would invite women only, sending written invitations or cards or asking your friends by telephone. You and your daughter-in-law would receive from three to five o'clock, or from four to six. The refreshments would consist of small sandwiches and fancy cakes, served from a buffet table in the dining room; one of your closest friends could pour the tea, and several younger friends could be asked to assist. The "entertainment" is conversation. If you prefer, you could have the tea party on Saturday or Sunday—when the menfolk are more available—and in this case you and your husband would receive with the young couple.

An evening reception would follow the same pattern. Mark the invitations "8-10 p.m." When the father and son are in the receiving line, it is good procedure to ask the former to stand nearest to the living room door, with yourself next, then your daughter-in-law and lastly your son. Your husband will greet your guests first, and you will be able to introduce them to the bride and her husband—for perhaps even to him there will be some new faces among the crowd. The same sort of refreshments as mentioned above will be correct with the addition of coffee, served from an attractive urn or silver pot at one end of the buffet table.

At either a tea party or reception, whether afternoon or evening, it will be quite correct for your daughter-in-law to wear her wedding dress—without veil or other headress, of course.

It would be nice, too, to give a small luncheon a week or so after your son's wife arrives. She would have a much better chance then of becoming acquainted with your women friends than in the more formal atmosphere of a tea or reception. +



THE drooling countenance of Mr. B., as he beholds the tempting tactics of old Fog-frame is positive proof that there's nothing negative about the appeal of Shirriff's Marmalade. You'll see the same expression around your breakfast table when you serve it to your family. Next time you're shopping ask your grocer for Shirriff's Marmalade. If he has some in stock, get the economical 2 lb. family jar . . . those tasty slices of delicious Seville oranges mellowed in pure cane sugar make every breakfast better.



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### ONION SOUP (FRENCH STYLE)

(Serves 6)

3 medium onions (sliced); 2 tbs. dripping or butter; 2 tbs. flour; 6 cups boiling water; 3 OXO Cubes or 3 tsp. fluid OXO; 1 tsp. salt; 1/8 tsp. pepper. Cook onions in dripping until soft and lightly browned; blend in flour. Stir in boiling water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add OXO, salt, pepper. Cover. Simmer for ten minutes. Pour, add a toast round to each serving, sprinkle with cheese.



**OXO**

Prepared from PRIME RICH BEEF



# Helen Campbell's Page

FROM ME to you—The Top O' The Mornin'! Shure an' when the Sivin-teenth rolls 'round I'll be wearin' my snip o' green and wishin' you all the luck o' the Irish. St. Andrew can nod to St. Patrick, can't he?

I'm the don't-knowingest person in the world about some things, but I can tell a good pot roast when I taste it. And I'd say that the one which Lois has cooked up for you is novel and flavorful.

It dates me, but when I was a youngster an orange was a great treat, the last treasure to be found in my Christmas stocking. Now you can buy them—oranges, not stockings!—whenever the spirit takes you. And I hope it takes you often; they pack a lot of vitamins under their bright coats. Besides being mighty refreshing.

In Italy where they know their olives they like to serve ripe ones this way: Rub the inside of a bowl with a cut clove of garlic, then dump in the olives with two or three tablespoonfuls of olive oil. (I guess a good salad oil would do.) Stir till the fruit is coated, cover and let stand an hour or so to give the flavors a chance to blend. Serve chilly. Good? Yes, ma'am.

Maybe a woman's work is never done but you can't be at it every minute of your waking day. Set a spell and read "The Happy Time"; that's the kind of time you spend with this book. Man by the name of Robert Fontaine wrote it.

Now let's think about making a batch of pancakes for Shrove Tuesday. Serve them hot from the griddle with maple or corn syrup, honey or thin lemon sauce. Buckwheat cakes with sausages and gravy—there's something.

Remember, just one flip to each flapjack. No repeating yourself.

Definitely one of the cosiest ways to spend a chilly March evening is to collect a friend or two and sit before your own crackling fire with a pitcher of cider and a plate of doughnuts near at hand. Add a bowl of pecans for good measure and pass the nutcracker from one to t'other.

Or you can sit alone—and like it! Then all you need is a deep easy chair, a good book and the aforementioned nibbles. And you have the nutcracker to yourself!

Ever try adding peanut butter to uncooked chocolate frosting for plain cake or cup cakes? You'd like it. Use three or four tablespoonfuls to about a cupful of icing. Or any proportion you like.

My neighbor tells me it's the smidgin of curry in her cream of corn soup that starts guests ohing and ahing.

Happy days are here again for pineapple addicts—and aren't we all! A sizeable shipment of canned juice is here from Hawaii and another is on its way from Australia. Up your glasses!

More good news: There'll be canned slices too, so you can soon have a pineapple upside-downer again.

My grandmother fancied herself as a good plain cook. I fancied her too; she was a great hand with green gage jam . . . huckleberry turnovers . . . oatmeal cookies . . . apple dumplings . . . sausage meat and a glorious kind of a special occasion pudding complete with 13 egg yolks and chestnuts gathered from trees on the back fifty. But here are some things she never heard of: piecrust made from biscuit crumbs or crisp crushed wheat flakes, dainty little cakes full of puffed grain, lemon chiffon pie, chocolate soufflé, peanut brittle ice cream and a host of other modern delectables. Land sakes alive—don't times change!

March is the month for the wearin' o' the green and as good a time as any other for the eating of it. How do you rate as a salad tosser?

Sap's runnin'! Serve the syrup with fresh johnnycake, waffles, hot yeast rolls, or French-toasted cheese sandwiches. Use to flavor cup custards, rice pudding, blanch-mange. Pour a spoonful over grapefruit halves and broil. The Land of the Maple is the land for me!

Or try these Maple Whirls with your afternoon cup of coffee. Or will you have tea? It makes no difference. Mix up some baking-powder biscuit dough, roll out, spread with a little softened butter, then sprinkle with shaved maple sugar and chopped walnuts. Roll up and cut slices. Bake 'em, of course.

Inez—pal of mine, special—is a great collector of old cookbooks and today we pored over her latest acquisition—"Letters to Young Housekeepers." Not that it applies to either of us but we liked its sage sayings. Here's one:

"And true philosophers, methinks  
Who love all sorts of natural beauties  
Should love good victuals and good  
drinks."

Thackeray propounded that—and Thackeray knew his onions.

I learned from the same book that sometime somewhere Shakespeare wrote: "What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?" Well, I say come on—don't you?

Maybe the north wind doth blow and there's likely a blizzard or two in the offing. But anyway it's time you were planning your herb garden and settling the argument as to where to plant the hollyhocks.

If you have a package of lime jelly powder you can have Applettes at your St. Patrick's party—if you have the apples. And if you can spare a cup of sugar. Now if those ifs don't stop you, dissolve the crystals in a cup of boiling hot applesauce, strained and thick. Then dump in the sugar and dissolve that. Then add a half cupful of blanched slivered almonds, pour into a shallow pan and cool until set. Cut in cubes, let dry overnight, then roll in powdered sugar. Sweetmeat on the Turkish-delightish order—green and nice.

It won't be long now till you stoop to draw on your galoshes, then kick 'em to the back of the hall closet and step out foot-free. Or here's hoping anyway.

That's all for now, gentle readers. See you next month for a neighborly confab—same magazine, same page.



### Cottage Cheese in Tomato Jelly

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of plain, unflavored gelatine
- 3½ Cupfuls of canned tomatoes or tomato juice
- ½ Cupful of cut celery or celery leaves
- 4 or 5 Thin slices of onion
- 6 Whole cloves
- Small piece of bay leaf
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of white pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of vinegar
- 1 to 1½ Cupfuls of cottage cheese
- Salad greens

Drain one-half cupful of juice from the tomatoes, add to the gelatine, and let stand for five minutes. Heat the remainder of the tomato with the celery, onion, cloves, bay leaf, salt and pepper, and simmer for 10 minutes. Put through a sieve, add the softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add the lemon juice and vinegar, mix well and turn into a cold damp ring mold. Chill, and when the mixture begins to set, press rounded tablespoonfuls of the cottage cheese into the jelly. Chill until set, and serve unmolded on a bed of crisp greens—lettuce, watercress or chicory—and fill the centre with a mixture of cut greens lightly tossed with French dressing. Six to eight servings.

### Cottage Cheese Omelet

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 4 Eggs, separated
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Few grains of pepper
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of milk

Mix the cottage cheese, flour, egg yolks, seasonings and milk. Fold in the egg whites, stiffly beaten. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a hot frying pan and pour in the mixture. Cook slowly until omelet is firm underneath. Continue cooking for a few minutes in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Fold over and serve at once. Four servings.

### Cottage Cheese Dressing

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of cottage cheese
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of ketchup
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika

Blend the cottage cheese with the ketchup, then combine with the remaining ingredients. Serve over crisp lettuce wedges. Six servings.

### Prune-filled Cottage Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- Rolls—
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Cake of compressed yeast
- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese (creamy type)
- ¼ Cupful of shortening
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- 3½ to 4 Cupfuls of all-purpose flour

Scald the milk, then cool to lukewarm. Crumble in the yeast cake and stir until

dissolved. Press the cheese through a sieve. Cream the shortening with the sugar and salt and add with the cheese to the yeast mixture. Blend well. Sift and measure the flour and add, mixing well to make a soft dough. (The amount of flour will vary slightly due to variation in moisture in the cheese.) Knead on a floured board until smooth. Place in a greased bowl, cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk (about 2 to 2½ hours). Form into rolls—about three dozen. Place in a greased baking pan and let rise until the rolls are twice their original size—about 45 minutes. Press a small cavity in the top of each roll and fill with prune filling. Let rise 10 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes. For a glazed top, brush with hot honey five minutes before removing from the oven.

### Filling—

- 1½ Cupfuls of stewed, drained prunes
- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of grated orange rind
- ½ Teaspoonful of cloves

Stone prunes and cut in small pieces. Combine all the ingredients and cook, stirring to prevent sticking, until the consistency of conserve. Cool.

### Cottage Cheese Souffle

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Eggs, separated
- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of grated onion, or chopped chives

Melt the shortening, stir in the flour, then gradually add the milk and cook, stirring constantly for two minutes or until thickened. Add the salt and stir into the lightly beaten egg yolks. Blend with the cottage cheese, lemon juice, onion or chives. Cool to lukewarm. Fold in the egg whites beaten until stiff. Bake in an ungreased casserole in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for 45 minutes or until firm. Four to five servings.

### Applesauce Cheese Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Eggs
- 1¼ Cupfuls of milk, scalded
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla
- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese
- ¼ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- ½ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1½ Cupfuls of thick, sweetened applesauce

### Pastry

Beat the eggs lightly and add the scalded milk, sugar, salt, vanilla and cottage cheese. Mix the nutmeg and ¼ teaspoonful of cinnamon with the applesauce and spread over the bottom of a pie plate lined with pastry. Over this pour the cottage cheese mixture and sprinkle the top with the remaining cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, then reduce the temperature to 325 deg. F. and continue baking for 35 minutes or until the custard is firm. Six servings. ♦



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## "We heard you have JELL-O Pudding"

UNLESS you want house-guests, keep it dark when you put your hands on a package of Jell-O Pudding! Those grand desserts have *magnetic* attraction — which makes it difficult since supplies are still limited.

Of course, when you get a package of Jell-O Pudding (or even scarcer Jell-O!) you may want to share the thrill with guests. In that case, you'll welcome recipes like those below and on the packages, that make each box go further — with no loss of deliciousness!



### To Spread Jell-O Pudding's Goodness

**Tier Cake:** Bake a two-layer light cake. Split each layer. Put together cake layers with cooled Jell-O Pudding between and on top. Chill. Gives you cake and dessert together.



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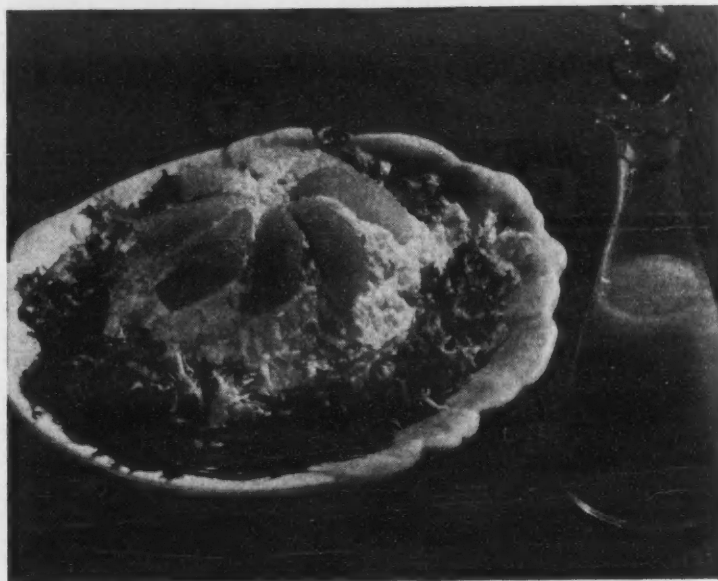
Jell-O Puddings  
Like Grandma's—only more so!

### To Spread Jell-O's Goodness

**Grape Whip:** Make Lemon Jell-O, replacing  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the water with grape juice. When slightly thickened, whip frothy. Beat 2 egg whites stiff, add Jell-O, and blend with rotary beater.

# Eat Up Your Milk

by Jane Monteith



Here the delicate flavor of cottage cheese is in contrast with the sweetness of orange and the tangy bitterness of curly endive.

DRINK it too. But for an adventure in flavor try creamy cottage cheese in any kind of dish—from soup to dessert.

**In Soup**—Sieve a little cottage cheese into cream of potato, celery or onion soup. Reheat and serve at once.

**In a Sandwich**—Lightly seasoned cottage cheese, softened with a little milk or cream, is the perfect filler for whole-wheat bread. Tuck generously filled sandwiches into the children's lunch box. Make hearty double-deckers of marmalade and cottage cheese for the nucleus of a luncheon salad plate. Try dainty cheese and jam or jelly fingers with a fragrant cup of tea for that four o'clock pickup.

**In Salads**—A spoonful of cottage cheese nested in a mold of tomato jelly is a colorful beginning for an early spring salad. Serve with crisp greenery, potato chips and thin slivers of ham or other luncheon meat.

Prunes take kindly to a cottage cheese stuffing. So do pear and peach halves. Use with orange or grapefruit sections for a piquant side salad.

**In Supper Dishes**—With eggs—in omelets or soufflés. Try hard-cooked eggs and cottage cheese in a hot curry sauce.

Combine with cooked noodles, form into a ring on a warm platter and fill the centre with creamed ham, chipped beef or lobster. Or mix noodles, cottage cheese and cooked bacon cubes lightly together. Serve with a crisp salad.

**In Desserts**—Spread generously on salted crackers and add a touch of jam, jelly or conserve. Make a cheese cake pie with a graham cracker crust. Or top

an apple sauce pie with a cottage cheese custard mixture and bake.

### Cottage Cheese and Eggs in Curry Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild dripping
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of curry powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of grated onion
- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese
- Salt and pepper
- 4 Hard-cooked eggs, coarsely chopped

Melt the butter, add the flour and blend. Add the milk gradually and cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the curry powder, grated onion, cottage cheese, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add the eggs, reheat, and serve on fluffy boiled rice or hot noodles. Four to five servings.

### French Cheese Sandwiches

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of seasoned cottage cheese
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped nuts
- 8 Slices of brown or white bread, thinly sliced
- 2 Egg whites, lightly beaten

Combine the cottage cheese and the nuts. Make four sandwiches. Dip the sandwiches into the beaten egg whites and fry in butter until lightly browned on both sides. Makes a good luncheon dish served with a tossed green salad.

# Child Health Clinic



## Meals for Young Children

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

AS YOU know, some foods are a great deal more valuable than others. The best foods for children are milk, fruit, vegetables, eggs, meat, whole-grain products, and fish-liver oil. The general idea is to make sure that your child eats enough of these most valuable foods and then to let him round out his meals to satisfy his appetite with bread or not too sweet biscuits. A certain balance between the foods should be maintained. For example, surprising though it may seem, some mothers feed their preschool youngsters too much milk and even sometimes boast about it. A pint of milk a day, or a little more if the child's appetite is really good, is enough for these little youngsters. This amount includes what goes into his puddings, and as the cooking drives off some of the water in the milk and makes it less filling, it is an advantage to serve such foods.

If a small child takes a quart of milk a day, it isn't humanly possible for him to eat all the other foods that he needs. As a result, he may obtain too little iron which he gets especially in eggs, meat and green vegetables—and may therefore develop anaemia. Youngsters who drink too much milk are liable to be poor eaters and poor sleepers, and often they are pale and irritable. Milk, although it is a fluid, is very different from water. Soon after it reaches the stomach it becomes almost solid—very much like junket—and it takes at least two hours to leave the stomach. Also, an eight-ounce glass of milk contains as much energy value or calories as two and a half slices of bread. So you see it is really filling and it is possible to have too much of even a good thing.

The other common error that mothers make in planning meals for these small children is to use too much sugar, bread

and potatoes. These foods are all right in their proper place, but they, too, shouldn't be overdone.

It is customary nowadays to introduce baby to a good many new foods during his first year. In order to make this learning process easy, the child should be given one new food only at a time until he becomes accustomed to it. Also give him just one teaspoonful for the first few days and then increase the amount gradually until he receives the full amount. Cereals are the first solid foods to be given and they are usually begun when baby is three to five months old. Special baby cereals, which are not too laxative but which are rich in the protective vitamins and minerals, are commonly used. When his first tooth appears he may be given a piece of bread dried in the oven, a zwieback or a baby biscuit to chew. At about six months, egg yolk is usually added, starting first with only about one quarter of a teaspoonful, as a few babies are sensitive or allergic to eggs. If you run into any such trouble, which is not likely, stop the egg until you get advice from your doctor.

AT EIGHT MONTHS, some of the vegetables are introduced, one by one, at the 2 p.m. feeding. The first ones allowed are usually carrots, chard, green peas, fresh asparagus, string beans and young beet greens. Spinach also is included, but it is not as valuable nutritionally as most of the other greens, and therefore should not have too prominent a place in your child's meals. At one year of age the selection of vegetables can be increased to include squash, celery, beets, cauliflower and kale. The canned, sieved vegetables that are on the market now are as good as or better than home-cooked ones. However, it is best to use one vegetable at a time,

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## Give him CASTORIA!

Castoria is the laxative to use because it is made especially for children.

It's safe and gentle — as a child's laxative should be — and it works thoroughly and effectively.

There are no harsh drugs in Castoria. It will not cause griping or discomfort.

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Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

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Yes, Mother's proud of you, baby! One of the reasons she's been feeding you Aylmer Strained Vegetable Soup since you were only a few months old . . . is to help you grow big and strong! For Aylmer supervises the growing of special vegetables for this soup . . . and prepares them while fresh and full of flavor, high in vitamins and minerals.

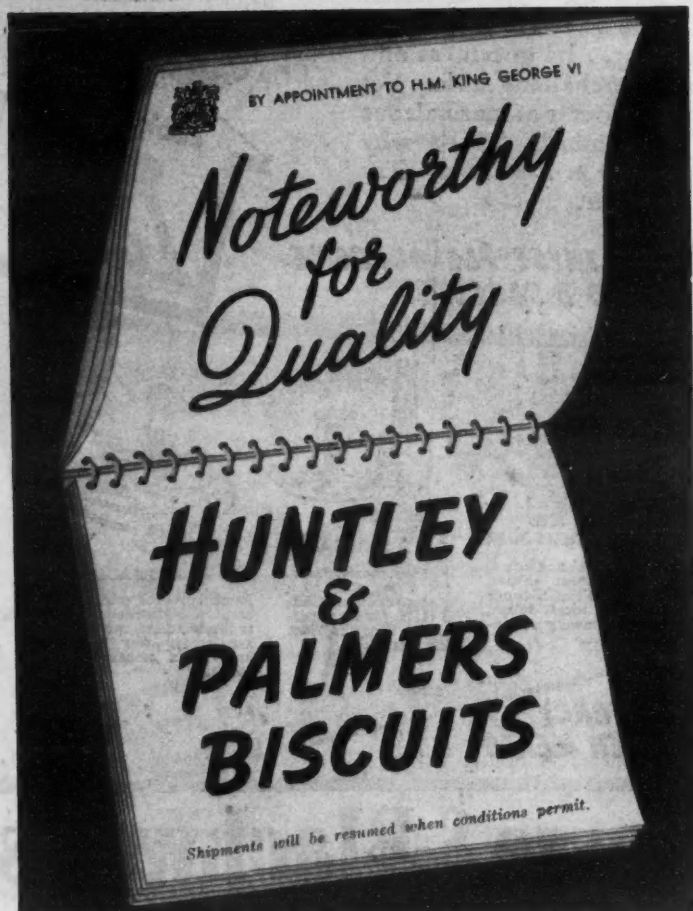
And this delicious Aylmer Soup also contains wheat germ and good beef stock to supply extra nourishment. Over 20 varieties—all nutritious and delicious!

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Your grocer stocks these varieties of Aylmer Baby Food: Vegetable Soup—Vegetable, Liver & Beef Soup—Asparagus—Beets—Carrots—Green Beans—Peas—Pears & Carrots—Squash & Carrots—Spinach—Wax Beans—Tomato Juice—Vegetable Juices—Prune Custard—Apricot Custard—Pineapple Custard—Applesauce—Apricots—Peaches—Pears—Pears.



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## Cooking with Food Again

by Margaret Ecker Francis

*Editor's note: The author of this stimulating article was the only woman to have worn a Canadian war correspondent's uniform. In the autumn of 1943 she was sent overseas by the Canadian Press, and her dispatches from England, France, the Low Countries, and Germany are vividly remembered for their human interest and womanly command of detail. Mrs. Francis and her Air Force husband are now living in Vancouver, rediscovering the civilian way of life.*

IT'S GREAT to be cooking with food again! Meat yesterday, meat tomorrow, there's even meat today, and my tummy, after more than two years overseas, hardly believes what my tongue tells it.

This is not an advertisement displayed by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. It's the gustatory bubbling over of a housewife who had almost forgotten what it was to order meat by a kind of cut, instead of taking what the glowering butcher gave you with a growl.

It's the confessions of a woman who still after several weeks back in Canada becomes a maniac in a grocer's and wants to buy everything in the shop. Lady, can you ever know what a thrill it is to buy a can of peas without giving up a quarter of your month's food points?

I can bet you are going to glare at me ferociously and tell me that I'm crazy, that Canada is starving to death on her present rations. Maybe you're going to tell me, as a hostess did the other day, that it's impossible to feed a family on the present meat rations.

"Why, one's ration goes nowhere, and when one's had that there's nothing but liver and fish and eggs," she told me—who is just back from a world in which the day when you get half a pound of the despised liver or a piece of elderly fish is a high day and holiday.

There was also the lady on the train. We were speeding westward out of Calgary. I was still in my war correspondent's uniform, still exhausted from the past couple of years, still hungry for real food.

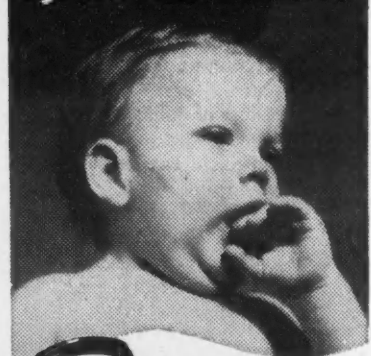
At dinnertime that night my fascinated eyes couldn't decide which to look at longest, the wonderful, wonderful menu, or the heart-satisfying sight of my native mountains. I'd read the menu several times and there were so many things I hadn't tasted for so long I couldn't make up my mind what to order. The waiter was getting a little impatient, at me and at a well-dressed middle-aged woman across the table from me.

Noticing my indecision, she leaned across the table and said: "I know just how you feel. I can't make up my mind what to order either. Isn't it horrible food on the trains these days. There isn't a thing worth ordering!"

I wish one of us could have produced our broomstick and whipped back to the England I'd just left. I'd like to have

✦ Continued on page 94

NOW I'll go to Sleep  
My COLD is better



Yes—Mothers  
**BUCKLEY'S**  
STAINLESS  
WHITE RUB

Does Give  
Faster Relief

This faster penetrating Rub really does bring quick relief to either kiddies or grown-ups. Rubbed briskly over chest, throat and shoulder blades, it helps create a glowing warmth, breaks up congestion, eases breathing—BUCKLEY'S WHITE RUB must give relief in less time or money back. Price 30c and 50c. Sold everywhere.

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The **AirVent** is the reason! It prevents nipple collapse, one cause of colic. Milk flows steadily. Baby feeds easier . . . gains weekly. Get chill-proof boil-proof Pyrex Nursing Bottles . . . best for your baby.

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**RUNNERLESS  
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**BARON SOLEMACHER.** This greatly superior variety produces the largest berries from seed of any variety. Flowers eight weeks from seed. Easily grown. Does not have runners but produces great quantities of finest fruit throughout the season. Has the delicious flavor and aroma of wild strawberries. A showy pot plant and fine for garden. Plant now. Order direct from this advertisement. (Pkt 25c) postpaid.

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**DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.**

# Training Your Child

by **Dr. William E. Blatz**

Director, Institute of Child Study,  
University of Toronto.

## The Evolution of a Parent

A POLICEMAN'S lot is not a happy one." It is easy for us to sit back and enjoy the lampooning of mid-Victorian authority, but it is much sadder to think of the many parents who complain that a parent's lot is not a happy one. It is a tragedy that parents do not enjoy their own children, and it is sad but true that, although children are potentially the most enjoyable of all human experiences, in many cases the parents have not learned how to make them so. It is especially doleful when we consider that unless parents enjoy their children it is impossible for the children to enjoy their parents.

Unfortunately, there is no simple rule which one can follow as a pattern for this congenial relationship. Rather, a philosophy of parenthood must gradually unfold and be incorporated into the attitudes of daily life. In this and the next two articles an attempt will be made to point the way toward the evolution of a parent, a parent who, in spite of all the inevitable problems or, better, *because* of the problems of child rearing, can look back when the job is done and truthfully say, "Among all of the tasks that life imposes, the most enriching, the most satisfying and the most emotionally complete experience was the raising of my child from birth to the assumption of adult maturity." Only a child can provide this opportunity—better, perhaps—only children can do so. Ofttimes one hears, "My book is my child, my invention is my child, my picture is my child." These cannot in any sense be compared in their creative aspect to the rearing of a child. In these instances the result is static. In creating an adult through educating a child the result is dynamic, the mechanism works both ways and not in just one direction.

All too often, the behavior of adolescents brings down upon their parents the castigation of judges and reformers. Undoubtedly parents are frequently unskilled in dealing with the inevitable problems that arise in child rearing. Blaming the parents seems a futile gesture unless provision is made for teaching them how to bring up their children. Ignorance of the law is no defense, but ignorance of how to administer a law would indicate some lack in the educational background. There should be a "closed season" on parents for a time and careful study made of how parents may best be trained to fulfill the important task of understanding—and enjoying—their children.

The chief difficulty in rearing children

emerges from this interaction of parent and child. Both are undergoing continual change. From the moment of birth, when the responsibility of the parent is paramount, the emancipation of the child begins. These two, responsibility and emancipation, are reciprocals of each other until at the end of the task emancipation is complete and responsibility disappears.

It is this ever-changing aspect of parent-child relations that at times baffles both parent and child. No set rules can be laid down because of the many factors which tend to upset the balance. For example, during illness the balance is upset in the direction of increased parental responsibility. When the child enters school the balance is upset in the direction of emancipation. It is a wise parent indeed who can keep her (or his) balance in these sudden shifts. What mother hasn't watched with some degree of dismay her first-born suddenly incorporated into a group of 50 others on his first day in kindergarten?

It would appear, on first thought, that if the balance between parental responsibility and the emancipation of the child is ever-changing, it would be impossible to lay down any guiding principle. On second thought, however, it appears that in so far as the relationship parent-child remains constant and if there is a thread which runs through the whole of this period, connecting infancy, childhood, youth and adolescence, there will be something to hold on to. A thread may be immeasurably strong. The thread that need never be broken is the consistency of parental discipline.

Children at birth are exposed to new situations which are frightening. They develop faith and assurance in stability wherever they find it. Stability can be tangible, such as the floor and the ceiling and the breast, but far more important are the intangible stabilities upon which the child's faith, trust and self-confidence are based. Happy that child indeed whose faith in his parents is never shaken. Happy the parents whose children take them for granted. How often has a parent complained when her child has accepted her presence with an offhand grunt or left the house without a parting salutation, "He takes me so for granted!" This is the greatest compliment that a child can pay. The parent has become part of the Rock of Ages.

Consistency forms the background of the child's philosophy of life. Out of this experience emerges his concept of justice, his consideration for others and his springboard for adventure.

Nothing has been said in this article about love, affection and sentiment. These will be discussed next month. +

## OBSERVE THESE "SAFETY FIRSTS" OF BABY CARE



By **Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph. B.**  
Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

**P**ROTECTING baby against the possibilities of a home accident is largely a question of observing a few basic safety rules which are sometimes forgotten in the hurry and hustle of the day's routine.

**First,** never leave baby alone even for a moment on an unguarded surface or in the bathtub.

**Second,** avoid burns by checking the temperature of the water with a bath thermometer before placing baby in the tub.

**Third,** prevent suffocation by tucking the undersheets on baby's bed firmly beneath the mattress, eliminating pillows and allowing him to sleep alone.

●● Last but not least important of the precautions is to select foods whose uniform quality you can wholeheartedly trust. Delicious, highly nutritive Heinz Baby Foods are prepared by a company which has devoted 77 years to the preparation of exceptionally fine foods.



Notice the difference in  
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## HEINZ BABY FOODS



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**COUGHING SPASMS**—To relieve distress, melt a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water. Inhale the steaming, medicated vapors. Feel relief come right with the first breath!



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"My tender skin demands something better than a general purpose soap. So I can't afford to share my Baby's Own Soap these days. I need it all."

Baby's Own Soap and all other Baby's Own Toiletries are made especially for baby, with the purest, gentlest ingredients that many years of scientific research could find. Save Baby's Own for baby.

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# Baby's Own

TOILETRIES

SOAP - OIL - POWDER

FOR THE CARE OF THE BABY



rather than mixtures of several, so that the child becomes accustomed to their individual tastes. If you are preparing vegetables for your child, be careful to cook them rapidly in a small amount of boiling salted water just until they are done. Until the child is two years of age they should be sieved—after that time mashing is sufficient.

At 10 months, applesauce or prune or apricot pulp is usually added to the supper meal. These dried fruits should be soaked overnight, cooked until tender in the soaking water and then sieved. Well-ripened banana, mashed to a pulp with a fork, is also a suitable fruit. You can tell that the banana is ripe by the presence of dark patches on the skin. After one year of age, baked apple, stewed pears or peaches and scraped raw apple are usually included. The first three of these are put through the strainer too.

Scraped beef may be added in the latter part of the first year. This is made by scraping a lean piece of round steak against the grain with a sharp spoon. It is then shaped up into a little pat and browned on both sides either in the top of a double boiler or on the broiler. Later boiled, broiled or roasted and finely chopped beef, lamb, chicken or liver may be added. Once or twice a week you may substitute boiled, baked or steamed nonoily fresh fish, such as haddock or cod. Fresh water fish that are not oily may be included too. Care must be taken, of course, to bone all fish carefully.

At 12 months of age the child is usually given three meals a day, although if he awakens and is hungry at 10 o'clock in the evening he may have eight ounces of milk then. For his breakfast (between seven and eight o'clock) he may have two to four rounded tablespoonfuls of cereal with no sugar; eight ounces of milk, some of which may be used on the cereal; and a piece of toast, zwieback or a biscuit with no butter.

At nine to 10 o'clock he should have two ounces of orange juice or four ounces of sieved factory-canned tomatoes. His dinner, between noon and one p.m., may include one to two tablespoonfuls of scraped beef, chopped liver or chicken, or a soft-cooked egg; two to four tablespoonfuls of sieved vegetables; three to five tablespoonfuls of milk pudding (cornstarch, junket, custard, or sieved rice pudding) or one to two tablespoonfuls of apple sauce or prune pulp; and a piece of dry bread or a baby biscuit. His supper at 5.30 to 6 p.m. is similar to his breakfast. In addition, he needs one teaspoonful of cod-liver oil two or three times a day, or five to 10 drops of one of the more potent fish liver oils (according to your physician's directions).

At 15 months of age his meals are similar, but if he will eat more of the cereal he may have it. Also he may have a soft-cooked egg or a slice of crisp bacon for his breakfast. By this time he can have a little butter on his toast or bread. He has his orange juice or tomato juice as before at nine or 10 o'clock in the morning. For dinner he may have two to four tablespoonfuls of meat or non-oily fish or a soft-cooked egg. The lean part of a lamb chop may be given for variety. In addition to one to two tablespoonfuls of his colored vegetable, he may have an equal amount of potato. For his dessert he may have three to

✦ Continued on page 94

## BABEE-TENDA Safety Chair

*Protects Your Baby from SERIOUS FALLS!*



PAT. No.  
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Nothing in the world is more precious than Baby and that is why thousands of parents use the BABEE-TENDA Safety Chair in place of old fashioned high chairs. It protects Baby from serious falls. The BABEE-TENDA Safety Chair cannot be pulled or tipped over! It is low, 22" high by 25" square. A Safety Halter Strap prevents Baby from climbing out, so mother can go about her work without fear of Baby's safety. In all the years that high chairs have been used the BABEE-TENDA Safety Chair is the first basic improvement. It is highly endorsed by Baby Specialists, Doctors and Nurses. Relatives and friends find BABEE-TENDA an ideal gift for the new arrival.

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## 'Acid-Moisture'

can make a good baby cry!



When baby cries, the cause is so often the irritating effect of "acid-moisture" on his tender skin. But you can protect him from stinging... discomfort. Use a baby powder that guards against "acid-moisture"... Z.B.T. made with olive oil! Z.B.T. resists "acid-moisture" better, lets baby clothes "give" not grip.

**MAKE THIS TEST!** Smooth Z.B.T. on your hand. Sprinkle water on it. Watch how Z.B.T. with olive oil resists moisture—keeps skin dry. Compare with other powders!

## Z.B.T. Baby Powder

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL



Canada, with a steak tucked inside me, I can say I'm glad we did. We know a lot more about the homespun aspects of the war that way.

Noel Coward might open a new show. We might have seats for a John Gielgud production. Our best friends might come to town on leave. We might go dancing at the Savoy. No matter. The highlight of the week was THE ROAST.

A tiara from the Russian crown jewels wouldn't be carried home more carefully. Then the debate begins. When will you eat it? Will you eat it alone, like a couple of pigs? Or will you have a couple more homesick Canadians in to share it?

The great day comes. Usually it's a Sunday so you can devote the whole day to the ritual. If you have friends in the country you may have an onion—a whole onion, the first one you've seen in months. This will go into the pan, too, for flavor. Potatoes are put around the roast. You part with two or three shillings for a cauliflower as an escape from cabbage and brussels sprouts.

Your badly arranged, small kitchen for an hour or so smells like Canada. But cooking the roast is as much suspense as having a baby. Every time you peek into the oven it's shrunk a bit more.

Finally it reaches the table. After the first helping is sliced off there's hardly enough left for a kitten tomcat. It's always so good and so different from English-cooked restaurant food that you can't resist a second helping—neither can the rest of the family.

Sadly you gather up the scraps. There might just be enough left to curry for one more meal. That leaves five more dinners in the week to be magicked out of thin air, with no eggs, no cheese, no nothin' to fall back on.

Thinking back on it, it's hard to remember just what you did eat. Sometimes you actually pulled a rabbit out of the hat, if you were a stout enough character to queue from 8 a.m. to around 10 a.m. at a market stall where they were sold.

Then there's always powdered eggs. The Ministry of Food used up a lot of severely rationed paper to tell housewives of the wonderful omelets and egg dishes that could be whipped up with these. Maybe I don't read the recipes very carefully but the only thing I, or most of the other women I know, ever produced with them, would have been delightful if I'd calcimined the kitchen walls with it.

True, once a month, during the summer there was The Egg. It was presented to you with a flourish one week in four along with your slivers of butter, margarine and lard. There was never any place to carry it except in your hand, and you were lucky if you got it home at all. And if you did, the discussions as to how each of you should cook your egg lasted for hours. And when finally you boiled it, because you wasted less that way, the thought haunted you for hours after of how much better it would have tasted poached on toast.

On the four mornings a week when there were neither eggs nor bacon, you ate toast with the yellow jelly the Ministry of Food designated as your jam ration. They called it all sorts of pretty names—peach, apricot, plum, and once even pineapple. But always, in extremely small type, it said somewhere on the tin that due to wartime conditions other things (potatoes and turnips mostly) had been added, and you suspected

the original fruit had then been carefully subtracted.

Hotels and boardinghouses had the same problem as the housewife of what to serve for breakfast, and one glum morning in a Victorian mausoleum in Russell Square I was served limp brussels sprouts on a flannelly piece of toast.

The Ministry of Food beat out its brains in its offices off Portland Place to convince the people of Britain they really felt healthier on bread and brussels sprouts than they would have on steak and cheese.

When bread was short they told us how to make puddings out of potatoes and instructed us to serve at every meal potatoes cooked, not one way but two different ways. Potatoes were lauded even as sandwich fillings mixed with fish. When potatoes went short we were told to eat up our bread and marg and serve bread with the everlasting British custard for dessert.

Other pamphlets tried to teach us how to use the pale blue dried milk instead of the fresh product, and how to whip up a light sponge cake with dried eggs. From the meals I've eaten up and down Great Britain, I don't think anybody ever learned how to do either. There just didn't seem to be any edible substitute for food.

As well as basic rations of meat, tiny pieces of butter, few ounces of margarine and lard, sliver of cheese and three slices of bacon, Britons were allowed 24 food points a month to buy other things. Most of these are the articles you here toss lightly into your grocer's basket without a thought.

Of course, you could supplement your rations with food fit for a king, but as the old English music hall ballad says, "If you want it, you got to buy it, for we ain't giving anything away."

Buy it you could, right on Piccadilly or in snooty little shops throughout Mayfair. We used to tour around these shops and plan dinners for ourselves from the things we saw.

With a good tight clutch on my handbag containing my scanty pounds, shillings and pence, in imagination I bought real turtle soup, at about \$3 for a jar that might serve four. For the main course there might be wood pigeon smothered in mushrooms, at \$1.70 per pigeon (and you'd need one per person) and mushrooms at \$3.50 a pound. Gaily you could escape from brussels sprouts with green beans or asparagus, each \$4.50 a pound, or a few artichokes at \$1.70 each.

There was a nice posh shop where you could always get a pineapple for dessert, four guineas, or about \$18 each; or if you were a cheapskate a bottle of cherries in brandy was only \$4.50.

You could even buy an off-rations egg for your breakfast, if you wanted to pay 82 cents for a nice big goose egg.

These things weren't black market, either. They were foods the Government had dubbed luxury foods, and since they were things so limited in quantity there was no point in rationing them or bringing them under the price ceiling. Mrs. 'Opkins from Maida Vale couldn't afford to buy them, but Mrs. Richwitch from Belgravia could and probably did, and still does. Yet even she would have a dizzy spell could I but take her by the hand through my corner grocery out here in Vancouver. The shock of food—all the food one needs or wants—is just too much. ♦

## "I TRIED A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED MUSTARD POULTICE"

SAID MRS. JANET ELMGREN



"My baby was only ten months old when she had a severe chest congestion," said Mrs. Janet Elmgren of Calgary. At the time Mrs. Elmgren was living on a farm with her three other children, two miles from the nearest neighbor. "The baby was very, very sick," she said, "and it wasn't easy to get the doctor, 30 miles away in Swift Current. So I tried a good, old-fashioned mustard poultice."

### Mustard Poultices Aid in Breaking Up Chest Congestion

"I used one teaspoonful of mustard to three teaspoonfuls of flour and enough water to make a paste," explained Mrs. Elmgren. "I put a poultice on the baby's back and chest every two hours, leaving them on until the skin was pink, but never for longer than 20 minutes. At the end of

about 24 hours my baby was a lot better and made a complete recovery."

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**BABY:** What's the fuss, Mom? Aren't you happy being me—and playing with all my nice toys?

**MOM:** Pet, it would take more than toys to make me enjoy a baby's life! Why didn't you tell me how uncomfortable a baby's skin gets, with all this wriggling around?

**BABY:** I tried, Mom. Simply yowled. But I guess you realize now the kind of attention I was after — Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder for my tender skin!

**MOM:** My, I'm a Backward Mother, lamb. But do you need both?

**BABY:** Oh, yes, Mom. That's the secret. After you bathe me, you smooth me all over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil. Keep the bottle handy at diaper changes — to help guard against what doctor calls "urine irritation" . . .

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**BABY:** You know how little chafes and prickles make me whimper, Mom? Fix them with cool, soft sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder.

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**MOM:** Does sound good, punkin. Roll out the stroller — here we go for Johnson's!



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## Meals for Young Children

Continued from page 92

five tablespoonfuls of the fruits mentioned earlier or the same amount of a milk pudding. Some bread with a little butter or a biscuit completes this quite substantial meal. His supper is like his breakfast with the addition of one to two tablespoonfuls of applesauce or prune pulp. He still receives his fish-liver oil as before. By this time he will not likely wake up for any food in the evening.

**HIS APPETITE** will not increase to any great extent during his second year as he is growing considerably more slowly than in the preceding year. Do not expect him to eat too much and do not coax him to eat. Plenty of fresh air and sleep will help to keep up his appetite. The plan for his meals from 20 to 24 months of age is quite similar to that previously described. His variety of desserts can be further increased by substituting tapioca, bread pudding or gelatine and custard. If he has a milk pudding for dinner, it is well to give him fruit for supper and vice versa. He may have a little cottage cheese (two teaspoonfuls) on bread for dessert on some days.

When he reaches two years of age his orange or tomato juice may become part of his breakfast, and it is well to teach him to eat the pulp as well as the juice as that gives him more Vitamin C. At this age he is ready to have two rounded tablespoonfuls of raw salad in place of some of his cooked vegetables three or four times a week. Lettuce, raw celery, carrots, tomato, apple and banana are suitable for him and he may have salad dressing made with lemon.

What foods should not be given to young children? Greasy or fried foods of all kinds (except crisp bacon), pies and pork contain so much fat that young children cannot digest them properly. Therefore, they should not be used. Very sweet foods, such as cakes, fancy cookies and even ice cream, are better avoided. Finally, veal, fresh bread, corn, cucumbers, nuts, tea and coffee are not suitable foods for youngsters under six.

If you have a child in this age group and your doctor has not given you a diet sheet, it might be handier for you to make up one for yourself from the information in this article. ♦

## Cooking with Food Again

Continued from page 90

had her with me a couple of Saturdays before in London when I queued for three hours for a loaf of bread, a head of lettuce, some carrots, and about as much butter, cheese and meat (a week's rations) as she tucked away at that meal.

Everywhere Canadians accost me with: "Now be honest, is the food really as bad as they say it is in England? Or is that just propaganda, so we won't mind giving up our bacon?"

And the answer is: Lady, you have no idea.

**STRUGGLING** TO fill one's stomach in England, and in France and in Belgium and in Holland, is a full-time job.

My husband and I had a small flat in London, in Chelsea, and in the year before D-Day, as well as the summer months of 1945, we ate and queued as the British civilians did. Now in

## "Jill had a nasty temper"



**JANET POWER**  
Practical psychologist and  
mother of three of the kind of  
children you'd like to know

"I DON'T know what has happened to my little girl," lamented Annabelle E. "Jill was such a happy baby and now she has taken to throwing fits of anger for no apparent cause. For example when she drops her doll, she becomes furious!"

Patience, mother! Children usually have a reason for everything they do—it may not be a good reason, but there's always a cause for their actions.

Perhaps your child has difficulty in managing things. Maybe she tried to put her doll's shoes on, and they won't stay on—and that makes her angry, even to the point of a tantrum. It isn't just temper, it's frustration and disappointment.

You can help by patiently showing Jill how to do things. BUT—help her only as much as she needs, no more. Just start her off on what she is trying to do, and LET HER CARRY ON BY HERSELF. She must learn how to MEET HER OWN DIFFICULTIES.

You can help prevent tantrums caused by inability to manage her playthings, by making sure that she has playthings suitable to her age—toys that she is able to manage and enjoy! Simple knitted dolls, all in one piece, little wooden animals on wheels—toys that won't come apart when she plays with them.

Don't be annoyed at a display of temper. Regard it as a common babyish way of acting when up against a difficulty. Your patient handling of each little situation will help build SELF-CONTROL and SELF-RELIANCE in the child!

### Breakfast Can Be Fun!

In many homes, breakfast is the most difficult meal of the day. Children fuss with their food, object to the family cereal. But breakfast is fun when you serve a cereal that's APPETIZING and AMUSING—Kellogg's Rice Krispies! Have the children listen to the merry song—Snap-Crackle-Pop—when you pour on milk. Soon they'll be so intrigued they'll forget to fuss—and when they taste Rice Krispies, mmm-m, they'll soon be back for more! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Made in London, Canada.

Janet Power

### THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mother's Forum, Box CH-13, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My little girl hated hair-washings" writes Mrs. P. Donaver

... "No matter how careful I was when I washed my little girl's hair, she screamed and made such a fuss, that it was quite a trial for both of us. Then one day I decided to make a game of it. I let her rinse her own hair with the rubber shower hose! It worked like magic. Now it's such fun, she asks to have me wash her hair."





# Flavour for every meal

Take a plain, ordinary hamburger—dash on just enough Heinz “57-Sauce” so that its luscious brown richness blends with the succulent juices of the meat—and you have real eating.

You will find scores of other routine dishes will step right into a special class when you use such flavour-flatterers as Heinz Prepared Mustards, yellow and brown (stone-ground for extra smoothness)—and Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, a symphony of spice.

Keep Heinz Condiments on the table, or near the stove. You will find they give everything from sandwiches to stews that extraordinary flair of flavour that everybody enjoys.

• • •

Housewives who are looking for a touch of novelty will find many new recipes and suggestions for the use of Heinz Condiments in a new 12-page booklet, titled: “New Uses for Heinz Sauces.” A free copy is yours for the asking. Write to H. J. Heinz Co. of Canada Ltd., 420 Dupont Street, Toronto.

## NEW USES FOR HEINZ SAUCES



### Meat and Fish Sauces



#### MEXICAN SAUCE

2 medium onions, finely chopped  
1 green pepper, finely chopped  
1 cup butter or oil  
1 cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup  
1 cup white wine  
1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce  
Simmer in butter until tender. Add onions and pepper. Cook 10 minutes. Add ketchup and wine. Simmer 10 minutes. Add Worcestershire Sauce.

### Vegetable Sauces



#### ZIPPY VEGETABLE SAUCE

1 cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup  
1 cup Heinz Worcestershire Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Yellow Mustard  
1 cup Heinz Brown Mustard  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Onion Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Garlic Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Horseradish Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Pickles  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Relish  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Salsas  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Spices  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Vinegar  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Worcestershire Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Extract  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Nutrients  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Sugar  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Water  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Supplement  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Concentrate  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Powder  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Granules  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Pellets  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Crystals  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Flakes  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Chips  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Shavings  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Drippings  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Residue  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Waste  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Scrap  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Sludge  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Dregs  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Sediment  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Deposit  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Accumulation  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Buildup  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Layer  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Film  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Skin  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Membrane  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Covering  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Wrapping  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Packaging  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Container  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Vessel  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Receptacle  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Holding  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Storing  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Keeping  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Preserving  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Storing  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Keeping  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Preserving

### Salad Dressings

#### 57 SAUCE FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup Heinz 57 Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Worcestershire Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Yellow Mustard  
1 cup Heinz Brown Mustard  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Onion Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Garlic Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Horseradish Sauce  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Pickles  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Relish  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Salsas  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Spices  
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1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Holding  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Storing  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Keeping  
1 cup Heinz Prepared Yeast Food Preserving



# HEINZ Condiments



# Not Quite Spring . . .

THERE'LL come a day—and it can happen any time now—when, between blizzards and freezing rain and lowering overcasts, the old miracle will begin. The breeze, travelling on a great curve from the south and west, will lap against our skin and nostrils, and for that first unaccustomed moment it will be difficult to identify. The sky will have a richer depth, the white clouds, too, will show a third dimension; the metal of the ground, relenting a little, will throw off a faint smell, and suddenly the pine trees will be noisy with crows. It won't be spring, quite, but it will be the promise of it—and that, to any inhabitant of this half-continent, is sufficient cause for rejoicing any day, any year.

Each of us has, and perhaps to a greater extent than we realize, an inner dependence on spring. Remove us from this annual experience of the slow-mounting rhythm of the season, and something important would be missing from our lives. As my Canadian friend from the Caribbean island put it, "There's no excitement if there isn't any change, and in the tropics, where spring is more a figure of speech than a fact, I get homesick for Canada—for the mud and the shrinking patches of snow and the difference in the air. There has to be spring to give a person that feeling of beginning again."

This sense of renewal is as old as time itself. Long before there was an Easter the happy pagans celebrated spring in elaborate rites. And when Canada was still an unnamed wilderness it was the first symptoms of spring that drew the early explorers from their miserable huts and reinforced their courage for the trip upstream. Always upstream, you remember, and the rivers they travelled and the valleys they looked at are still the best places to observe spring and its subtle progression. The unlocking of the ice, the release of water, the slow delicate change in the colors of vegetation on the slopes of our great rivers—these are natural phenomena nonetheless memorable because they recur as regularly as the lifting of the sun's path. Anyone who has grown up near the majestic bends of the Saint John can never lose the experience of spring "in the valley." And standing on the heights of Quebec (as I am at this moment of writing) who can resist the pull on the eyes toward the steely moving expanse of the St. Lawrence with its ice floes undulating uncertainly with the tide, yet always, inevitably, reaching their destination of the Gulf and the open sea? I can think back, too, to earlier springs along the lower Niagara where generations of wild ducks make the hazardous trip year by year on ice cakes, folding tired wings before resuming their skyway route northward—and as they glide by on their swift ride fantastic enough in appearance and imaginative appeal to tempt a Hans Christian Andersen.

But it isn't necessary to travel to get the foretaste of spring. You'll encounter it in your own back garden, especially if you've had the good sense to plant snowdrops, or in the open country where the creeks are putting on a brave imitation of the big rivers, or even at the bottom of the canyons between city buildings on that certain day when the new quality of the air itself supplies the long-awaited sign. You can depend on it—it'll be not quite spring, but it'll be the beginning. From that point forward the lovely restlessness will continue and grow; the old lesson that "change is the principle of growth" will be brought to our attention once again; and soon the world about us will wear a young radiance worth all the travail of winter. In all human experience there never could be a satisfactory substitute for spring.

*Mary-Elta Macpherson*



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## It's a Big Evening... Have a Coca-Cola



### ...time out for the friendly pause

"Snacks at our house" is an invitation that always rings the bell. No matter what the hour, when the young folks are out for a good time they can look forward to a real treat—when there's a bit of home cooking in the cupboard

and frosty Coca-Cola in the icebox. *Have a Coke* says Jack to Jean, meaning, *This certainly is a date to remember.* The friendly pause, with ice-cold Coca-Cola, is the perfect way to climax a happy occasion—to make any occasion happier.



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